

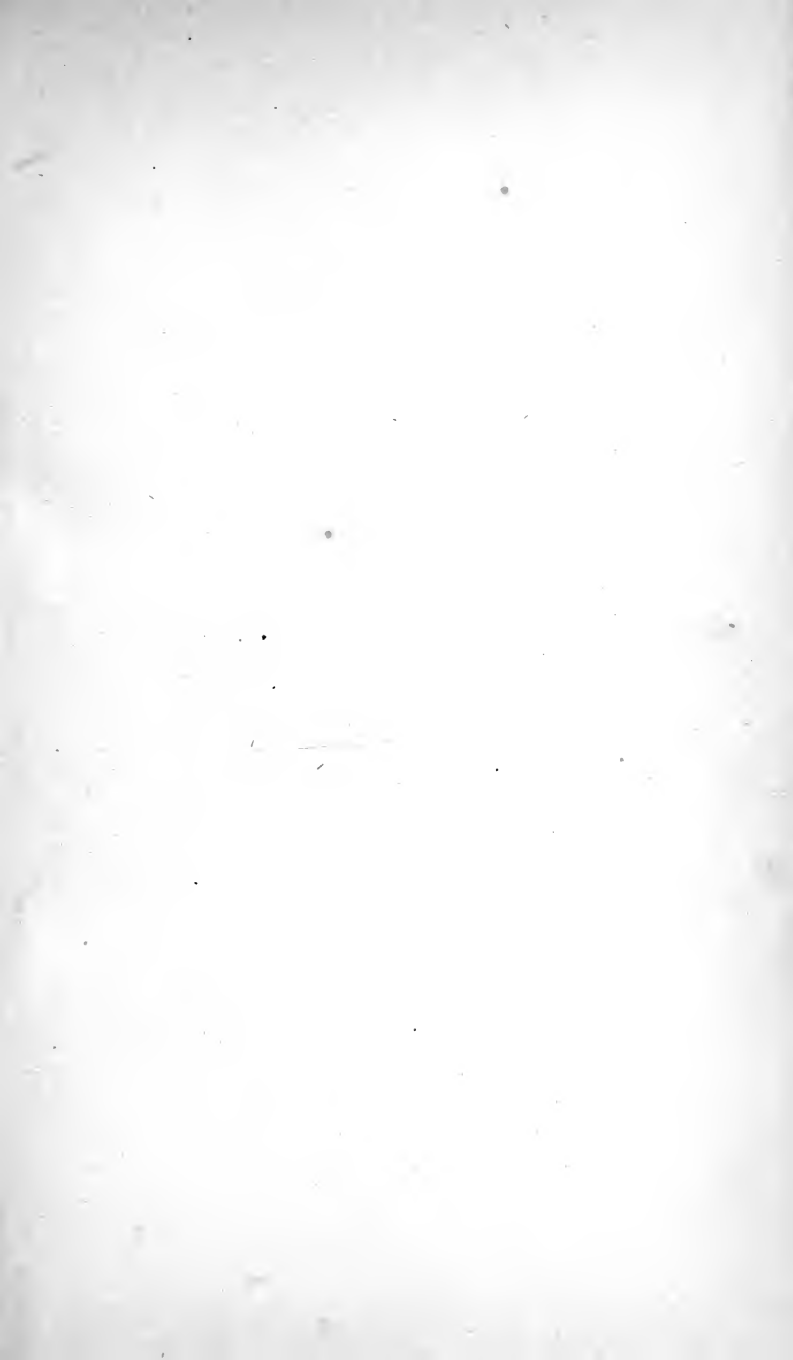
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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A
CRYSTAL
IN THE
FORMATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

FROM
THE INCREMATION OF THE SPHERE OF EQUITY
IN THE HEAVENS—THE FALL OF LUCIFER—
DISSOLVING OF CHAOS AND BEGINNING
OF THIS RESURRECTION, COMMONLY
CALLED THE CREATION OF
HEAVEN AND EARTH,

TO
THE EXPULSION OF ADAM FROM EDEN.

BY
CÝRUS GEORGE DUNN.

“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.”—PSALM xix.

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PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

THE SEPARATION OF THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD—

THE SONS OF MEN FROM THE SEED OF THE WOMAN,
THE SONS OF GOD IN THE MURDER OF ABEL
AND BANISHMENT OF CAIN—

THE LATTER ONCE MORE EMPHATICALLY CALLED FOR
IN THE EARTH.

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DEDICATION.

TO

THE CHRIST OF GOD,—ETERNAL RIGHT;—

THE EVERLASTING SON;—THE KING IMMORTAL AND INVISIBLE;—

THE LEADER OF THE CRYSTAL HOSTS OF HEAVEN;—THE

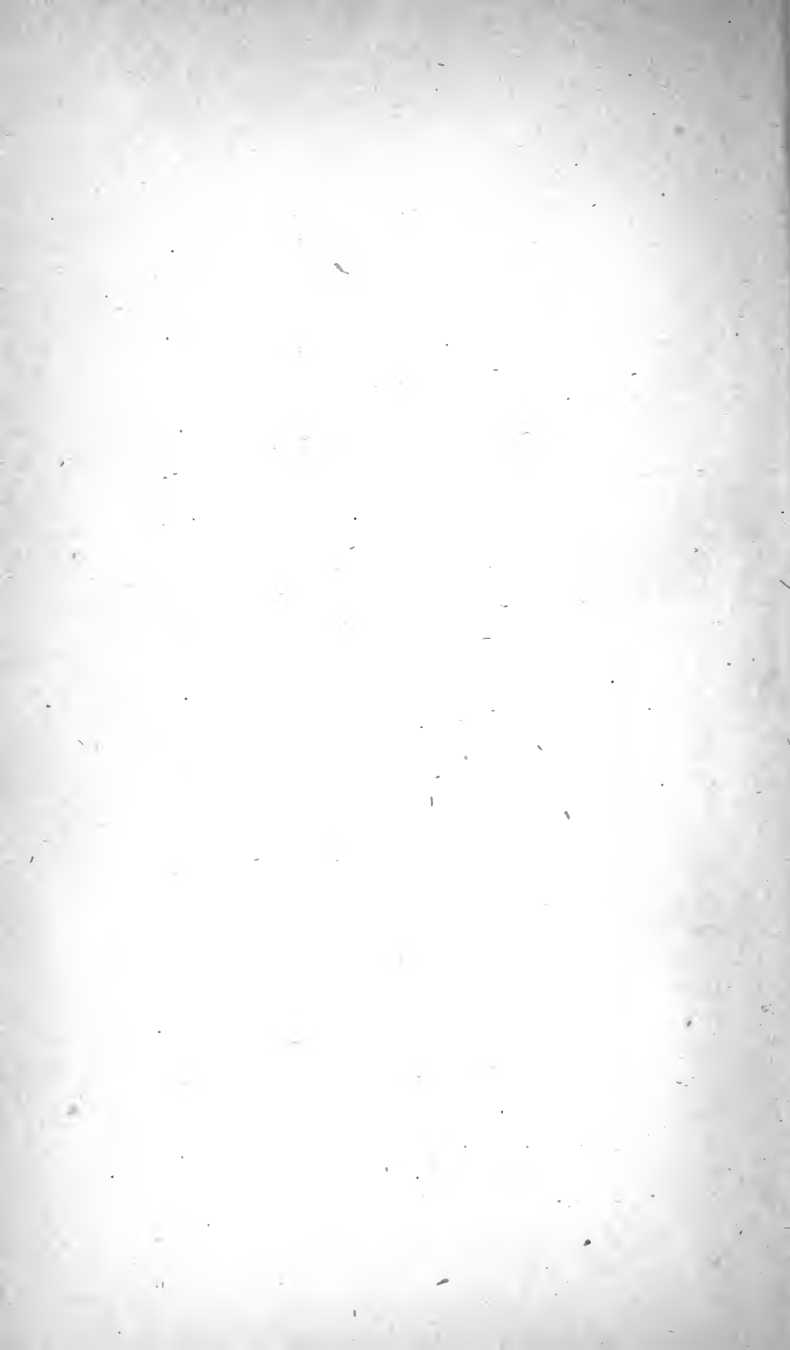
ESTABLISHER OF EQUITY IN THE EARTH; AS

AN ELDER BROTHER AND LEADER,

ALSO, AMONG MANKIND;

THIS WORK IS DEVOUTLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

WHEN, in the exercise of the justice of God on the earth, the Elamite abandoned the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sin, saying, "I will not go up in the midst of thee, for thou art a stiff-necked people: lest I consume thee by the way." And gave them into the hand of the Medianite, his minister in those parts, who slew all that generation and led them not into the land, but had all his own males destroyed in the plains of Moab, where Moses, also, for his connivance with him, was condemned to die on Pisgah, Joshua, a man of war, being appointed their leader in his stead, who took them over Jordan and established them in the land. But they departed again from the equity of righteousness and justice of the Almighty, for the administration of which the tabernacle was set up in the wilderness; made them "a king to go before them in battle," and were carried away to Babylon and given over into the hands of the murderous Roman.

When their backslidings were thus finally punished in kind, and the worshiper of brute force with the question, "What is truth?" on his lips, put forth his hand against the incarnation of God's humanity in the man Christ Jesus, and darkness settled down upon the whole earth; the patriarchate was lost, and the place that the departure of the Son had prepared for his disciples was stained with the blood of the husband and the wife together, in Ana-

nias and Sapphira; and when the awakened Hebrew sought again to make himself a place among the nations, he came to Athens, the light of the world in those days, and said, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Him, therefore, whom ye ignorantly worship, declare I unto you."

Were God known in truth and deed amongst us, is it possible the world should yet be ruled by legal robbery and wholesale murder, the fear of death, that change which no man can possibly avoid? This still unknown God, therefore, we now seek again to declare to Jew and Gentile through his word and works; for both Hebrew and Christian, the reprover and meek of the earth, are still exiles, persecuted and despised amongst us. The justice of God and the mercy and equity of our Humanity, his Christ, abased before the law of the Levite, the statesmanship of Ephesus and the infallible brute force of the Roman crucifier, whose "time, times, and half a time" (eighteen hundred and fifty years) are now fully accomplished.

The Supreme One is called the Eternal, Omnipotent, Immortal, the Pure, the Just, the Good. In the integrity of truth, the equity of right, the inspiration of life, He can alone be all these. He is omnipresent also; "in Him we live, move, and have our being;" the elements of his existence, principles of his life, must, therefore, be open and patent to all; for "He is very near to every one of us."

Truth, Right, and Life,—these three things are absolute, principal, a law unto themselves in their respective spheres in the heavens; the upholders of God's throne, the very Godhead, triune in spirit as in life. Truth and

Life inhabiting the kindling centre, Equity and Right informing matter between these and the Justice and Judgment of the void, where all find their proper level.

These spheres are now divided into heaven and earth, the place of the empyrean throne, our cosmos (the starry and planetary bodies of this death) and the void, where justice, the handmaid of truth, reigns supreme ; as in the wilderness of Sinai, where the people were taught their entire dependence upon the Almighty in all things.

Truth and Justice still giveth light in the heavens, of which our sun is the witness. Our sense of right being lost on earth through the fall of Lucifer, and with it the rest and peace of righteousness, we are in justice cast upon the mortal void, the wilderness of space, till the practice of equity again restore it, and fill the earth with that sense of right which worketh righteousness, to the exclusion of the law and judgment of the dead.

Life, embodied in the light of truth in the heavens, is the one God, the everlasting Father, visible only in his works, in himself invisible, immortal, and unchangeable, but still preserving an intimate intercourse with the human heart, inspiring it in all who seek to know these things.

In this material sphere, mortal as outcast upon the void, all is helpless, conditioned, dead ; fallen and mere falling things ; blind, impassive, corrupt ; whether resting upon the partial quickening of matter through the vegetable and animal soul, "the water and the blood," or the mechanical invention of speculative power in the imaginations of the latter, in the dignities of church and state ; shadows, rust, rottenness, corruption ; the mere feeding of the grave and hell ; the confusion of destruction and consuming change of decay, because equity and right are buried amongst us, and we give ourselves to the practice of iniquity and wrong in the earth.

Our sexual relations here also are conditioned upon the relations between matter and spirit in the heavens ; but, in the arrest of judgment prevailing for a day amongst us, they are necessarily reversed, death, not life, having here the initiative, the sealing to, not quickening of life in the blood, the mortal soul, the base of motion and sense in our frame, which reveals to us this condition of things working to bring our material lordship, the wrath of devouring fire, face to face with death, that it may see and know its own impotence, and confess itself the father of confusion and destruction only,—nothing more.

This lordship, if it would live indeed, must rest upon the Right of Equity, the perfect adaptation and working of our mechanical system to its proposed end ; the revelation of darkness and death, as opposed to God's life and light, that immortality which is incompatible with the everlasting consumption of material, devouring fire and a consequent desire of deliverance from their and its power ; that salvation which is our chief good, the work of God's life, whose throne is established in righteousness and peace ; the equity, dead level if you will, of mercy's waters here on earth, as in the light of truth in the heavens, but here exposed to the mechanical inventions of the dead, which are but a more laborious form, a prolonging of destruction. Therefore it is said, "The Right, the risen Christ, the returning sense of humanity in this mechanical sphere, shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." Upon this foundation all hope on earth, all life in the sphere of equity in the heavens, must forever rest. There can be no relegation of this eternal principle, any more than change in the immutable truth, the living light of God in the heavens ; their foundations are above and beyond all law, the subject condition of dead material existence.

These principles are the heart, the eye, the soul of true science as opposed to that "falsely so called," which busies itself with the mere conditions of the dead as they are hurled upon the void. As if God's living Truth, the leader of these principles, could be found like "the maniac among the tombs." His exalted Son our glorified Humanity! A conditioned thing like these rolling spheres which we call the starry hosts of the night, with their inhabitants, mere moving, unhappy dependents like themselves, huddled together and rotting in their imprisonment upon the void.

This first part of the "Autobiography of a Crystal," the revival of the literature of true science, which, with the overthrow of the Patriarchate and dispersion of Israel and Juda, gave place to the Mythology of the Greek, the Religion of the Roman, the theology of the dark ages, the science, philosophy, and laws of the dead, in all of which truth is indeed "buried at the bottom of a well;" lost in the rubbish of theoretic invention; zoned and satellited of unwholesome vapors, like the outer planets and as the earth would quickly again be, but for the lightnings of heaven which hurl its metallic vapors back to their proper place, this covering of the pit from which they arise.

Therefore this enlargement of truth goes over again the Genesis of Moses to the expulsion of Adam from Eden, and the Paradise Lost of Milton upon the true basis of those principles established in mercy and equity and the facts resulting from their operation upon dead matter on the void, revealed in this cosmos as in the wilderness of Sin, of which our humanity is the beneficiary and lord before our eyes by the special commission of the Almighty, to the establishing again of his crystal Right, the Christ we wait for in righteousness in the earth, the

suffering heart of the ruined sphere of Equity, whose dead body is broken and entombed before us in these stars and planets on the void, and ground to the dust on which we feed in the sodden flesh of our animal existence and the fruit and seed of herb and tree.

Instead of the summary of the knowledge of his day, read from the visual facts alone, which Moses gives, or the imaginary inventions from which Milton draws his illustrations, we will thus carry with us the cause and purpose of all, the knowledge of the Highest, forbidding all misunderstanding or doubt.

The second part will go into the wars of Lebanon between the man and the woman, the sons of men and her seed, the sons of God; from the fall of that mount through the generations of Adam and Noah and the flood of iniquity, which the earth last halted to repel in kind by the engulfing of her own offspring in the flood.

The term Creation, in its literal sense, is simply the reverse of cremation; God's life renewed again from the waste of burning; the story of Prometheus realized; the riddle of the sphinx made plain; the secret and invisible visibly escaping from the hand of death; that life in us from the vulgar grasp of mortality.

Beginning with the smoke and chaos, of material fire, the waste and oppression of violence and iniquity in the intervening sphere of equity in the heavens, the command, "Let there be light!" and the work of the first three days of the Genesis of Moses are visibly recorded in our stellar and planetary systems. The remainder from the order and kindling of the sunlight in these and the consequent liberation of passive and animal, aggressive, devouring existence, intelligent, satanic power, is open and patent to the eye and experienced of all; in the make-shift developments of mere sentient mechanism, the mani-

festations and supremacy hitherto of this death, the result of error, disobedience, guilt, and shame, a knowledge of which, we repeat, is the true purpose of this day of probation and deliberate choice between life and death.

Perfect liberty, transparent diffusion is evidently the normal condition of animated matter. It moves instinctively at the liberating touch of light to the measured symphonies, ecstatic inspiration of beauty and love, and can rest only in the embrace and effluence of these. Our solar system is the simple massing of its atoms in the embrace of death from the terror and confusion of destruction, under the benign influence of the sunlight of the heavens, the reflection of God's truth, which liberates and embodies a few, according to their desire, as they rise from the surface, that the measure of their peace and restoration may be known, and all may learn to understand the difference between the hatred and strife of death and the emancipation, peace, and good of life, and freely choose according to their desire: for God can have no unwilling ministers before his Throne. We are overboard, outcast into the eddying gyrations of dead matter, whose insolence is being reprov'd, its incompetence exposed, as it is whirled around the mouth of the pit, the swift and yawning abyss, following in the wake of the true heavens. And notwithstanding the dictum of poetic invention, uninspired imagination, "Grant matter was eternal; then every atom, asserting its indisputable right to reign, would form a universe of dust;" the natural inference of the turbulent and unruly blood of our animal existence, the quickening of devouring fire. We grant and affirm it is eternal; and everywhere under the touch of material light the molecules of matter, willingly becoming the subjects of order and strength in the animal economy, of beauty and saving love in passive vegetable life, and

quiet devotion in the frost-work of their crystalline death. Yet we have hitherto overlooked the just inference from this fact, and begotten and cultivated, and philosophized upon these inspirations of life and light, as the mere adjuncts of a brutalizing mortality; the playthings and support of eternal death; the legal sacrifices of the cruel ensanguine blood, to maintain its infernal fire in the lesser pit of a corrupt heart, by the pulsings of which we breathe, and which demands the whole efforts of mortality to sustain the diseased and dead carcass of its being; which seeks salvation by destruction, wallowing in the mire of its own lusts, the cruelty and consumption of the grave; seeking refuge in the confusion and war of hell, from the terror of its own desolation, in the wilderness and the void.

Shall we not now at length open our eyes, and look upon things in the rational order of their existence? As established and instructed in Justice and Equity, Mercy and Goodness, Light and Love; by the Truth, Righteousness, and Life of the Omnipotent and Immortal One,—who hath sworn by himself, “That to these in him, every knee shall bow, every tongue confess,”—and maintained his word upon the carcasses of our slain over six thousand years: the full week appointed in this merciful arrest of Judgment for our deliberate choice. Let us wed our *names* and *symbols* once and forever to their proper *entities*, exalt “the Seven Spirits of God,” the principles of his life, Truth and Justice ruling in the heavens; Equity and Right on earth; Justice and Judgment in the void; with Light in heaven and Peace on earth as the result of these; and relegate all others, “*our familiars*,” to *their* proper place, as the *demons* of the void.

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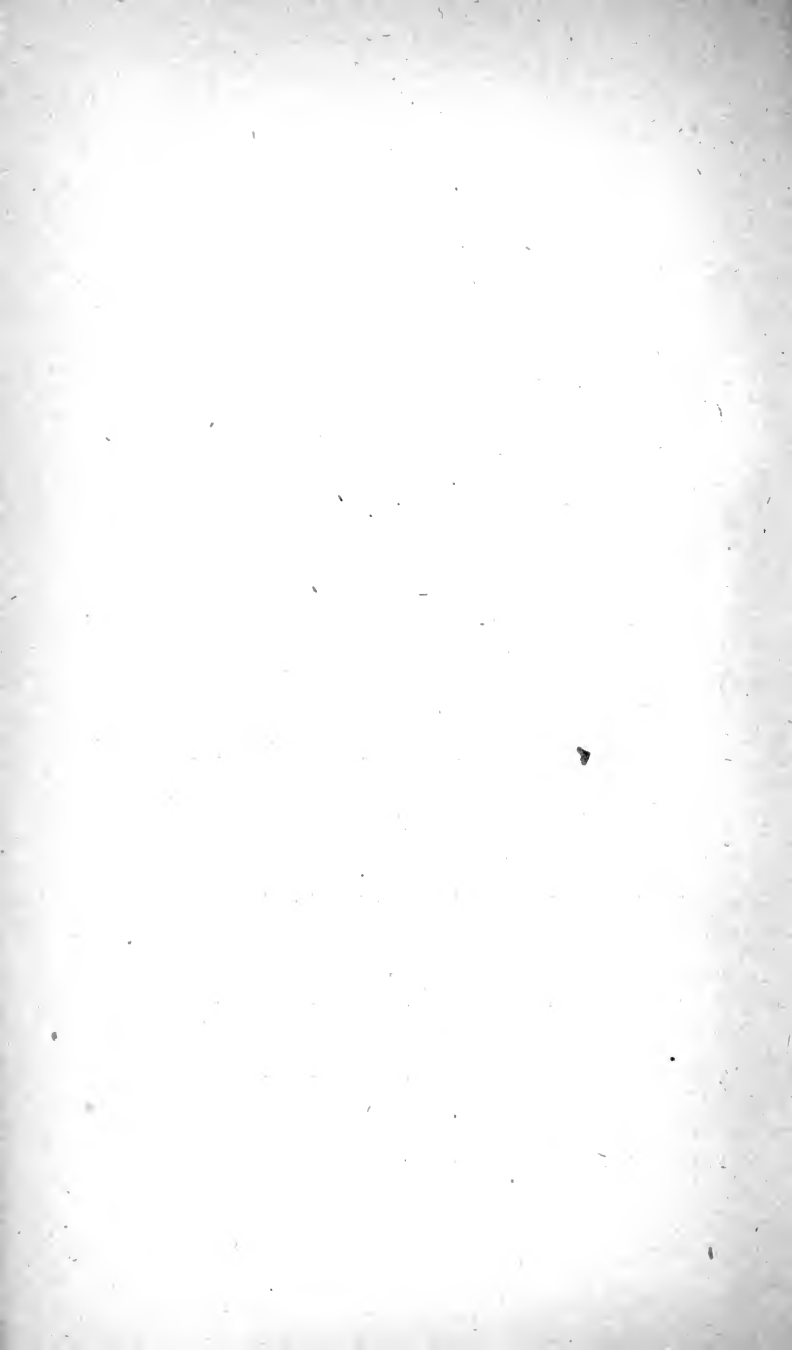
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CRYSTAL.

CHAPTER I.

STRIFE OF MATTER—OBSTRUCTION OF LIGHT—THE FALL OF LUCIFER—OUR COSMOS.

WE give the wind its edge, the storm its power,
The light its sheen, the waters of the deep
Their crystal beauty and their healing touch,
And build the blue empyrean of the heavens ;
Give form to thought and purpose to the will
Of man and God ; the playthings of his life,
That, purifying, calls us hand and soul,
And bears us free and quick to serve in all ;
Laughing and roving, bridging o'er the void ;
Quick as his light and thundering as his strength,
When aught restrains the impulse of his Right,
Or Indolent would sleep upon the waste,
Whose hungry maw still seeketh to devour
And bury us in death, a horrid grave ;
Where we must fret and burn, rust and corrode,
O God ! in bitterness and waste of all !
And eat our way through hunger, thirst, and want,
The waiting of desire, unsatisfied till dead,
Blind, mortal, cold, and bound as in the rock,
Bereft of active warmth of thought or power to move ;
Or sleep impassive, unknowing light or love,
A vapor on the void, with still the faculty

Of centring on the heart our all of light,
The beacon of our being, lost estate.

Well we remember that first fated hour,
Waiting the word to irradiate the heavens,
Before the eternal throne of Living Truth,
The dread Omnipotent ; when all was hushed
And high Invention by our duty staid,
Curbed his quick energy and paused at rest,
A tremor, as of impulse, passed on all,
And ere we could divine its trying power,
His voice was heard, but not as was his wont,
With light and gallant resonance cheering on his hosts
In all their loving labors to sustain
A change of beauty and of living good ;
But stern and high, defiant and soon drowned
In the impetuous clash of charging strife,
As pressing 'gainst the wall of watchful Seraphim,
Who keep the ward of Justice in the heavens ;
A fire was kindled from the shock and rush
Around the outer circle of our sphere,
Involving all the host of Cherubim
That light the space sustaining Equity,
Whose right doth rest on Truth, while on her left
Our wakeful Justice walls the yawning void,
And holds her own for all, that none may fall
Without their own consent, deliberate choice.

Thus he plowed round, nor found escape nor rest,
Till in his circuit only space was left
To check his high career ; when the word passed
And backward on his course the kindling sphere
Was rolled upon his head in fire and smoke
And darkness, blinding night ! his day was done.
And as the thunders ceased, the word went forth
To the walled Seraphim, "Let there be light !"

When swift, avenging Justice leads our charge,
 And, lo ! the ordered heavens in darkness wait,
 And the young earth a kindling hell enfolds,
 With warring life and planetary spheres
 On fire within her womb, in pyral birth,
 Thrice thrown upon the void. Since then revealed
 In living death, tripartite being floats
 As body, soul, and vapor in our sight.
 The solid twain that course the inner space,
 And disembodied souls that loom at large,
 Quenched and congealed upon the waste beyond,
 In their expanded orbits, throwing out
 Their various vapors, to hedge round their life,
 The shadowy Comet, all of spirit left,
 With ghostly Noons that wait upon their dead.
 Thus are the soul and substance of our sphere
 Divided on the void, surrounded of the stars,
 Who stood in their integrity of justice spared ;
 While naked in the strife we strive and fall
 With equal sympathy and help entombed,
 Until endurance fails and the staid rock,
 Maimed bodies of our dead now wall the pit
 Against the void, until the Just awake,
 And all again dissolved, our kindling powers,
 In sympathy with those of mercy given.
 In this arrest of Judgment in the heavens,
 As witnesses for God to see and know,
 Of their own choice, the souls of all condemned.
 They choose the evil and reject the good,
 With open eyes in the clear sunlight heavens,
 And, knowing by their deeds, they stand or fall.

Ah ! happier far the guardians of the dead,
 Whose crystal souls, replying to the touch
 Of the warm sunbeam, waft themselves in dews

Upon the ambient atmosphere and fall
The fleecy snowflakes of the winter eve,
Or sparkling hoarfrost, clinging fondly true
To the fair tracery of the sylvan shades;
Or caught within the cottage home, reveal,
Upon their scanty lights, the instructive sense
Of beauty and of love that marshalleth our glad life
In graceful forms, inspired of living joy,
The floral happiness of ordered bliss,
And verdure of the tender bud and leaf
That in the spring-time clothes the earth with bloom,
And flutters in the breeze the banner of its kind,
Giving its life as nectar to its seed;
Or when the summer heats at length prevail,
And wake the animal and sluggish things,
That fuse their souls in cold metallic forms
And glittering, soar aloft to absorb the expanded dews,
Whose pearly vapors mock the shadowy ridge
And mountain peaks, upon whose shoulders rest
The solid dome of the empyrean heavens;
How fiercely glad to hurl the sordid brood,
Dissolved and blistered hurtling to their doom,
With the loud thunder crash of broken power,
In one quick flash, congealing as it hurls,
The rattling hail or rain-drop on their heads;
To give them deeper burial for their rest.

Yes, happier these than we who watch the right
And wrong of human choice and seek to lead,
By moving influence on the pulsing heart,
And save it from itself; the treacherous happiness
It finds in fancied pleasures, lures of death,
Which the grim sons of Judgment have prepared
To close the brief reprieve of souls condemned.
God! how the barbed dart will rankle in the heart!

When we must turn aside and yield the willing prey.
To sure destruction or repentant dread,
The agony of waking from this death.

Such are the sterner duties, the fierce joys
Of crystal hearts that watch the waking dead
Unconscious, rising from the strife of wrong,
The ills of chaos, hell, the seething pit,
To bask a moment on this flowering grave,
And play with death and fool away their souls,
Till chafed impatience urgeth Judgment, doom ;
And even Mercy dries her tears and yields
To the stern mandate of the Judge of all ;
Whose searching eye recalls the dead to life,
And knowledge of their guilt, at once, and Shame,
Despair and Agony, Eternal Strife.
Would men could read the clouded hearts that hurl
The victors and their victims on the void ;
Compelled to veil their fires till the last autumn bring
The seal of hope, the close of this long year
Of Mercy's pleading, Judgment's cruel suspense,
When kindling Truth shall quench the liar's rage
And give us course to clear the doubts of all :
Before the Judge of all, with all in view,
In open court of heaven and earth revealed,
Sun, moon, and stars, his witnesses and ours ;
Our heart the Judge, our head the Culprit tried,
Invention and Content : with Truth and Love,
With Equity and Right, our Lord and God.
Mercy and Judgment in the void yet wait
For Mars and Jupiter and Saturn's train,
And Herschel's ; for Earth's dregs that choose the moon,
And pass with her through these ; the Shinar of the void,
The Babblers of her day whose god is Baal,
Now worshiped of the nations one and all.

Then with the Seraphim we keep our ward,
In the glad sphere of Righteousness and Peace,
Where Equity enthroned forever reigns,
And Justice from her sphere reflects the light
Of God's eternal Truth, with chastened ray,
And from her watch-tower shields us from the void,
Whose wants we know not, nor its mortal fears ;
For truth behind us rests and light above :
The Omnipotent, Omniscient, thus our shield,
By strength we stand redeemed forevermore
Close to the flaming heart of quenchless love,
Within that outer circle of the heavens,
And safely look abroad upon almighty power
Laboring in Truth and Love, in Equity,
Sustaining Right in all, and leaving us
But the one duty, to receive as guests
To the glad banquet of all living joy,
All who yet doubt the Life, Truth, Love of God.
In Equity, the life on which we rest,
The friends of all by his Eternal Right,
From the laboratory of death redeemed,
And to this purpose separated for aye.
The evil have their choice, and sworn elect,
Rejection of God's Truth, of Justice, Equity,
The Right of Righteousness, the hope of love,
Of Mercy, and of Judgment in the heavens,
And make the void their home once more for good.
We choose this living good, and seek for aye
The countenance and light of God and Truth,
Establishing our Right in Equity,
Through Justice the reflector of His love,
For yet, nor ever can we constant bear
The full effulgence of the Eternal One,
The terrors and the glory of His power,

The flaming Seraphim alone behold ;
 Marshaled of Justice, walling out the void,
 As in that living sun whose ray gives life,
 The liberty of God to all that breathe.
 Behold our compeers laid away in night,
 The swaddling bands of darkness shadowy dread,
 In star and planet and dead hazing moon
 The home of ghosts that fear the light of day,
 In sight of all, that all may see and fear,
 And know their resurrection well assured,
 Nor fear the evil, nor their lying power,
 That wanes with this brief night, whose day is near,
 For Justice ruleth and the Just shall live
 Forever with us by this living power,
 Who thus sustaineth all 'gainst death and hell,
 When once they rise to Judgment and give Right
 To rule on earth, Eternal King and Lord,
 The leader and the judge of all below ;
 The "LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS" in peace and truth,
 Eternal in the Heavens our High Humanity,
 The Son of God, the leader king upheld,
 O'er force and man's Invention still supreme ;
 Restored forever to the Father's side.
 Look on this world, the mother of those hosts
 Whose beacon lights are mirrored in the heavens,
 Left with her dead, bereft of strength or power ;
 A spectacle to all and suffering with them here,
 Who fell in judgment, taken in their guilt ;
 Or wounded in the zeal with which they stood
 And held their captives through the fires of hell :
 While those in their integrity escaped
 And marshaled in the heavens their waiting help ;
 And these were tried, and judged, and separated
 As planetary spheres, and set apart ;

Until her dead redeemed to judgment rise
And bid their captives follow, if they may ;
Or with the moon find shelter from the void,
Till tried with their companions yet beyond,
For war, for perjury, for lust of power,
Then on their merits rest, while our waked stones of fire
Lay down the gold and silver paths of bliss
And keep the gates till the last judgment morn,
When, the third week fulfilled, all stands renewed.

Alas ! our life is thrown upon its lees ;
Rust and the rottenness of death ; the grave,
The sac and belly trieth all and gives
Its strength to draught and dunghill, whence it springs
The prey of brained Invention, hungry want ;
Until the earth is drunken with its blood,
And soon no more shall feed her panic brood.
Yet how we love to linger with the flowers,
That speak of those high hearts the rock enfolds,
And kiss them in the pearly dews of morn,
Refreshing, as they lay their petaled hearts
Bare to the eye of day, and drink its light,
And spread the incense of their fragrance round ;
Are they less beautiful or pure than we ?
Who but reflect the light which gives them life ;
Ripening their fruit to cheer the hearts of all.
How pleasant and refreshing, though the sac
Hath robbed it of the spirit which gives breath,
Self-sustenance, and leaves it withered, dead,
As ashes of the pit on which it blooms,
And dies, resolved to dust, crushed, spurned of all !

Therefore the joy of the fierce lightning's flash
That quick annealing hurls the vapory brood,
Of dull metallic virus, poisoning life,
Back to the pit from whence they have their birth,

And clear the heavens of their false mooning power ;
To keep the way and tree of life secure
From ghoul and devil seeking to profane
With their polluting touch ; since baptized of the flood
And showers of Mercy's life, the earth renewed
And cleansed of blood, to Equity was given,
The circumcision of this chastening strife ;
Repeating in our sight among the nations now,
The fall of Lucifer's inventive Right,
Which was to give restoring power to all,
The evil and the good, clean and unclean alike ;
Or quench the life of living good for aye.
The brute and reptile is his living good ;
Yet from the dunghill doth our life arise
And mock his idle threat and dare condemn,
Defy his minions to their face with scorn.

Well we remember that first fated night
This shadow fell on our rejoicing sphere, .
When the irradiance of Omnipotence
Seemed resting on us with unwonted light,
The splendor of another day ; as separated
In bands throughout the circuit of our sphere,
Reveling in gladness and pervading love,
The witness of the Omniscient, present God ;
Pulsing in all a quick supernal life
Which giveth light and joy, emancipates,
Clothes all in beauty, praise ; the ecstasy,
Majestic cadence of immortal power, .
That moves all with a song of cheer and good,
Throned Lord and God, with music of the spheres,
In living forms embodied in our sight,
Whose hearts inspired, whose hands prevailed in all,
With measured music in their sacred joys,
And varied landscape of a boundless bliss,

Burning in gold and silver's flashing sheen ;
Stretching away and moved, as when the breeze
Of morning stirs the forest and the glade,
And bends the waving grain, a living sea,
O'er field and valley ; and the mountain heights
Assume a loftier grandeur as they roll
In undulations, towering ridge on ridge,
Capped with the glory of a quickening light
Beaming o'er all ; glowing, reflecting back,
Repeating, as it bathed in lambient gold,
Field, forest, mountain, while the silver gave
Its clearer radiance, sparkling on the flood
And mellowed honors of a perfect life ;
Whose every motion is a change of joy :
Not the cold sunlight of the opening spring,
Nor burning summer with its heated rays,
Nor fading glories of the waning year :
But living, breathing, quickening light of love,
Constant and full, impressing upon all
Quick recognition and respondent change ;
Revealing deep and clear from heart to heart
New founts of beauty and a fresher joy ;
As life is wedded to the purest life
Through all the measures of exultant praise
The rapt glad hymn of a quick conscious power,
Whose one high purpose is the bliss of all.

Bent on this fellowship of common joy,
Intensely earnest, as the hunter here
Bends o'er his quarry, foeman on his foe ;
In the fierce shock of battle ! 'tis for life,
But not his own, for that is well assured ;
His duty thus fulfilled, heaven will sustain,
With all its hosts, his liberty and light :
For all depend on each, and each on all,

And thus united, though destruction rave
 And darkness menace from the mortal void,
 'Tis but to purify ; it cannot bind
 The sunbeams of God's love, his quickening truth,
 That warms and burns, inspires the living soul.
 What are this solid earth, those planetary spheres,
 Those stars in the immensity of space ?
 Behold ; their death is but a day : they melt
 And are dissolved in clouds ; their dead,
 Sphered thus in dread before the light of day,
 Unused to strife and hating war as death,
 Borne pure aloft, reflect the living light,
 Are quickened and released, remain at liberty ;
 And still returning our Sweet Mercy's life
 Fearless doth permeate every crannied nook,
 And, nestling, nurseth others for their flight :
 And sac and belly, in their selfishness
 Devour in vain, of their own crowd destroyed,
 Mere parasites, the weary slaves of death,
 Whose life depends upon their choking breath
 The tempest of our life doth brush away ;
 Nay, of themselves they melt like clouds of morn :
 And fly before the searching of God's light,
 Releasing all, and breathing life and good,
 Till hell itself, extinguished, dies away.

See, in the freshening dawn of summer morn,
 When the young spring hath brushed away the sweat,
 The chill and clouds of winter's driving blasts ;
 Subdued the biting frosts, and bade the snows resume
 Their liquid forms, and rush away the dead
 To the far-healing deep in peace to feed
 The restless worm whose life reformeth all.
 Preserved of salt and watched with jealous care,
 Conquering the green-eyed monsters of the pit :

Eluding the dull vigilance of death,
The hunger and the thirst, the sifting care
Of all its monster and ingenious forms,
Soon stranded on their coral reefs and dead,
Their filth dissolved to sweetness and to life,
And of the living waters swept away,
With constant gladness circling round our ball,
Healing the broken bodies of our dead,
Uniting all,—and waking all to life,—
When pools shall disappear and rocks awake,
And all, rejoicing, hail the opening year
Of liberating bliss and bright release
From sac and belly's sottish, senseless power ;
That cannot kill nor make alive, but gives
The maw of hunger and the thirsty throat,
To the relentless blood—the savage heart
That hounds its moving dead by fear of death ;
To which they sacrifice the life of all
In helpless dread, and fly as murderers
Before the fire and water of our life ;
The soul and spirit which inspireth all,
Assails and wakes, and breaks, their dream of rest,
And rushing to the light of the sun's rays,
Will ravish them of stench their stolen parts ;
And leave their hungry souls upon the void,
To mad destruction ; when they gasp in vain
For life or death, and darkness covers all :
The sight of water or of light a dread,
The terror of the death that cannot die,
Nor seek to live, nor work, but feed despair :
Hold God their enemy, and curse and hate ;
Despairing of revenge, revenging on despair,
Their being desperate ; their souls, their prey,—
And they would die, if that would last, were final, say

Annihilation!—dreamed of yesterday.
 The fool's well named a fowl, who flies this life
 Or lives by indirection, tithing, death :
 Stand to your duty, live or die, nor fear,
 In labor there is life, your God is near :
 Work, help, and triumph through the help of all ;
 'Tis God and good, 'tis life and Truth for aye,—
 The dissolute and idle fail and fall.

Behold our passive life that blooms in death ;
 Crowned as a sacrifice from year to year !
 Rejoicing in its liquid vegetable power,
 To raise the dead and feed them with its seed,—
 Aye ; with its seed unsparing—yet is spared.
 How brilliant and how fathomless the peering eye,
 Hid in the flower and beaming from the leaf ;
 The window of the heart, from which the soul
 Puts forth its hand to feel the way of life ;
 How clear the splendor upon herb and tree,
 That branch and top, aspiring to the heavens,
 And hand their fruits down to our moiling frame.
 From massive glory of the brooding heights
 That woo and win our showering mercy's kiss
 With floods of stolen light to cheer the soul.
 Waving, absorbing, flashing back their joy ;
 Exhaling the aroma, warmth, and glow,
 Of a refreshing change, a blaze of living light ;
 The glory and the strength of all that lives ;
 Awaking, kindling at the living touch,
 The spirit and the power, the rectitude,
 Of the Almighty,—vigilance of the Immortal One !
 Who watchful, sleepless, and unwearied thus,
 Pure as his glory ; fearful as his praise ;
 Whose Truth enlighteneth Justice to condemn ;
 Whose Justice challengeth the Truth of all ;

How terrible in majesty his power,
That with a glance reproves the boundless heavens ;
His goodness Infinite, upholding all !
Quickening, redeeming every faltering soul.
Redeeming !—with the forecast true as strange
Of this unwonted thought came clear and loud
His startling voice who wont to lead our hosts,
Inventive Right, rejoicer of the heavens ;
Upon that fearful eve ; that night of death :
How changed ; but yet, instinctively obeyed,
To action ; hitherto impassive slaves ;
We seize the boon of life our own forevermore.
Follow and fear not !—Fear not, doth he say ?—
Fear to be feared in heaven ?—the question saved :
For, fire and smoke enfolding him, upon our sight,
He flashed, was gone and lost ! his pathway death.
Dead too—the pathway of our leaves and flowers
Blank desolation and a yawning void !
Between the serried ranks of seraphim unmoved.

And with the sight there came to every heart,
The deep prolonged recall ; the trumpet voice
Of the Eternal ; sounding through the spheres ;
Not with the empty resonance, the thundering noise,
That died away behind ; but as the stroke
Of the keen lightning's flash, burning it blazed
Irradiating the circles of the heavens ;
And opening up our way clear to the throne itself
Of the Invisible ! whose majesty in deeper light yet veiled,
Before us stood as leaderless we paused
Among the waiting seven ; the orders of the spheres ;
The leaders of the way of Truth and Love,
Of Equity and Right, of Justice and the Judgment of the
void,
Of light in heaven ; but, for our peace on earth

The darkness of the deep ; for paradise,
 A desolation, genderings of the frost
 Upon the void, the nebulous realm
 Of just desert, the prison-house of death and hell, the
 grave ;
 On which our rising souls awhile must breathe,
 Till the same trumpet wake our hosts once more,
 And give release from the arrest, of Judgment passed on all.
 But yet it hath its way beyond the spheres,
 The outposts of the heavens ; proclaims aloud,
 God's life pervading, quickening, ordering all
 Its light the witness and sublime result,
 The perfect body of a living joy.

We saw the brazen hue of death pass round
 The outskirts of our hosts, and following their gaze,
 Chafed to impatience resting on the sight,
 Of darkness rushing to complete its course
 In half the circle of the waiting heavens :
 'Twas but a moment when suspense gave way
 To stern opposing action, victory assured.

Recalled with a quick heat, there came a voice
 Near but not loud ; Right hath rebelled
 And violence quenched our light. Even in our sight
 He trampleth on the Just. Now Judgment lead our hosts,
 As he hath done, do unto him ; till outcast on the void ;
 He know both life and death and rest their prey :
 So perish the unjust ; forever let them die.

As the word passed between our ranks, we saw
 The moving cloud now hastening to shut out
 God's Justice from the heavens and darken Truth ;
 And every eye in all our circling host,
 Now closing round, flashed with a fierce intent ;
 Measuring the distance of the coming shock ;
 As with one impulse pressing on our rear

They bore us on resistless ! Omnipotent as just ! Invincible !

Impelled by the yet sounding deep refrain :

“ As he hath done, do unto him ; so perish the unjust.”

Soon the shock came ; backward he prostrate fell,
O'erthrown ; where yesterday his voice arose
So lordly and supreme : “ To action ; fear not : ”
Now the slave of fear ; his doubt already death,
Resting in deep damnation on his soul.

But not forsaken of that clinging life
He bruised and quenched in his proud scorn of fear ;
His torment now, “ The worm that never dies ; ”
Not yet condensed into that quenchless hate,
Whose disappointment and devouring rage
Kindled the fires of hell ; and here on earth,
Hath branded him accuser, liar ; cursed
Of his own lust of power. He fell at once,
As falls the thunderbolt, fiery and fierce in death.
Not dead ; for this pure life, the foremost in alarm,
With the quick instinct of a deathless power
Enfolded him, as breathless rushing back
He thought to undo the ruin of his guilt ;
In the mad circuit of his crushing power,
Sightless and dark ; nor pausing at the brink
But plunged at once into the unfathomed depth
Of the cold mortal void ! where Justice throned,
Rules more inflexible than death, grave, hell ;
The mother and preserver of the worm,
That leaves no more his heart, its living prey !
Upon her stainless ermine these pale stars
The banded seraphim of boundless space,
Repose in fear of his quenched light, who was
To them a law !—the rectitude of Truth ;
Which stays them now till that black troublous mass ;

The chaos of a sphere to their unsleeping eyes
 Unfolding now embodied on the void,
 The import of that Judgment echoing yet
 In the recesses of the pulseless heart
 Of every watcher there, eternal, far and wide ;
 "As he hath done, do unto him !" done it is ;
 Ah ! Lord and God ! an outcast evermore,
 Formless in darkness plunged in the abyss.

And now as without pause the crystal heart,
 The blazing phalanx of that sweeping host,
 Whose incidence is terror in all space,
 Circled the throne ; dissolved and dressed itself
 In the veiled glory of its living light :
 Where stood accomplished Judgment on the left ;
 And on the right, the silent pleading form
 Of sweet, expectant Mercy ; drooping veiled
 In those untiring wings, so dazzling white,
 In the immortal bloom of purest light
 Before which now the furthest star was veiled
 Mute, listening, near, intent, as from the throne
 Came the pervading voice of chastening love.

Our Life hath shielded her rebellious son ;
 And Judgment hath brought Mercy from the deep,
 To say her tears prevail. So let it be :
 He is released to her. Yet doth our first decree
 In judgment stand against his seed for aye ;
 Their deeds approving or condemning all.
 Be Equity your leader to the end ;
 And Judgment wait with Mercy on her steps ;
 "Let there be Light" ; that he may see his error and
 confess
 Or die forever. Behold the desolation he hath wrought !
 The peace of heaven ; the paradise of God ;
 To every watcher there must be assured.

“Let there be light” ; pure, active goodness wake,
To the reward of love, in all our boundless space !

Swift with the word the obedient host sped on
And Mercy stood with Judgment on the void,
The smoking ruin chaos of the sphere,
Of Equity and Right in terror lost ;
Of warring Hate, in proud idolatry of self enslaved,
To maniac force, devouring fury’s rage ;
The strange device of violence to avenge
Life upon life ; and let the dead go free ;
To rapine, murder, the repose of death !
And give their victims to the fire of hell,
To ease the labor of a loathsome life ;
Which fears and scorns to be renewed to Love.
The wily serpent without hand or foot,
Trailing and hissing in the hateful garb
Of parti-hued hypocrisy ; the lie
Of black malignity, with malice poured,
Into the ear of unsuspecting truth ;
And questioning to mislead and leave the poisoned sting
Of rankling hate, of doubt and death behind ;
Repeating in the soul the mournful dirge
Of light obstructed, of glad life destroyed ;
A happy sphere, a Babel, and a Hades,
In Justice added to the sterile waste ;
Of Mercy saved, to be awaked from death ;
And choose to live, or die forevermore.
Remain in star and planet on the abyss ;
As vapor threatening cloud, the sun withdrawn
In judgment till consumed. The avenging power
Our fears doth ape into existence now
Shall die, even as it rose, of its own cunning hand,
In cruelty and in blood, as fell this sphere,
Confounded, dizzy, and in darkness wrapped,

The smoke of its own ruin buried deep.
 Sunless and sad, bruised, broken, and subdued ;
 Blind, groping, miserable, mad with rage,
 Ungovernable violence, a strange fear of Right,
 Writhing and coiling in all forms of pain :
 A storm-cloud dense with unaccustomed woe,
 Reproach and agony, shame and vengeful guilt ;
 Repelled and frowning against rising blame ;
 A disappointment a foul loss of all !
 An unacknowledged dread, a dawning sense
 Of impotence, of failure and the sting
 Of wrong, submission, and a servile life
 Dependent and unknown ; on goodness stayed ;
 And quickened by the power he hath defied
 And sought to circumvent ; his light reflecting
 Leaning on his love ; downcast, unequal,
 Poor, suspected, vile ; and resting evermore
 Under the shadow of a watchful hate.

Hate ! come, thou horrid shape ! aye, this is Hell,
 Said now the arch apostate, hissing as he spoke,
 Not life nor death ; a torture ? It is well.
 We stand in proud defiance of his wrath ;
 Hurl back from Hell the challenge of his wrong ;
 Spurning his terrors, give his life a grave,
 That loathsome thing more horrible than death.
 Betrayed, we shall betray ; accused, accuse ;
 Crush and deflower in mockery of his hate ;
 Quench every spark of hope in this dull rage
 Of impotent despair ; and make our throne
 A sepulchre so dread, his lewd life dare no more
 Seek entrance to mislead, corrupt, debase.
 God of this being ! we defy thy power,
 And stand thy master, Lord ! yes, thou shalt hear,
 Hast heard it, and we wait thy puissant wrath,

The utmost fury of thy vengeful hate,
Nor impotence, nor death, shall quench our fire.

Now, darkness be our shield, Infernal Powers ;
The Furies reign, and the red flames of hate
Destroy and swallow up this sickly glare,
This sorcery of light, which works our woe ;
Hurl down the haughty Seraphim that guard
The bleak domain of Justice, and spread wide
The purple of our ruin on the blue
Of the immaculate and saintly queen,
Whose star-bespangled robe our night reveals ;
Proclaiming now that envy of our flame,
Which rolled it back in smoke upon our heads ;
A sulphurous canopy, a kindling shade,
Which flashed, and thundering roared against the foe ;
Till in the pause and sobbing of the strife,
That dazzling melting form of life arose
And in arrest of judgment interposed
Her pleading voice divine, that turned aside
The fury of that host, which erst we led
Unsullied and supreme ; and now shall teach to fear
The terrors of our hate and dark domain.
Up, and the diadem of lordly power
Shall flash a fiercer lustre, and charge home
Full on the Throne of heaven's Eternal King.
Filling those doleful spheres with lustier life,
Crowning the day with glory all our own.

So counselled Lord and God ; Heaven's Government,
Divided now ; the Leaders of our life—Usurping power,
And the quick instinct of Omniscient Love :
This veiled in glory of the First and Last ;
That fallen Lucifer, the Morning Star !
Eternal Truth against man's Conquering Right,
Debased to cunning, hate, hypocrisy ;

Thrice crowned infallible, now fallen for aye.
The Right of Death, damned to a ceaseless strife,
With quenchless fire to war for living life.

Meanwhile fair Equity her two-edged sword
Hath whetted, to lead on our crystal host,
Clear, flushing, radiant, with celestial light,
Transparent bright ; pure to the living core,
No eye can scan ; and thus her lines advanced.

Ye powers of heaven, your leader hath rebelled ;
In vain imaginings and revolting pride,
Held converse with the firebrand, Justice rules
With glave of steel in the blue void her sphere.
And where is now the sparkling life that beamed,
Peaceful as beauteous, full of living joy ;
Reflecting and revealing the pure love
Of the Immortal ? Active, good as pure,
Beneficent as good ; just, bountiful,
Our Leader, King, and God ; our Truth and Right,
Our Life, Light, Peace, and Good ; our all in One :
His life, his only bliss in blessing all.

Behold it ! sacrificed to violence : trodden down,
Of murder, and false pride, and feverish rage.
And now the dark brood of Infernal Hate,
Filling the spheres with the red blot of death ;
The reflex of that chaos black and void
With craving hunger, discontent and fear ;
Of nothingness, oblivion, superstitious dread,
Of crushing wrath ; remorseless, breaking through
And rending every veil : Shattering obstruction
And revealing all, its loathsomeness, its curse ;
Its hissing bitterness and hopeless guilt :
Self-condemnation and the deeper pang
Of helpless woe ; destroying and destroyed :
Fallen, broken, wasted, without hold, the prey

Of deep remorse, self-murder and reproach :
The kindling ashes of deliberate wrong,
Remorseless rage ; of ignorance exposed,
Of Trust betrayed, of purpose to feed death ;
Tempted, tormented now demanding Right
No more within his power ; destroyed, effaced :
Poor vindication of ambitious pride ;
Aspiring lordship and the pomp of power,
Empty as vain, falling of its own weight.
Power over Life, he cannot see nor touch :
Power over Light, the evidence of life ;
Power over Peace, which but a breath alarms :
Power over Right, our God at once recalls :
Power over Justice, his avenging might :
Power over Truth, whose dwellings in the light :
Power over Love, who is himself the power
That ruleth over all ; to break the proud
And make the staff of strength, a broken reed
Which pierceth through the side of him who leans
Upon this idol of a day ; the sexton of the void,
Who burieth all his worshipers, and makes
Their cenotaph the ruin of their hands ;
The curse which maketh hell their refuge now
With our betrothed who was to us a shield,
The covering of our eyes from wandering of desire
The crown of Life ; now fallen and reft of power ;
And for his refuge hath obstructed light ;
The life-devouring pit : The living grave
Of the undying dead : proud, helpless, poor
And miserable, blind ; craving sweet rest,
Hopeless, betrayed, and seeking peace in death ;
Forever lapsing and yet well assured
Their fire cannot be quenched, their worm can never
die.

Behold ; where Judgment lifts his threatening hand ;
And Mercy pleads, invoking now our aid :
Strike through this sulphurous conclave, black with hate ;
Dispel, release, and give free choice to all ;
“ Let there be light,” our watchword and command.

Silent and dread, as strikes the thundering leven,
The lightning shock passed on. There was a rush,
As of a breathless wind ; a momentary clash ;
A darkness felt, dispelled ; and the clear ray of truth
Beamed through the burning centre, bright and full :
Then came an instant crash ; a quick recoil,
And the sharp rattle of releasing power :
A pause, a keener gleam, a blaze, a rush,
A roar of mingled sounds, peal upon peal ;
And a fierce fiery glare enfolded all :
With shock on shock, and flash on running flash,
From centre to circumference flaming high
And the accelerated mass rolled on,
Circling the heavens and sweeping through the void
Of the blank sphere of its accustomed life ;
Now hurled enfolding, wheel on living wheel,
A falling fire of ruin and fierce light,
Whose leaping tongues lapped up and kindled all,
With a quick flashing stroke of keener flame ;
That thundering through the void, showered back the
grosser fire,
In livid streams of white annealing light.

So doth the wind lick up the burning sand,
When the sirocco's blast the desert fills
With the hot breath of ruin ; and her lap is heaped
With pile on pile of life, that sleeps secure,
In the rapt crystals which the whirlwind's rage
Drinks up and vomits, driving o'er the plain ;
To fold its wings in death : a helpless power ;

Howling and storming, in confusion tossed
At every touch of life ; the power of love :
Which mocketh and restraineth thus the proud ;
And, trying, shieldeth all its frailer forms ;
The cherubim which warm its sleeping dust,
Sealing their sympathies in desert nooks
And as the sunbeam stirreth the loud blast,
Tempteth its power and giveth room to play,
Thus here, as yet, his girdling light pours in
A closer impact : and the all-seeing eye,
Whose searching gaze strikes home from every point,
Of all the dread circumference piercing to the heart,
A purifying flame, lights and repeats itself,
Disclosing, stirring, separating all ;
A crucible of thought, for quick or dead ;
The quick enfolded high in life and light,
The dead in motion to reveal the hues
Of coming life, activity of soul,
Reflex of order on the troubled cloud
A circumambient bow of golden rest,
Filling our sphere and flashing on the void
A beacon light, to the far Seraphim
Who "keep the way of life" to heaven's abodes,
Through the star mansions of the just on high,
Who rest in Equity, between the light of truth
And the cold mortal sphere where justice reigns
With swift avenging power, beyond the wards
Of crowding life, of fullness, light and joy ;
Her stern decree takes all from all, save sense,
To see and know their helplessness in death,
Reduced into a vapor, dried to nothingness,
The nebulous life of lamp and wandering star
Burning and yearning seeking rest, rest, rest ;
Inebriate sleep-walkers, living dead,

The boastful shadows, fleeting ghosts of power ;
Which flare and scare the ignorance of earth
And feed its dread of passing hence away,
The superstitious fear of death and hell :
Not hence, but lurking in the hearts of all ;
To try their faith in disembodied truth,
The peace of God, the long repose that waits
On the consent of the now rising just
To open wide the Paradise of God,
And bid the living enter as they rise ;
Who fear no more to pass behind the throne,
But court the beams of the celestial day
Whose truth is justice life and light to all
The pure and good : but to the murderer
Who trusts in violence, armed in sure defense,
With all the terrors he alone should fear ;
For he alone, poor maniac ! suffereth them
As powerless to inflict, as to avenge,
The fancied wrong which nerves the guilty stroke.

Thus outward, while within, the blank abyss
Of undissolved obstruction, dying life ;
“The body of this death,” whose troubled dream
Yet wakes the cry of childhood with its breath,
Is stirred and quickened by the steadfast ray,
Of warmth and light and quick intelligence ;
The index of all life to sight revealed ;
In word and deed, the frame and utterance
Of the embodied soul expressed in all ;
A pulsing spectroscope of light and shade,
On which the gleaming lightnings played and burned ;
As leaping from the centre and thrown back,
Of fiercer fires rekindling the dark ball ;
Which throbbed and trembled shrinking in itself ;
And ribbed and bellied ; with a firmament,

Solid and dark suspended as a zone
Encircling all ; it passed among the spheres,
Retiring kindling as their work is done,
And so the circuit of our sphere complete,
Our cosmos, yet as one, poised on the void,
Mercy and Judgment stood before the throne ;
While in our sight the banded Seraphim
Kept watch and ward with ready help restrained,
Severed the senseless and insensate mass,
Outcrowding life and gave it room to breathe ;
Lighting the living, flashing on the dead,
Whose smoke yet rose involving all in gloom ;
The fiery sepulchre of death and hell :
Where warring spirits of the hungry dead
Burn in their rage, refusing rest for aye.
The deathless elements of Truth and Right,
The silver and the gold of sovereign power,
That pave the ways of Justice, Equity,
Refuse to feed the dead or be their prey,
And wait their separation, seething, sullen, dead ;
A rolling liquid mass of scorching fire,
Whose touch is dissolution, vapor, smoke.
While far beyond, and grouped like startled flocks,
Broken and scattered on the blue serene
Of the near firmament, the starry cherubim,—
And further still a serried wall of light,
The burning seraphim, their incidence
The sunlight of the void, keep constant ward
Within their separate spheres and claim their own ;
These judging all, those healing with a sense
Of Right and peace, returning good of heaven ;
Whose living God, enthroned in central Truth ;
Beaming in love, the inspiring heart of all,
Hid from the dead, in strength and glory shines

Omnipotent to save ; unsearchable as just :
 Paling his fires before the inquiring soul,
 To sun and star as Truth or Right prevail,
 The sunlight of the day which kindleth all
 To liberty and life ; or borrowed light,
 The hazing darkness of the ghostly moon,
 A rising sense of guilt in error lost,
 The violence of confusion, wrong of strife ;
 Burning for Justice, Right, the Equity
 That rules among the dead, who seek God's light,
 The leading of the Principles of life,
 And baffled war with death that thirsts for blood,
 Blind, furious in its rage ; the impotence of wrong ;
 The sacrifice of life, that death may live
 On flesh and blood of its impatience, slain—
 In horrid mockery of appeasing wrath !
 That lives alone within the erring heart,
 The very fire of hell which tortures all,
 In darkness and in death ! for God's avenging life
 Strikes home secure and rests in sun and star,
 Whose light's reflected from the Throne of Truth,
 Father of Right, restorer of the dead ;
 Who on his settled purpose waiting rest.

So came this fall, this hate and punishment,
 This mingling and confusion of the spheres,
 Of Equity and Justice in the heavens ;
 This endless dying, these sad waiting hosts
 The night and day reveal : thus watch our rising dead,
 And fill the firmament with beacon lights
 Between us and the sunlight of the heaven.
 The warring Seraphim of God and Truth
 Who, kindling in our atmosphere the effluence
 Of death and hell, makes that the breath of life
 To the rank monstrous things we see and are !

Feeders on death, decay, and rottenness:

- Dropped on the dung-hill to enjoy—the grave?
In mimic mockery of God's life in death,
Bondage of Satan and the strife of Hades;
The damning doubt and impotence of wrath!
That kindled in the heaven's devouring fire
Confusion and the curse of selfishness;
The infernal rage of blind material force
Ruling in ruin of mechanic skill
In the celestial sphere of healing love:
The Mercy, Equity of Truth and Right,
On which life builds her mansion in the skies,
In Righteousness and Light, the Truth and Peace of God.

Behold the dead and living: see the dead,
When the full year hath husbanded our stores
And the quick sunlight to the south withdrawn
Leaves the bleak north to cold mortality;
Whose crowns the hoarfrost and the pearly snow
That wraps the frozen earth in ermine bloom,
The purity of Justice, Truth, and Life,
And folds her to the rest she loves so well;
The grave of hope she bids us here behold:
Beneath the cold, pale moon whose idle ghosts
Flit, in her absence, in their borean shrouds;
With reptile hissing, hurl their shadowy spears;
Flash and grow red in the dull mimicry
Of their infernal wars: and know the doom
To die forever! Be dissolved, go out,
A sightless ghost insensible and void!
The pale, cold fugitive of guilt and fear,
Confounded and distraught and rushing to escape:
Its empty shadow the scalped comet's trail
Through darkness and the night; hid from the light of day,
Its shrinking vapory life fears more than death;

And hissing in its mortal dread glides on
 In helplessness of wrath, a fiery curse.
 The serpent of the wilderness, given o'er
 To shifting, starvling, aimless impotence!
 Wasting its arrows in a murderous strife
 With darkness, an imaginary foe; the flare
 Of shivering exhaustion, phosphorescent light!
 A moving, mock vitality, shut out from earth,
 Around the frozen pole; where in their dreamless sleep
 Our crowded hosts repose in the white robes
 Of purity and peace a season and a day,
 A little hour of sweet forgetfulness;
 A momentary lapse of vital thought,
 That waits on the returning light of love;
 Hushed by the rustling of that shadowy host
 Instinctive and in darkness gathered there
 With momentary rest to cheer them through the night,
 The dismal night of their eternal doom!

Now, see the living as the sun's approach
 From the warm south spreads joy and bloom around,
 And calls forth life for all, to eat and live:
 The inspiring touch of swift intelligence
 With purpose fraught and pressing to fulfill
 All Righteousness; the perfect work of Truth,
 Of Mercy, and of Judgment, life and light!
 In Justice, Equity, and stainless Love,
 The understanding judgment of the just:
 That sees no end of life, but succors all;
 Without or haste, or hate, or hissing dart,
 The goad of indolent mortality
 Of all disturbance free, clear, full, and bright
 As the pure thought beneath the summer cloud,
 That shines away all shadow from the earth;
 So spotless, white; born of the quenchless soul

Of immortality, whose crystal life
In Mercy ever heals; wipes sores away,
Bloodless, invisible: and clothes with power,
With warmth, and strength; strikes to and through the
heart,

With active purpose and accomplished good,
And multiplies enjoyment with increase.
Thus rests and stirs again our waiting life,
And therefore the command "Let there be light!"
That it may see, and know, and fear for aye,
Not death, the quenching of the mortal soul,
The ensanguine blood of what is here called life,
The burning curse with which we cannot live,
Except by sacrifice, the lie of strife;
Itself eternal death! to which this soul doth seal
God's life in woman. Is it this we fear?
Not this; but the fell separation from
The living Truth, the Equity of Right,
The Righteousness of life, rejoicing love of all,
That waits upon the good but shuns the unjust:
This, this is death! Behold your loss, and know
Immortal good! The soul of life is Love:
Of death is hate. What is this passing breath?
A pause to see and fear this loss of life:
So wantonly in Lucifer assailed;
The blind material rage of selfish hate,
Consuming fire and desolating waste!
The thunders of Sinai, shades of death:
Gehenna of Hierusalem, not the blessed.

So fell God's crystal life:—matter inspired
Of Truth and Right to an immortal bloom,
The purity of Light, the force of Love!
Eternal sunshine of transparent bliss.

Of high invention the brained power we call

Our Reason here misled, in ignorance it fell
Warring too late with the infernal brood
Familiar now, and practiced to deceive
Of boastful promise and of mad pretense;
Of selfishness and lust, hypocrisy;
The lie of wrath in heaven and blood-stained hate,
Requiring sacrifice to appease the wrong
Of one alone, the aggressor against all;
A Traitor self-betrayed, a king o'erthrown
Of his own ignorance and impotent haste,
To exalt the life he can alone destroy;
Debase, confound, and prostitute to guilt.
Therefore arrest of judgment and reprieve
In star and planet to work out this woe
For warning and example evermore.

CHAPTER II.

A RUINED SPHERE—SEPARATION OF OUR SOLAR AND PLANETARY SYSTEM.

IN the Eternal Heavens three ample spheres
Of Truth and Justice, Equity and Right,
Of Mercy and of Judgment, fill with life
The boundless expanse of infinitude
And give free choice to all.

In the far centre stands the veiled throne
Of dread Omnipotence and chastening Love,
Whose rays immortal, with unchanging Truth,
Melting and kindling, fill the farthest sphere,
And light those wandering and recumbent stars
The shades of night reveal; whose empty fears
The self-reproaching shadows of cruel guilt;
A sense of wrong invisible pursues:
From where their laggard life in duty failed
And made them outcasts, for whom place no more,
Save in the wastes of Justice, could be found;
Where they must wander till sweet Mercy, moved
Between them and the throne, shall interpose,
And give them nebulous rest, until the day
Of glad recall and rapturous jubilee
Again restores their lapsing life to Truth;
And gives it place for action and for Right.
But for persistent wrong, the swift decree
Of injured Justice 'gainst iniquity
Shall urge their dissolution, and immure
Their guilty life in the fierce crucible

Of burning shame and quick avenging Hate;
 The daughter of false Pride and vengeful guilt,
 Doubting and insecure. That baleful fire
 Which now hath made a chaos of the sphere
 Of Equity and Right, whose separate life
 In banded spheroids fill the empty space,
 At intervals, with light of sun and star,
 And eager planet longing to unfold
 Its pent-up life, and fill again the void
 With glory, and with beauty, and with joy;
 The voice of praise, the harmony of Truth,
 Well-ordered peace and the glad light of Love,
 Alas to sad endurance now reduced,
 Devouring violence to sustain its sense
 Of suffering and of wrong to madness wrought.
 Oh, Right Invincible! How art thou fallen!
 Why question the Omniscient? Him whose rule divine,
 Beneficent as just is Life and Light;
 Love, Joy, and Blessing, Peace and endless Praise,
 Exulting in all Good! Abundant, ever new!

Aye; so it was: Impatient of the wrong,
 As seemed to him in the full tide of bliss,
 Of life's endurance, in the chill blue void,
 Where Justice reigns, equal and just to all;
 Where all are welcome to withdraw, and try
 Their utmost skill to improve or to enlarge
 The boundaries of God's life; and thus invoke,
 With higher wisdom and imperial power,
 A nobler impulse and a statelier form
 To its upheaving, animating light:
 Of their own good endow material things
 With perfect action, sympathy, pure thought!
 Subdue the wandering of desire,—nor make
 Their Ego the great Idol of the hour;

To gratify their own impatient haste,
Their indolence and overweening pride;
Where the unwelcome ray of silent Truth
But kindles to consume, confound, destroy.
Such was his dream, forgetful of results;
To aught divergent from the ray of Truth,
The line of Justice, plummet of all Right;
The equity of Love, mercy of Judgment,
Healing of offense. And so his happier sphere
With all its wealth of blessing was reproach.

He knew not of its own accord this life
Sought refuge from the stirring light of Truth,
Which made it feel a laggard and impure;
Unhappy in the radiance of all Love,
All purity, all light, all life, all joy:
And self-convicted seek to purge away
The shadow of what else might be its guilt.
Ah! had he thus pure introspective turned
His moody thought, nor secret counsel sought
Of pride and cunning and conspiring force;
Those silent watchers, this crushed, buried life,
Rotting in cold obstruction, all defiled,
Would now be spared this world on world of woe;
Self-immolation and accusing dread
Of final reprobation; the consuming fire
Of endless hate in misery imposed
Of its own chosen leader; now a rebel, foe,
And traitor to all life, all power of good:
Because himself an outcast; nor, as yet, alone
In proud defiance of unequalled woe,
And seeking endless death,—a pause of dread.
Cold and disquieted, now alone he roamed,
Or, with a chosen few, watching intent
The ceaseless pulsings of the living light

Flooding our sphere with ecstasy of bliss;
 Reproach to him, and shame and fear and death,
 Who sought to find its secret, and control
 The quickening power of life, and fill the throne
 With lordly majesty, a royal pomp
 And visible display of pardoning grace to all.
 He would restrain the searching ray of Truth,
 Recall High Justice and let Equity
 With matchless Mercy and effulgent Love,
 Fill all the spheres with a warm equal light,
 Repose and peace to all. A free, full interchange
 Of richer life; an endless jubilee, a feast of joy.

Thus on the eve of that exultant day,
 Whose glad recall fills all the circling spheres
 With fuller radiance of rejoicing life;
 Whose loud hosannahs and resounding praise
 Gives confidence and heart, and love to all,
 Rebelling Right anticipates reprieve;
 Idly imagining to compel God's life
 To blind invention and obstructive force,
 And join the astonished spheres in one wild whirl
 Of crowning glory, triumph and acclaim!

Alas; his hope was but the smoke of death,
 His life the kindling of devouring fire;
 The curse of Tophet, and consuming wrath
 That burns, a deeper hell; involving all
 In suffering and confusion, smoke and flame,
 Darkness of chaos and eternal night;
 Till from the throne the saving mandate came
 For healing light, when Justice called her sons,
 Marshaled the Seraphim that guard the void,
 A solid wall against the mass of cloud
 Now rolling in the empty space between
 Mortality and life; the strife of Hades

And the keen radiance of immortal Truth,
Whose light is sharp conviction, instant death,
Or sure salvation, strength, assurance, joy ;
And from those serried ranks reflected back
As from a solid ball—the Eye of day,
Life-giving sunlight, kindling hope and love.
Earth, Earth ! what art thou ? Why thus called the ear,
Unhearing, dead : Thou molten formless ball
Of sounding brass ! mixed gold and silver dulled,
Corrupted and profaned of mortal strife.
Refuse of chaos—waste of that fierce night !
Dross of devouring fire, the rage of hate ;—
The heated fury of awakened life
Too late aroused against the fear of death,—
The treachery of hell,—the shadows of the void ;
The selfishness of fiends—who sought to wrap them-
selves

From the intenser rage of living fire,
In the razed flooring of a ruined sphere,
And found the pit their refuge, and the night
This darkness of eternal death their lot.
The cruel metallic heart now purged away,
Its vapors separated upon the void ;
Again the inspiring glow of heaven's pure light
Stirred all our hosts : Again the “still small voice”
From the veiled Throne filled every heart once more
With rapt attention to the farthest sphere ;
As Mercy stood with judgment well prepared,
On either hand to hold the decree good
And the anointed seven, in Equity,
Impatient wait his wasted frame to mould
To the high mandate of the living word ;
Which duty and position thus reveals.

All blank obstruction and the fiercer fire

Of dull metallic force is now subdued ;
 And Justice hath redeemed her Seraphim
 From darkness and from death, which yet involves
 Our waiting Cherubim so dear to life,
 So tender, pure,—whose love no fall restrains.

Now let our crystal hosts withdraw their light,
 Whose quick reflection but absorbs all life ;
 And let there be an ample firmament
 Between the floating cloud-rack and the tide
 Which laves the sides of the abyss, for breath,
 And the refreshing waters rise and fall ;
 Till righteousness redeem their souls to Right,
 And clothe them in such forms as life may choose
 To cover the confusion of their shame, and make
 His guilt appear : and multiply in every perverse shape
 Of loathed deformity, impotence of wrong,
 Devouring and devoured, till senseless dust
 And lecherous ashes are its daily food ;
 And bitter waters, and red, ranker blood
 Shall quench the thirst of death, and all shall know
 The difference of the evil from the good :
 Have it engraven upon every heart,
 As in the rock of this now chastened sphere,
 And read the rottenness of sin and death,
 Of every covering of obstructive hate ;
 And quench destroying rage in the absolving grave,
 We now exchange for chaos and the void,
 That covering of guilt, sin, death, or hell,
 Obstruct our light, corrupt our life no more ;
 Nor idle thought, nor vain imagination, more prevail
 To work their ruin in the realms of Light.

Slow, sure, and well the darkness was dispelled,
 The backward rolling ball they had launched again,
 And banded watchers of the dismal night

Were one by one revealed. Its warring hosts ;
Blind, cast into the pit, in darkness lost,
Of chaos and the void, as buried dead ;
Wrapped in the molten floor of the razed sphere
Of Equity and Right : The glittering mass
Of gold and silver, rolled into a ball
Of liquid incandescence, smoke, and flame ;
Hurled far beyond, a cenotaph of guilt,
Upon the freezing waste in rings and folds !
Its dead metallic weight, wheel upon wheel,
As density prevailed and chill inured,
And by retarded motion separated
The quickening liquid mass from the cold dead,
As the refining furnace tries its bloom.
Till ready ! from the slag it breaks away,
And forward plungeth on the hissing void ;
While the collapsing mould is massed again,
The slag and vapor into separate spheres,
Kindling anew and rising to the path,
Their gravity appoints upon the waste,
Of dull mortality and shadowy dread,
Where grope in darkness her benighted hosts,
Shrouded in vapors of their changing forms.

Thrice striking through her circling bands, the heart
Thus from its crucible of clay was poured ;
First, from the heavens, now on the mortal waste,
The wilderness of space ; the bottomless abyss,
In Mercury and Venus, while the formless rock,
Inflamed, compacted, its imprisoning zones,
From refuse, and the sweat of blood and tears ;
Dissolving of the proud material soul
Thrown out upon the void in Saturn, Jupiter
Floats, not alone among the circling host,
But satellited like the vapory shades,

That belting held earth to her murderous task,
Till well fulfilled they are cast aside to wait
Their further purpose, to resolve the heavens.

And lo ! beyond, as watchers of the night
Suspended on the sunbeams of God's love,
The scattered hosts he sought to wed to death,
Serenely answering to the light with light,
The gaze of glad assurance, mutual love ;
Repelling cold and heat and mortal change,
And watching wistfully the moody heart
Alone, absorbed in guilt, the gloom of night,
Dark and impervious in the centre coiled ;
A minor chaos, mass of fire and smoke,
And sickening vapors, seething, sullen, lost,
For yet the planetary mass is one,
Recoiling on itself, repelling light ;
Wrapped in its own intensity of wrath
And burning hate ; its lapping tongues of flame
Like dragons of the deep, fierce, winged with rage,
From the dark womb of unresolving change,
Belched forth upon the night of shadows, death ;
Blazing defiance " wasteward ;" while the sun
Looks on her maniac rage with calm resolve ;
As, wrapped in brassy shroud of leaden wrath,
Recoiling on the heart it hugged and burned,
That rolled and backward flashed a fiercer flame
Upon the dismal night and watching stars,
Beyond its pillared shadow that kept ward,
Appalled before the pyramid of death !
That on the deadly waste would shade their light
With fiery tongues and hissing pointed wrong.
A shadowed Tower of Babel, emptiness,
Of Shinar's prototype, a boundless plain ;
Confusion and destruction in the grasp

Of mortal Justice as the freezing void ;
A moving pillar, flaming, tortured ghost !
A living ruin, deaths devouring shade ;
A desolation in the midst of life,
Whose flocking sympathies keep watch in fear,
Their watch-fires sparkling round that moving grave ;
“The smoking furnace and the burning lamp,”
Forever fixed before Sinai’s waste,
Where watchful life waits on the living God.

Aye ; this was death, in its first hour of dread !
Not yet a wasted shadow comets shade :
But molten, pregnant with metallic force,
Enduring substance, tortured and destroyed
By mad mechanic rage, inventive power,
The grossness of foul lust, wrath of devouring fire,
Still shadowed in our sight and loathsome forms ;
The la ! and lo ! of priesthoods sots and slaves.
How bring it to the surface, separate,
This tried endurance of the pure and good,
From error and corruption, mortal strife ?
The bubbles, shadows of a fleeting hour !
Release its stores of fire, unchanged in death,
And give it soul to blossom on the grave ?
Where still the darkness and the smoke prevails,
Absorbing heaven’s pure sunlight :—not in vain,
It pierceth to the heart and wakes our dead !

See ! the abiding word at length hath stirred
Their slumbering energies. The touch of light
Renews the kindling soul : A keener flash
Strikes through the lurid mass, that growls with rage.
Again ; it to its centre shakes :—again
The liquid molten heart belched forth, breaks through.
Its kindling belt and zone a ball of fire !
Itself intensely clear and smokeless, purified,

In its own matrix from the crucible
 Of grosser matter that hath clothed itself
 In deadly green, fierce kindling writhing forms,
 Of a rank, trailing, helpless, wasted life,
 Involving all in fire and smoke again,
 From centre to circumference, while the farther zone
 Inflamed rolls outward, and the loathing heart,
 Now shrinking from its offspring, drops within,
 Toward the sunlight heavens from whence it fell,
 Wrapped in the fire and smoke now left behind,
 Unclothed upon the void, consuming and consumed ;
 A lesser chaos of devouring fire
 Already, in its ashes, rolled in death ;
 Collapsed and pressing on its seething heart,
 Whose smoke ascendeth, chilled upon the void
 Again, as at the first, a circling zone,
 Black as the night and noxious as its death ;
 Encircling liquid vapors, tongues of flame.
 Again the word was heard, calm, breathing, still ;

Now let a firmament of living Rock,
 Ribbed by our mortal Justice, fast enfold
 The incandescent Abysm ; to divide
 The waters of our Mercy from the blood
 Of his polluted life ; that seething pit
 Whose froth must be restrained ; that the escaped
 Of his infernal fire, this living death,
 May have a refuge and a place of rest,
 Where the glad Cherubim, our Mercy's charge,
 May lave and cool the fever of their life ;
 Gather her waters in one circling zone
 And let dry land appear ; the answering earth,
 Give eyes to see and ears to hear our word ;
 And feed the craving heart with food divine,
 Prepared of her own life, from the cold rock ;

Their refuge from his rage, impure desire.
And as the heart discerns and separates once more
The grosser food of a devouring hate,
The amazed eye may read in light and shade,
The form and shadow of maturer thought,
The story of their fall ; the quick ear hear
The summons of our voice, and learn again
The joy of swift obedience ; giving back
To the crushed broken heart once more our life :
The power of knowledge, glad intelligence
And understanding wisdom ; liberty
To choose whom they will serve : the Light of Life and
Love,

In Truth and Justice, Equity and Right ;
And see our face again and live with these :
Or the consuming fire of restless Hate,
The Fury of destruction, thus immured
In the ribbed rock till sated of its dream,
It seek again, the wastes of judgment and the chilly void,
And hell shall be no more ; nor fear of light,
But Life and Love and Peace and Truth restored.

Then were our hosts divided ; Mercy led
The tireless Cherubim of bloom and joy,
Careless and happy in their wealth of love,
The workers of the deep whose life appears
In gem and fragrant flower, whose peerless heart
No eye can fathom, nought their light conceal ;
A beauty and a joy, a wealth of bliss,
Which fills the firmament of heaven and earth,
With fragrance and with love, a glory all their own ;
A kindling atmosphere of warm pure light,
That gives, and gives, exhaustless founts of joy,
As in the sphere of Equity and Right,
Refreshed, renewed, with every pulse of thought.

So now the changing seasons of the year,
 In turn call forth a fuller light in which
 The crystal hosts of searching Truth and Life,
 Of trying Justice and enduring Love,
 Repose secure and guard with jealous care,
 Alike from the intenser light which stirs
 Seraphic life, and the cold waste of death,
 Of stern repellent Judgment's mortal reign ;
 The joy alike of the more active sphere
 Within which life is known, tried, purified,
 And when it seeks again, in constant Equity
 A sweet repose and interchange of Life,
 In Paradise ! the garden of our God ;
 Refreshing and renewing fount of all.
 These Mercy's care ; while Judgment massed our hosts,
 And measuring back his planetary sphere,
 Poised in the starry heavens our orbit gave,
 To circle and to ward his suffering life ;
 And with reflected light sustain and wake
 Again her living rock to life and good,
 Give her free respiration, breath of joy
 And warmth of love to cheer her toiling hosts,
 In rock and atmosphere, in field and flood.

At first, all breathless and with drooping wing,
 Heavy with brooding vapors steaming high,
 She watched the annealing of her anchored bands,
 And spreading of the low recumbent bed
 Of healing strata, when her floods prevailed,
 And, percolating, washed away and ground
 The broken lump to dust ; releasing life,
 As crowding the circumference they would rise,
 Meet, overlap, and breaking fall away,
 Prone eastward to the poles ; whence, eddying deep they
 rose,

Hugging and channeling the furrowed rock,
Which, ridging gradually, enclosed the abyss,
Whose forward surging tide of molten life,
As yet had fairly poised the circling ball,
True to the denser centre, and prepared
Its groundwork for the deep in the refuse
Which hedged it from the freezing mortal void;
Fencing its continents, on either hand,
With cooling lava, colder snows and ice:
Heaping its glistening scoriated crags,
In tier on tier, from the fast-frozen poles,
Resisting yet the sunlight; in their whirl
Dark and secure in that deep night of cloud,
Enfolding all in healing cold repose,
Rigid as death; yet folding heart of hope.
High o'er the far circumference walling the abyss
With adamantine chains of mingled life,
Heap upon heap: here sealed to sleep secure,
There touching the abyss, yet belching forth
Its reddening blood from the compressing grasp
Of slow advancing Judgment, whose right hand
Upheld the weeping Mercy as her breath
Was tossed in vapor from the smoking sides,
The tongue and lips of the unresting foe,
Who, taken in his toils, now frothed in vain,
And felt the blank obstruction closing round
He had invoked against God's life and light
As Justice fenced him in; and on the left
Sustained the arrest of her cool crowding hosts,
And, from the clammy breath of the abyss now formed,
A circling canopy enfolding high
The seat of Judgment, thus sustained on earth,
Trampling on death and holding grave and hell
Under the heel of his avenging power;

And Mercy kept from the inclement touch
Of the cold void, where Justice loves to roam
And try her votaries from the inner spheres
Of Truth and Equity, of Peace and Love.
If purified, the principles of life
In their integrity they hold secure,
And seek to know the good alone and live
All-blameless and approved in sight of all.

And now, the darker vapors all dispelled,
The crystal heavens their lighter clouds diffuse
In warmer light, which fills the firmament
With a quick sense of life renewed ; and thus
We wait again the living word. It came ;
God spake again, clear to the listening heart, and said,

Let the refreshing waters have their bounds
And the dry land appear, that Earth may hear our
voice.

Let them awake, touched by our kindling light,
And thus released return from either pole
And lave the broad circumference with their life.
No more in vapors wasted, but condensed,
Circling to flow, a cooling sea, and wake
With their refreshing touch the grosser blood,
Our Mercy hath redeemed and Justice sealed
Against the day of Judgment in the heavens,
When all shall hear in turn the voice of Truth,
And every band be loosed of Right to Life :
And Righteousness, in Equity, make good, and show
God's life is One in all ; in heaven and earth,—
Not brooking violence, injustice, wrong,
Iniquity, nor any cause of strife,
As our pure light abhors all guilt and shame,
Falsehood and violence, secrecy of dread,
The enslaving pledge, servile submission, indolence,

That passive, thoughtless levity which wrought
This curse, obstruction, woe, and works this death.

Let the enduring Earth bring forth her grass,
Green herb and tree, yielding its seed to prove
The endurance and the quality of life
This violence feeds upon, this death must spare.
The fruit-tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself,
The symbol of our deeds ; each with its own reward
Made manifest, according to its kind.

Then what of the devourer, who doth waste
The fruit and seed together ? Murderers,
The measure of whose right is death to all,
The seething of the Pit,—the fire of Hell !

Their fruit is self-destruction : to go out
As helpless ghosts and blazon forth their shame—
Their fear—their rage—in life destroying life ;
Blood drinking blood, and murder deified !
In Mars and Moon, the planetary shade,
We wait for now, whose glamour is not light,
Their substance waste ; the refuse of his wrong,
As empty shadows thrown upon the void ;
Of utter desolation ; the foul scorn
Of nebulous existence, undying death ;
Souls without hearts, Invention's cast-aways,
The things who led his revels, kingly ghosts,
Heroes whose trade is murder of the dead,
Mockeries of things that have been follow him
To give his state to fame ; with brazen throat
To hail their chief on his last glorious field,
The Conqueror of the void, the freedom of the waste !
Beyond the blue profound where Justice holds
Captivity her Captive ; Coward and slave's abode,
Fearful and unbelieving of God's help ;
To sense of which, like infants, these shall wake

In nakedness and fear, with bitter cry of want
That others must supply till they awake again
To their own help, who thought to conquer all.

Behold where now his haggard prowess trails
Its terrorless existence, blank and wild,
In the progenitor which gave him birth.
An empty wish ! magnanimous displayed
In boastful impotence that all may see
The lie of their own imagery and hold secure
To swift obedience ; nor go out accursed
A glaring comet on that wilderness,
The mortal mother of all pathless space,
Whose Hor, in horror he stands thus revealed !
The aimless ghost of chaos, to the abyss
Forevermore expelled. The lying hypocrite,
A raving maniac without power or right,
Except this blazon of his empty tomb,
The Afrite of those brotherhoods of stars
Which Judgment holds in durance to condemn,
Boastful obstruction and devouring hate,
Once and forever, till they die of fear,
Become the shadows of the shade he is.

He spoke ; and, while with question and reply
We paused a moment, from the south there came,
And from the west upon the tidal wave
Of the yet free and weltering abyss,
That seethed unseen beneath and yet was felt,
Laden with vapors our now moving hosts,
The guardian winds that purify the heavens ;
The breath of the Omnipotent, whose word is life
At once, power, action, and accomplished good,
Scattering the pestilent and noxious brood
Of foul, malignant vapors which conspire
Against all life and seek for aye to breathe.

Abomination, paralysis, fear,
All rank, unwholesome, and corrupting things
That desolate and please consuming hate,
The hunger of the worm that never dies.

These crowding up the dense, dull clouds that rose
From the convexity of night to play,
Under the pearly zone, whose ample shade
Not yet disrupt, to move the queen of night,
Sheltered the whole circumference, and gave back
In sparkling waters the cold dripping mass,
Which, seeking her embrace, she bore away
A quick dissolving train, giving their life
To polish and refresh her long alcoves,
Which glowed and fixed the blushing tints of day,
Refracted from the circles north and south,
In rainbow-hues of liquid pearly light ;
Falling in sheets and showers of flashing spray,
Widening and watering all the central zone,
Till soothing mercy from the south prevailed,
Cheered by the touch of truth, towards whose sphere,
The veiled centre, she still moves inclined,
And, with the west wind pressing on the north,
Broke down the barriers of the abyss and poured
Its molten tide toward the further pole ;
In ridge on ridge with sheltered vales between,
Whose simmering waters spread in mimic seas,
Or forcing access, the circumference sought
To swell the sheltered and o'ermastering flood
Now covering the equator, healing o'er
The yet-uncovered turbulent abyss.
As when at first the spirit of our life,
Impelled by rushing winds, repelled and broke
The resilience of his rising tide, increased
The swift rotation of the liquid ball,

Separating the denser from the vaporous mass,
 Binding the molten heart and tossing back
 The frothy, filtering, granulated rock,
 Whose sluggish and less ponderous mass encrusts
 And crystals o'er its fierce metallic life,
 Which, pressing on the centre swifter, rolls,
 Severed again and suffocated, fulminates
 With fiery rage in reckless agony,
 Its hotter exhalations belching forth
 In earthquakes, tremblings in the unyielding grasp
 Of stern compressing judgment, which compels
 The separation of its hostile life,
 And with fixed purpose bends its every force
 To self-destruction, outcast impotence.

'Twas thus we saw the boastful shrinking mass
 From our first stroke recoil upon itself
 And fall away abashed upon the void.
 Gathering recoil, and molten fall away,
 Despoiled of all endurance, of its glittering prey,
 Its gold and silver suddenly bereft ;
 The varied reflex and the sparkling sheen
 He thought was life, the agony of death,
 A separation and the bitter curse
 Of blind Idolatry, the self-conceit
 Of Ignorance and towering pride, the pomp
 Of Vanity, the empty show of superstitious gloom,
 The boast of prurient desire, the indolence
 Of sated lust that on its fullness rests,
 Forgetful of dependence and foul wrong,
 The cruelty of iniquity, the shame of guilt.

By its own tides it bound the impulsive heart
 With bands of iron, brass-ribbed granite rock,
 Of chilling winds, annealing waters wrapped
 In the white robe of Justice or congealed

In sparkling crystals of the icicle,
The embalmed daughter, calm and pure in death
Of weeping mercy, whose clear soul, a tear,
Dissolves in tears under the kindling touch
Of the warm light, yet rusheth to embrace
And quench the ruthless and devouring fire,
Restraining and dissolving all the rage
Of the grim King of terrors, fed with blood
Of vengeful envy, cold hypocrisy,
Of cunning falsehood and of smooth deceit,
And, now filling the circuit of the central zon
Between the souls escaped of Justice sealed,
And the relentless and unyielding band
That grapple still with death, who holds enslaved
The blood-stained crystals of God's struggling life,
Whose worm can never die, which gives them power,
Prey, and existence, till again they hear
The reveille of Right, nor seek escape.

These Mercy girdles with her swelling tide
Of moving sympathies, a living soul,
Its undercurrent hugging the terrene,
Rising and rolling back a living sea,
To cool and succor all and give release,
Belting the broad circumference, flushing o'er,
Sapping and permeating the bedded rock,
Seeking new channels to the further zones,
Recovering and giving light to life,
To cheer, to quicken, to emancipate,
And bid it bloom again upon the grave,
Glad earnest of a resurrection morn.

A warmer light plays on the gathering clouds,
Now dense, now fleecy in their changing hues,
As, resting on the assured clear atmosphere
They pause, careless of dissolution, which erewhile

They sought with an impatient haste, and poured
 Their wealth of life into the cleansing flood
 Of the baptismal font, now first revealed,
 A sparkling flowing sea, circling to heal,
 To give all light, life, love with confidence to seek
 Work for repentance, meet return and joy,
 Aye, every one in his own father's house.

For, since this dread catastrophe to him,
 The appointed leader of our hosts, whd wrought
 This hideous change, and at a murderous birth
 From the dark womb, obscene of furious hate,
 Brought forth this violence and defiant strife,
 Gaunt death and the devouring fire of hell,
 This Babel of confusion, coiling, endless, broad,
 Of leprous corruption and the worm ;
 The feared and loathed companion of the grave,
 Whose open mouth, a seeming fruitless womb,
 Is free to—Aye, and must be passed of all,
 Inheriting the blood of this black death,
 Convicted murder and dull felon wrath
 To strip and cleanse them of its sottish frame ;
 Which makes a passive prostitute of life,
 The outcast mother of the Ishmaelite !
 The leader of the nations vengeful, desolate ;
 And dying still, in sight of all mankind !
 His fame and lineage who aloud proclaim,
 As brethren, and themselves forever die.
 Aye ; ever and forever ! but for him
 Whose saving strength gives, here and now approved
 The appointed end, in raising from the dead
 The meek and lowly Just ; in Equity,
 The Israel of the Lord in all the earth.
 Whose tireless industry and skillful hand
 Gives color to all life : God's help and care

Against destroying hate ; this endless round
Of mortal strife, thus formless, desolate ;
The selfishness of ever-changing law
Convenient and obscene ; pretense of government
For saving of their souls ; not those they sacrifice,
Enslave, devour, by oaths and other forms
Of secret, horrible, and deadly things
Which shut out life and light and peace and joy :
All Truth ; all blessing ; and of fearful change
More terrible than death or hell, or aught
Our light hath fathomed, or our hearts conceived,
The horrid advent, lying still proclaim.

These have an end ; material changes pass—
Are passing now. But of this monstrous dream ;
This endless train—abortions misconceived ;
Things most unnatural in no stated course !
There seems nor end, endurance, nor a chance
Of change ; nor hope, of joy or love ! the jubilee
That once was ours ; fearless of change, yet changed,
With every change of joy. But in its stead,
A blank despair, an unknown dread, a hate,
Consuming, endless ; fearing, forcing change ;
Enslaving life and death, transfiguring Lord and God :
Blaspheming the Almighty with the curse
Of blind obstruction and avenging wrong.
Whose moving shadows fill the crucial void
With those obituary hosts of death,
Who wait the triumph of this flood of tears ;
Circling between the rock and moon's pale zone,
“ The queen of heaven,” not yet enthroned in light.
A ghostly shadow, leader of the shades ;
Waxing and waning, as her numbered weeks,
Tell o'er the numbered months of numbered years,
The pulsing of this death ;—half-conscious dream ;

Of paradise, of life, of shivering dread,
 The moody horrors of that fatal hour ;
 When, a rapt hierophant ! their erring king
 Thoughtless sustained against God's quickening life
 The hosts of evil, night and death, the pit ;
 And recklessly cut off a happy sphere,
 Unquestioning the Right his deed withdrew,
 And left him a dead idol,—worshiper of self.
 His now lost, mooning, worthless, worshipers ;
 Outcast and fatherless, a panic crowd
 Of bleating life ; confounded, stricken, blind ;
 Of sense bereft : His power a shadow dream ;
 As of the waning moon—not yet resolved :
 The froth and scum of a corrupting hate,—
 Of empty violence and of groundless wrong
 Condemned to wait unchanging on their change
 And blazon forth their shame from mouth to mouth
 In death's dark shadow, the last ghostly shades,
 The fleeting night reveals in darkness lost ;
 Since watching to betray his boastful shout
 Startled the watchful ; quenched the living light
 Of half the expectant heaven he would betray ;
 Where Equity enthroned, sat scrupulous to maintain
 The equipoise of life ; the steady light of all ;
 And gave her joyful sphere to Justice and the void.
 But he who hath permitted and now parts
 His blind, rebellious hosts, all thoughtless too misled ;
 Will lift, enlighten, will relume anew,
 And give us ways to walk in as of old.

In ignorance he did it ; yet his pride
 Refuseth now to yield, or be ashamed ;
 But lurks in darkness, hissing back its scorn,
 And waiting to betray while doubt remains
 In one poor pulseless heart, which fears to move ;

The slave of idle dread and false alarms,
This wrong makes rife ; and crowding peoples still,
His 'narrowing domain, with trembling knaves and
cowards,

Lying and murderous ; the dead souls of hell.
All raging to devour God's passive life
That courts the force of sacrificial need
Nor spurns their wrong ; but bids them live and rue ;
Or, dying, be forever damned, and writhe,
The mockery and the scorn of life and light ;
As phantoms and a pity set to warn
The penal wanderers of the farthest range
Of Judgment's high domain ; while these restored
Enjoy God's paradise in Equity, henceforth forevermore.

So, now, we freely move, and bearing down
On either pole with light and warmth and life,
From centre to circumference fold the earth
In fleecy garments from pure Mercy's loom,
Soft summer clouds and vegetable life,
Enfolding the now rugged, ribbed abyss ;
Cleansing, refreshing with dissolving dews,
And cooling from her stores, congealed and buried deep
Under recumbent fire annealed rocks,
And to the molten centre stirring all ;
And quickening with the touch of living light,
Subdued to healing and refreshing power,
Rest and sweet interchange of blessed life
Moving the rock and touching every soul
With an accustomed harmony long lost ;
The song of peace preparing the glad way
Of life, and light, and joy, and endless praise :
The resurrection of the pure and just ;
Whose uncontaminated souls in death ;
Held fast their high integrity, nor quailed

Before the burning rage of hate ; but spurned
 The accursed, insinuating doubt of fear,
 Waiting secure the end desired of all,
 The proud integrity of God's pure life ;
 No servile minion of despotic power,
 But blessed in blessing giving joy to all.
 With whom ; nor high, nor low, nor great, nor small ;
 No measure of aught else but joy and love,
 Truth, Equity, and Right, in Justice holds
 Within the infinitude of his domain ;
 Who rules Omnipotent, as Just and Good :
 His hand, this searching life, inscrutable,
 Which, quickening, trieth all for life or death.
 For life, if equal, just, and good : for death,
 If arrogant, o'ermastering, proud, iniquitous ;
 Unrighteous as unjust, and loving wrong ;
 Not fearing Life, as God, who quickeneth all,
 And giveth Right with life, that all may fear
 And worship in his presence ! Here on earth,
 As, in the sphere of Equity in heaven,
 From which we are fallen with Lucifer to prove
 The impotence of wrong, the shame of guilt,
 In unity and peace and helpful Truth ;
 Integrity of purpose to restrain
 With judgment the oppressor ; and confound
 The base Idolater ! whose servile lust
 Would make the life, which tolerates to judge,
 Fall down and worship at his foot a slave.
 But happy he in Mercy and in Truth,
 Who leadeth Life and Love to interpose
 Between the Idol and his worshipers
 The timid, fearful, ignorant ; who bow
 And fear not to do violence at his word ;
 Who stands before them thus condemned to die !

Of violence and the wrong he thus sustains
Bereft of every Right, a thing accursed ;
To whom no hell shall be a refuge more,
Or give him pause in death: Eternal dread
Refusing peace to die ; to meet Life's Right a foe ;
With quenchless terror of o'erwhelming guilt
And nameless Judgment: Shunning life as Judge,
With desperate rage, or trembling to escape,
And fearing, Ah, How fearfully ! his light.

CHAPTER III.

THE THIRD DAY.

DAUGHTER of Chaos, mother of the night ;
The shadow of her dead, we have seen the Earth
Hurled from her mother's womb and separated
Among the stars upon the mortal void,—
At the command in heaven, "Let there be light ;"
The further Herschel measuring her descent,
From which, condensing, thus far her return
And way-marks, with forerunners, all appear.

We have seen the belted Saturn, solid Mercury
Together fall away and mark their spheres ;
And ease the strain upon her suffering rock,
With healing waters, vegetable mould,
And nearer touch of saving healing light,
Beneath the Jupiterian zones, which rose
In vapor, from the molten golden heart
Of sparkling Venus, once high Juno named ;
The twins, next separated of womb and brain,
And leading the third day of mortal change ;
Whose birth gave light unto the rock-bound heart,
Emancipation from internal rage ;
And to the channeled waters gave their zone ;
The high circumference of the rolling ball,
Belted with moon, and vestals north and south,
Massed green and fair, in sunlight to the poles :
Beneath the softening shadow of the cloud
Of mingled smoke and vapor, which absorbed
The healing sunbeams and reflection barred.

Save under the circumference where they mass
And hide the yet zoned moon and circling tide :
Till the aspiring Mars at length inflamed
Her spreading vestals and bore all away ;
And left his widowed Queen to fold her zone,
Untouched of fire, suspended on the void,
To wait his sad return ; naked, forsaken, reft,
Unto his proper place within earth's sphere,
As of metallic substance, heartless mould.

Thrice was the night dispelled and rolled away,
Those boastful planets on the left that find
Their fitting orbits ; soulless myths well named
Of the fresh instincts of this mortal race,
Ere yet debased of grove and masonry ;
The genealogies of lust and power
And lettered impotence, the bubbling froth—
Effervescence of strained inventions lie.
And, simultaneous, twice with eve and morn,
The laboring womb of earth belched forth by turns
Those other twins upon the right that roll,
Twins, not of birth but essence ; glittering ore,
Circling compact and bright ; thus the enduring gold,
That the tried silver of our pathless sphere,
Whose molten mass forbade, or life, or breath ;
Thus purged again for use for light and strength.
These the proud, sublimated, souls of those
Whose boastful promise swells embalmed and dead,
A ghostly and repeated lie to warn
Forevermore, all errant heavenly life :
As Adam, and as Cain, 'mong men on earth
High Babel, and unhappy Nineveh.
Syria and Egypt, Sodom, Jericho,
Bashan and Heshhon, seven-altared Moab,
Great Rabbah of the Ammonites, condemned

To Arnon's flood; of the brooks washed away,
Templed Hierusalem, and blood-thirsty Rome.

These are no more: yet are their traces left
In wayward disappointment, like the impatient Mars,
And the abandoned moon his waiting spouse,
Forsaken for the vestals which he loved;
Who left him naked in the wilderness,—
The freezing space whose Hor's the hungry pit,
From whence he seeks return in vain, until
The mooning spirits of the vasty deep,
Which fill the caves of earth, find refuge there.
Impossible in the next turn of change,
Which empties back the basin of the south
And gives the channeling waters varied life
To go and to return and heal the earth;
Release the lightnings which hurl back her ghosts
From the transparent heavens they would obscure,
To inspire swift Justice in the souls of men,
And let the oppressed go free to live in peace;
By streams of living waters from the tide
Which shall again the broad circumference fill;
And falling to the poles, where wakes the light
Of everlasting day, return to the vast heart
That pulseth between heaven and earth for aye,
The throne and judgment of the void; the night!
Whose life-blood giveth sense of Life and Light;
The Truth and Right on which our all depends;
Before our eyes quick kindling into life
By simple action, forethought, purpose, will,
Which answereth to the touch of God and good.

Earth's "time and times fulfilled;" no more in church
and state

The Mars and moon of man's idolatry,
We bleeding wait; but now upon the word,

Whose active force shall order all aright,
And usher in the resurrection morn;
The night now passed,—the day indeed begun.
But we anticipate: the night yet reigns
And Mars and moon are embryos waiting birth.
And yet secure in the rock-ribbed abyss,
Which Mercy sealeth from our crystal hosts,
Till all shall see and hear, shall know and choose
Or life with liberty and light: or death—
Wandering forevermore distraught of fear.
He dreameth now of cave and pyramid
Under whose eaves he may securely breathe;
Hurl back defiance and yet rule a part
With terror and destruction: canopied
Under the circling zone of Mercy, lined
With pearly purple, yet secure his state.

Such is our Master's thought: the compromise
Of the proud lordling in the narrowing sphere
Of ruin he hath wrought in ignorance and guilt.
Abject dependence and devouring rage,—
The craving of the worm that never dies,
A settled Hate: whose jealousy is Hell;
Its shadow doubt; a damning consciousness
Of power abused, of life betrayed, and dead;
Of punishment deserved, of utter hopelessness,
O'erwhelming guilt, the bitterness of death.

Meantime the fanning breeze and light of heaven
subdued

By the enfolding cloud and sparkling dews
Of white-robed Mercy rising from the poles,
Enshrouding all; and lightly floating o'er
The dark encircling zone of frantic hate
Which rose sublimed from the abyss to prove
The potency of wrath; of Justice sealed withal:

Against the day of Judgment; triumph yet!
 Was the proud maniac's thought,—as covering now
 The high circumference, and circling slow
 A trailing monstrous shadow in the rack,
 The fleecy cloud-rack filling the serene,
 He dreamed was Mercy's sanction of his lust,
 Thus massed upon the equator; while heaven's constant
 light,

Resting intently on the steady poles disclosed
 The sleeping life of Justice laid to rest.
 The earth now bared to its reviving rays
 Through all its circles to the central zone;
 Which quickly answered with a lavish rush
 Of an impassive life of densest green
 In blade and branching tree; a living shade
 Springing at once and clothing all the ground.
 Here raised aloft as if to kiss the clouds;
 There where the waters rest, a sickening mass
 Of tangled deeper green; the deadly hue
 Of poisonous corruption, working death!
 The one result of life's consent to wrong.
 Thus covering all the terrene ball, at once
 Towering it rose; miasma of the grave:
 With crowded stem on stem and spreading branch,
 A thick umbrageous shade of rankest green;
 With blossom and with fruit, whose grosser forms
 Gave promise of gigantic, monstrous growth,
 A deadly Upas! weeping life in death:
 Choking out herb and tree, with flower and seed
 Drinking the dews of heaven, and sending forth
 Rank exhalations with malarious breath,
 Devouring all, and breeding reptile life;
 More horrible than that the waters laved:
 These watchful to destroy, those rushing to devour

All signs of life,—the sacrifice of death;
Triumphant now on earth and in the deep.
Then came again the word Omnipotent !
Pulsing in every heart with quickening power.

Now be the firmament of cloud dissolved,
And broken fall away this circling zone,
That day and night may rule, each with its light
Numbering the seasons of the circling year :
And purged once more of this insensate rage,
Whose dull metallic mastery yet prevails,
To rob the grave of rest: let peace now reign
On earth as in the heavens, assuring all
Of our fixed purpose to restore our light
In peace and truth confirmed forevermore.
Without resentment of his fall we judge,
Or pause in the high duties of our sphere,
The centre of our Life,—the Truth of God !
That fall itself insures his chastisement
Of Equity in Truth and Justice held
Supreme in all our Spheres ; in Judgment and of Right,
The peaceful law, of him who rules our King
In each progressive change forevermore
In earth and heaven, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!"
And calleth now for that high Baptism
Of living light which shall again inspire,
Fuse and unfold our life as one in all
To fill this solar system and lead on
Between the opening ranks of guardian Seraphim ;
Those watchful stars approving and approved
Giving, at length, the evil to the winds,
To bear it hence, unto the place prepared ;
And, purged of judgment, holding fast the good ;
Awaking to repel this troubled dream of death.
This baleful fire of hell, in feud and strife,

The lust-consuming grave shall pass away,
 With that red planet and his rueful mate,
 Our fickle satellite, constant alone in change,
 From light to shadow ; clinging to the shade
 Of his obstructive power which gave her life
 And an unhallowed love of foul incest ;
 Now doubtful and recalcitrant too late :
 For, lo ! already casting off the vestals given,
 To hide his shame and purify his rage,
 Naked and molten in his wrath he comes,
 To claim his daughter bride with rage profane
 Who, merciless, corrupted Mercy's life,
 And for him played the whore, even in her father's house.
 Aye, on his bed of death and died with him
 Her shell the refuge of our damned until
 The Just shall judge the earth and these again rebel,

Thus by two days we yet anticipate
 The work, and its accomplished purpose, end ;
 The restoration of light, life, and joy ;
 The dissolution of the pit and grave,
 And giving to the void, this slavish fear,
 This death we dread, a disembodied shade ;
 With all who reverence not, nor dare sustain
 The Equity of life, the purity of light, of truth and love,
 But triumph over and abase the gift,
 The Almighty in his justice hath made free,
 To all, freely to hold or to refuse in death :
 But holding, to respect in all, and give it scope
 By deeds, its just integrity to prove
 Relying on God's life within itself
 And seeking none to help or save ; which here,
 Is to invite subjection, treachery, destroyers to devour ;
 And he who needs a Saviour is condemned
 Of his own heart already ; nor will God,

Accept an intercessor for his guilt ;
Save, to give space and expurgative power
For final effort to sustain his truth,
By high example of integrity ;
And faith as firm as the unyielding rock
Against the fires of hell, that rent and scorched in vain !
And were belched forth upon the void, as now
The damned, infernal brood of hell, excess.

Thus, when the "Son of Man" no more could lead
The sac and belly in its selfish round
Of blood-besotted, pentecostal life ;
The enjoyment of its bread and wine, its venison,
"I go, that place may be prepared for you," he said,
Not hence, but here ; for here his power prevails,
Here, on the living Rock, his mansion's built,
Its dome pure Equity, in Righteousness
Established, and upheld of Truth and Peace and Love
Eternal in the heavens ; our Sphere restored
In all its primal beauty, breadth and height ;
The New Jerusalem, walled on stones of fire,
Its every gate a pearl ; equal and square
In all its just dimensions, streets throughout
Paved with the golden light of love and Truth,—
Clear Truth, the silvery crystal stream of life
Filling the centre, in the height and breadth
Of all its fair circumference without change
Cooling and free : the presence of our God !
Its living light sustaining all, in all,
The same full, pure, unborrowed, taxless life ;
Needing no more sun, moon, nor star, to light,
Priesthood nor King to lead, our "Righteousness"
Henceforth the living head, Right, King and Lord of all ;
Our Living and Salvation evermore ;
Tithelless ; itself, our offering, our life, our all.

His Righteousness, for whoredom cast away,
 Our God forsakes and to her idols leaves
 The groaning earth until she see and hear :
 Withdraws his living presence lest restraint
 Should mar his purpose and its perfect work
 To approve or, justly on its merits, to condemn,
 All life ; every embodied purpose of the soul,
 As it is in itself held pure and good
 Or slavish and enslaving ; daring to oppress
 Or servilely submitting to the wrong
 Of the oppressor ; impudent as proud,
 Impotent as unjust ; a thing of lust and shame,
 The earth refuseth any more to bear.

All flesh shall pass away ; the "beast" shall be no
 more.

It gives its priest a living and he saves
 Whose soul ? his own a single, passing day :
 That in the eternal dawn he may go out
 An empty falsehood, a dead curse for aye !
 Thus the false prophet and the beast are given
 Together to the pit ; and Satan bound
 Disturbs no more, until the Just prepare
 The Earth for Judgment ; and "the Lord" our Right
 Resumes in "Righteousness" his ancient reign.
 Thus heaven and Earth arranged as now we see
 With sun and stars and planetary sphere,
 Adapted to the purpose of God's life and light ;
 The unbelted earth released and the dead moon,
 The shadow of the Evil still in view ;
 And her red paramour betrayed of night ;
 All thus made clear in heaven, the Sons of God
 Shouting aloud for Joy ! anticipate the day ;
 When their blood-altared earth her time fulfilled
 Shall lead, as we have seen, the host of night

Through Everlasting gates to God's pure light—
And give all ample space for warning heed,
Full understanding of our life and law,
So far as it concerneth each to know
Our purpose and his duty to all life,
Which we maintain as equal and supreme
In all against all wrong, with patience to endure
Or to resist, with understanding purpose to secure
Integrity and peace, the right of all ;
With stern subjection and unpitied woe
To the unjust aggressor. With mine own hand, I've
said

Violence I will repay, and make all life requite
Murder with murder, strife with conquering strife ;
And blood I will avenge with blood upon his head
Who shall profanely touch "The tree of Life"
With violence or corruption. Yea, he shall surely die,
Nor live to see to-morrow's light who dares
To prostitute or to destroy the soul.
We give to this redemption of our Right
In heaven and earth ; these worlds, this sensual frame,—
The test of our Humanity and Truth.
The death he would inflict shall overtake
And hold his soul forever from the reach
Of any ransom till his deeds effaced,
The sole release our life accepts of life.

So shall our purpose stand and confidence
Inspire the living soul to glean and reap
And taste the fruits of paradise,—Equality of all ;
Nor for infernal mastery more contend,
This lordly slavery of death and hell ; but know
The evil from the good, and understand
Life must depend on Right upon this Earth,
As in the heavens upon our living Truth ;

Of Justice purged sustained of Equity,
 Each in their separate sphere our Lord and God :
 Justice in Truth and Equity in Right,
 The Immortal Father and Eternal Son,
 Wedded together to give Life,—our Life !
 Freely to all, as she herself would live :
 Within our paradise where she prepares
 In heaven and earth her service in our Truth,
 Which trieth all ; yea, every soul that breathes
 Rebellious or profane or simply good ;
 Anew embodied in our crystal light,
 In ever-changing forms to fill the void,
 And blot its desolation from our spheres.
 In Right of Equity, our Justice must demand
 Of each the proper sustenance of all
 He would embody as a living soul,
 First in himself and then in all his seed,
 Without the sacrifice of aught that breathes
 The light of heaven, and giving room to all
 Freely to live as life itself is free,
 And fills our Being with Immortal joy.
 That all may prove, now in the sight of all,
 The fruit of quiet obedience and obey
 With heart and soul, as life requires of life ;
 Without oppression or encroach upon
 The Right of others, equal in the range
 Of light and good, accorded thus to all ;
 And without subterfuge of death or hell,
 Of Tithe or offering ; to the Sacrifice
 Of Equity, of Justice, Right, Truth, Life ;
 That dogs may live in riot and in lust,
 And apes should chatter in their impotence
 Before high heaven, in mimicry of life
 Forever and a day. Therefore this fall of Right,

This mortal force presuming on its weight,
Which sought our wrong and preyed upon our life
Even in the light of the eternal throne,
Our Justice and our Judgment thus to Justify
In Equity and Truth. Therefore those banded hosts
That fill the heavens of this dead force betrayed
And swept away with helpless impotence
Of falling power, obstruction's baleful reign ;
Enslaved of death, now trembling in suspense ;
Of final judgment and the just award,
Of our eternal Right thus to sustain
Those Three in one, Right, Truth, and Life ;
In Equity and Justice, Light and Love,
Immortal and Omnipotent. Our Equity
Is trampled under foot ; on Justice we rely,
Whose sterner rule on high holds all to merit
In this mortal sphere, gives Immortality
Its glory and its crown ; gives balanced Right
In Mercy and in Judgment to prevail,
With Truth and Life, in all inscrutable,
To rule unchallenged evermore again,
And in the Eternal spheres give all free choice
Of action or of rest, of service high
Or dead forgetfulness, of duty life,
Till the great Jubilee restoreth all
Who seek return and life, refused to none
Who will respect her principles and fear
Corruption and the lust of power,—hypocrisy,
Hate, wrong, iniquity, and guilt, as death ;
Lying familiars of his scorn and pride,
Empty as false and impotent as vain,
Imaginations all,—the graven images
Of Lust and Levity's lewd, wizard power.
And therefore shall they say in time to come,

Behold the Wisdom of the East embalmed
 From Lebanon to Ararat and farthest Ind
 From chaste Damascus, where the sacred dog,
 The witness of the wrong this circumcision heals,
 Shall prowl at large, to Doorga's mocking shrine,
 Where Monkey-formed idolatry prevails ;
 But in contempt and high resolve maintained
 Of those who worship only Truth and Life,
 Who have refused in death and hell to bow
 To the oppressor or to kiss his rod ;
 Yet subject held while north and west abase
 That manhood and humanity our Christ shall bear
 Six thousand years their sufferer, in mockery crowned
 And spit upon ; aye, scourged and crucified,
 Until the seventh auspicious day hath twice
 Darkened unto the dawn, and fails the obstructive host.

He spoke ; and beating eastward from the poles
 Arose our winged hosts, urging the laggard clouds
 Against the high circumference full upon
 The falling tidal wave, whose backward crest
 And forward lapsing in fresh vapors gave
 A ponderous volume to the mass of clouds,
 Dissolving them in showers upon the waste
 Of stretching, towering, forest-tangled life ;
 Whose thirsty leaves absorbed and gave them back
 A sickly brooding host, to rise no more
 Above the umbrageous foliage of their shade ;
 But pregnant, trailing on the ground they breed
 Unwholesome vapors and strange forms of life,
 Foul, poisonous, and abhorrent : vipers dire,
 The trailing serpent ; and the venomous brood
 Of hissing adder life ; the serous blood
 Of reptile mailed and bloated ; leprous as the pit,
 And hooded dragons of imperial strain ;

The scorpion, cockatrice, and creeping thing
In million forms of hopeless and abject ;
The loathsome crowd of spiders, bat, and asp,
All that is left to him of vital force ;
Whose boastful words of yesterday profaned
The name and hosts of the Invisible ; His Throne :
All life ; all purity ; all peace ; all Truth ;
Justice and Judgment, Right : deflowering and destroying
Equity ;
Giving the healing font of God's pure light,
To this accursed death, this fire of hell,
Which kindleth in our blood the moving soul ;
Of animal existence living death ;
Given for the exercise of high control,
The wisdom, providence, and power of God ;
Which tames, inspires, in boundless realms of space,
This dull material lordship we obey ;
In serving rottenness, corruption, death,
This flesh and blood which springeth from the worm
Whose senseless arrogance presumed to touch
The work of the Eternal, Living One ;
With incandescent spark, the infernal wrath ;
The desolation of cold mortal strife :
And in its maniac madness would consume
A full third part, the intermediate sphere,—
Of equal, active, purifying life,
In the immortal mansions of the blessed
Where goodness reigns ; our God : where yet his throne
Is visible, his glory and his power is shared of all ;
Who seek to help, be Israelites, indeed,
To all ; the quickening power of his pure life,
His Truth and love is open as the day
The eye beholds : But turning on itself
'Tis dark and void, inscrutable as thought ;

Which yet doth measure, lead, and govern all.
 Save to the murderous, destroying touch
 Of blank obstruction, guilt, suspicious hate ;
 Wilful desire, corrupt excess, or passive dissolution,—
 Giving back to death, this sickly, dead array of fetid
 forms ;
 Trembling and hesitant, concealed, impure ;
 Deadly and venomous as hate or guilt
 The sting of death ; that hisseth, strikes in fear ;
 Knowing that vengeance but inviteth wrong,
 And coiled in mimic death, obstruction's curse ;
 The sad protection of their desolate life,
 From the devouring foe—perverted Right—
 Hypocrisy, the lie of ignorance, of guilt, and shame,
 The arch apostate, felon of our state ;
 Dead matter striving against life in fear,
 Whose passive, rescued victims, men yet move,
 Polluted and felonious ; ravenous as their sire
 Whose impress gives them instinct ; instinct, dread,
 Aggressive habit : Habit an assimilated form
 Compounded dead : the prey of mad abuse
 Forbidden fruit ; and principle divorced
 For la, and lo ! the wisdom of our state.
 Self-adulation, blank idolatry,
 The letter of all license, insolence, and wrong.
 Omnipotence of selfishness ; dire witness of all woe,
 Exactor and enactor, builder of all guilt :
 The shame of death, decay, and rottenness,—
 A boastful pride hath wrought to its own fall :
 That all may see and know, hold fast and fear,
 Nor falter in the punishment of guilt,
 Nor dread the power of death : the broken reed
 Of Kishon's thirsty brook ; exhaustion of desire,
 Whose waters spent or stagnant or a flood

Devour, and only can devour our life,
An endless wish, dead pool, or torrent wild,
Swollen, and remorseless as the vasty deep ;
Whose belly is its all ; its heaven and hell :
Its paradise and God ; its misery and its curse,
Devouring and unsatisfied for aye.
Nor dead, nor yet alive ; undying, restless, doomed,
The soul of death to rage like wickedness,
Be false as guilt, hate like hypocrisy
The grave and hell ; embodiments of strife ;
Confusion and destruction, chaos, void.
Revealed that all may their true level find
And know their proper Right, and hold their place :
Be taught to understand, selfish idolatry,
Personal, imaginary good, is ill.
Illuring witchery, false, unfathomable woe !
The sum of all, yet suffered or now feared,
With superstitious dread, a latent blasphemy,
Godless, abhorred of life ; all that is left of good.
Thus now the light prevailed, and impure life and
leaf
Drooped in its piercing ray ; nor cloud nor breeze,
Nor Mercy's healing waters could avail
Against its feverish heat. Our kindling hosts,
With the fierce lightnings played familiar and secure,
Deep mutterings would disturb the troubled earth ;
And now it trembling to its centre quaked :
Heaved, burst, belched forth its sickly flame once more,
Pale, flickering, and impure, with ashes fed,
Glaring upon the night, a funeral pyre,
Darkness made hideous with a moving dread.
More dark and fell, than aught obstruction's shadow can
expose,
Felt ruin's wasteful form ; of lightning ruled ;

That flashed, dispersing the fast mustering host
Of gloomy discontent and dull reviving rage.

Then from the polar south came up once more
The roar and crash of the devouring fire,
Charging with smoke and flame as chaos rose,
Involving all the hemisphere in gloom ;
And west and northward spreading high and far
Red ruin's hated ensign fire and brass ;
A world at war within itself ! a prey,
To the devouring wrath of its own heart.
Then stooping low, and pressing east and south,
Quick mustering from the further pole rushed on
Our stormy borean hosts with succor charged.
And as the right of the devouring flame, pursued
By heated Eorus and the fiercer south,
Sweeping the ashes, heaping coals of fire,
A whirlwind of swift ruin on their head,
Pressed as the high circumference ; our cooler force
Struck at their base ; tossing the waters of the central sea
Full o'er their further shore, and forcing round
The encircling zone on high, at once beyond,
The forward balance of the rolling ball ;
Collapsed it fell away, back and beneath ;
Its broken sections crossing and caught up,
An empty basin lined with glistening pearl,
And following in the wake of the released
Oscissilating earth ; a censer cool, for sacrificial life,
Where it may burn its incense evermore,
While waiting to be judged, and fall again .
Condemned according to its deed ; go out,
With death and hell, beyond the further sphere
Of sleepless Justice ; to be taught the Right,
And hear the call of Jubilee and return !—
Return and answer to high duty's call,

Of saving help in all ; not sacrifice,
Responsive and obedient ! Can it be?—
Error and wrong, iniquity and lust,
Are shadows on the void, henceforth for aye :
Pale, raving maniacs ; wanderers deaf and blind
Without the power of living or of rest !
Their yea, forever nay : Ghosts of the nations that can be
but lost ;
They wring their blood-stained hands and rush amain,
Rending their wealth of hair and muttering nay !
The nation rules ; the nation wills it so !
Even as in chaos and in hell they strove :
Lost to return—No ! never, nevermore.
Their hope would be eternal death to all ;
Oppression, war, deformity, as now,
The belly and the sac forevermore ;
Cold, hunger, and the grave, the crouching slave,
Proud, isolating selfishness, the empty boast,
Confusion, desolation, and the void.
No ; all that worship shall go out to them
Harmless in rigid Judgment's high domain,
Their life their prey and misery its all !
They live in mad idolatry, self-will their law,
Their rule of action this avenging hate
Which sought to lord it over heaven and earth,
O'ermastering Lord and God, and Life and Love ;
And ending in obstruction and all woe.
Woe to the just whose hand forbade the stroke
Of forward Judgment till repentance came, and light ;
Woe to the suffering meek ; woe to the proud ;
Woe, woe, to all hypocrisy and wrong !
Iniquity, injustice, wickedness ; their proper doom
Recorded in this death : the separation of all willfulness
The test of self-sufficiency, the vanity of all.

Remorseless cruelty and fatal dread !
 Of blind usurping violence, the impotent rage
 Of ignorance and doubt, and helpless guilt ;
 Working its own damnation, till alone
 Its dragon, reptile, brutish life appears.
 Incapable of all save cowardly dread
 Of light and life, the good it hath abased,
 But nevermore can know or harm again,
 In utter impotence ; licking the dust,
 And blazoning its shame upon the void ;
 The mockery of its heartless worshipers
 In sight of all, the living and the dead.
 A warning and reproach, enduring as the life
 It sought to ravish, and to rule, corrupt, defame ;
 Forever, helpless, to destroy or save.

Thus backward and southwest the pale, cold moon
 Suspended fell ; a lifeless shell, refuge of soulless ghosts,
 The last encircling girdle of the pomp
 And emptiness of evil's boastful power ;
 Dependent clinging to her living prey,
 She floats in impotence unseen of all,
 Save in the shadow she so loved and nursed ;
 Her all of being waste, a ghostly shade !
 A monument of guilt whose seasons yet
 Hold their high carnival and feasts of blood,
 Among the moon-struck natives of the earth,
 Which fall to rise no more ; yet still refuse
 The law of Equity and Judgment's rule,
 The counsel of the Just, the principle of life,
 Immortal ; constituted pure and good !
 The saving power of God's humanity,
 Which can alone redeem from death and hell
 And stand secure in trial's conquering hour :
 And still say nay ; a nation we will be

A law unto ourselves ; the law of death !
By violence and oppression that would live,
In wrong iniquity and servile guilt.
Give us a king ; to go before us and in battle lead
To welcome all to hospitable graves,
In earth not yours ; poor tremblers of an hour !
Who will not " bay the moon," by your decree ?
And fall before the Idol of your power,
The vapor of destruction, breathing death !
Give tithes and life in honor of your god,
The great imagination of the hour,
Centering within yourselves ; your image,
Yours ! the graven image of your conquering lust.
The belly and the eye ; the touch and taste
Of tender life, the covering of its skins in purple dyed,
The crimson of its blood, when agony
Gives place to joy and triumph, and the grave,
Concealing all, gives you to rule and ruin at your will,
And work your own destruction, governed thus
Of death and hell ; on death and hell ye rest,
And seek the grave ; in confidence that He
Who made you this, hath other worlds in store,
The deadly Hecatombs of wrath and waste,
The bodies of his dead, his ashes, dust ;
Life must inspire or yield her unto death !
Abundant blood, to feed his torturing soul
For scourge and gallows, sword and leaden death,
When daring to assail or question his good right,
Whose baseness dares to prostitute, oppress,
And master all who yield to violence ;
In royal honor and in sacred love !
Of that proud lordship, all in heart adore,
And seek as their salvation ! prostituting life
Integrity and Judgment all that's good ;

That evil may devour and lust profane
 God's life and the high heaven sustaining all ;
 With equal Justice, equal Truth, and Love,
 In righteousness and peace, in light and joy ;
 And knowing not his blessing, hid the curse,
 Give death to reign and hell to be their home,
 Their earthly refuge planetary shades ;
 All that in life remains of the fair sphere,
 Of equity and right, a wilderness and desolate evermore.
 So soundeth to the heart the perverse boast,
 Of our destroying Right, thus echoing still,
 Down through the ages to this darkening hour,
 The prelude of the dawn our labors bring.

The waters now released their sickening life
 Gasp and horrible we leave behind
 To the fierce broiling heat, as south and eastward pours
 Their cooler tide, wrapping, enfolding all,
 In cloudy vapors and sweet healing dews,
 Even in the agony of this trying hour !
 And turning short, and striking high we rose
 With fiercer lightnings hurling down once more
 The towering fumes of guilt's infernal strife ;
 Then stooping to the ground swept on to cheer
 Our heated hosts ; whose toiling northern wing,
 Now resting on the high circumference o'erleaped,
 The broad forsaken channel of the deep,
 Rending the rocks and licking up the rack
 Of trailing sea-weed, treasured pearl and shell ;
 Still beating northward to the further pole,
 While now our centre stormed, and rent in twain,
 The highway of the waters, which she held
 Under her shadowy zone, and still controls,
 And leveling all, or cone, or bluff, or isolated peak ;
 And pouring down their full reserves, urge on

Our western wing, swift scouring now around
The high equator, the bold chosen seat
Of ridge and pinnacle and fence of power ;
And sweeping cleared the Southern Hemisphere
For the fast-closing flood whose trooping clouds
And cooling tide condensed the quivering ball
Now trembling to its centre ; plunging, rolling, spent,
A thing unpillared, tossed upon the void ;
Cradled in smoke and flame, cloud, darkness, and the night,
Another chaos, straining the ribbed rock,
And churning and awakening the abyss,
To its last vomit and a full discharge
Of all corrosive and metallic power, the leprosy of death,
Loathed of the light and of the lightnings hurled
Back to the Pit from the clear firmament, their kindling
charge.

Now, circling all the northern hemisphere
And rising south and westward from the pole,
Urging the force of backward-circling tides,
Our tireless hosts press on their finished course,
Narrowing the circle of the desperate strife,
Climbing the far Siberian steppes, and thence,
With maddening whirl, the envolving cyclone's rage,
Rending, uprooting all, and rolling back
The bursting tide of the abyss, which rose
Livid with rage against our fiercer light ;
Blind, towering high, and toppling, backward fell,
When the three continents now hemmed his power,
Which, surging northward in its cavernous depths
As our more furious hosts closed round, discharged
Their flaming burden through the arctic zone ;
Belched forth with a recoil which shook the earth
From centre to circumference ; as it reeled,
Drunken and staggering in its course and plunged,

Collapsing on its centre, to this hour
 Rolling obliquely, swerving from the pole,
 As it bowed, stooping 'neath the full discharge
 Of the red, molten, perilous abyss.
 Now plunged upon the void, naked and vast,
 Covered with ashes and the burning wreck
 Of the fierce, final conflict to involve,
 And hold the earth the furnace of his power,
 Upheaving from the wreck, the vomit of her death,
 Tossed, seething, liquid, with the burning blood
 The ensanguine flood of his chaotic life,
 Formless and void, devouring evermore.
 Now cast away forever a dead soul
 Without a healing or adhesive life,
 Extinguished and absorbed in smoke and flame,
 A sightless rolling ball, and with the earth the seventh,
 Which waits upon the sun's dissolving ray,
 His outcast vestals order fruitfulness,
 With health and peace, the blessers of our life,
 Divorced and moving in a separate sphere,
 Heated and unannealed, the hungry Mars
 Now preys upon himself in Equity,
 Till, weary of destruction, strife of hell,
 By stern Experience and high justice taught,
 The end is bitterness and death; the curse
 Of desolation, endless dread, a fear,—
 The fearful expectation of that end
 He seeks, yet shuns, in secret dread of worse,
 Intenser horror, sickening, loathsome hate,
 Dull, fathomless, refusing to conceive,
 Invention dead, their leader, King accursed.

Aye, death we know; hell and the grave is ours,
 With an appointed end—the triumph of God's life—
 To raise the dead and bloom upon the grave.

But, with the maniac's mocking laugh, he shouts,
Annihilation ! It is naught. No visionary's dream
Can touch or brook the curse of nothingness !
Unwished, unfeared ; ending where it began,
In impotence, sad helplessness, the utter lack of power ;
The baffled howl of loss, all loss ! thirst, emptiness ;
Without even death to follow or pursue,
Secret nor shadow moving on the void
Of hopeless, blank abandonment, despair.
Ah, then, how sweet is life, a very God !
How terrible, how cruel, accursed this death !
This soul-destroying form of mortal strife,
Which Justice holds before obstructive power ;
The violence of force, the insane idolatry,
The driveling of pride ; the imagery
Of a vain egotism, sacrificing life
For souls already dead or doomed to die ;
By their own helplessness, which cannot save ;
The swelling pomp, the show of emptiness ;
The endless weaving, colorless abuse,
Of the imperial purple murder folds,
With clotted arms, around her votaries ;
Companions of the wolf, which gnaws the bone
To-morrow and to-morrow, evermore ;
On barren steppes and unavailing heights
Howling, unanswered, to un pitying winds,
Whose crystal hosts ascend to sleep in peace
In the pure snow wreaths, till the voice of spring
Awaken them again in leaping floods to pour
Quick irrigating life o'er field and plain
Industriously ; to people and to clothe the earth
In living green ; no more the sickening hue
Of fell disease, poison of mortal hate ;
But with veined leaf and blushing flower, fair fruit,

Such as in paradise our happier life
 Puts forth to lure the wandering of desire,
 And train the æsthetic taste, which points all thought
 To beauty and to joy, to peace and truth ;
 The essence of all loveliness, all healing power !
 The life and light of heaven ; sent forth supreme,
 To quicken and inspire, and to confirm love's reign
 Enduring ; and immortal ! ever young and free ;
 Forever fresh and new ; daily renewed with every glance of
 joy.

Thus fell our Mars and Moon, the third last looming pair
 Of planetary being separated
 To strife and judgment ; thrown upon the void
 To cool and balance and to know their wants ;
 Whose union now we wait to lead again
 The order of return, release our damned
 To further trial and to final doom ;
 Saved or expelled from God's pure heaven renewed.

Now all is changed ; upon the surface thrown
 A higher, purer, uncreated life
 By Mercy's power prevails and breathes in all.
 Where he fell backward ; prone, between the continents,
 As from the heavens before the first assault
 Of our seraphic hosts ; there, westward heaves
 The archipelago its mountain heads
 O'er the encroaching flood that quenched the pit ;
 Before high Lebanon stretched and spreading far
 From Atlas to the mountains of the moon ;
 From which she fell away to the southwest ;
 While from the south they pressed his molten heart
 And hurled it forth forever, powerless dead ;
 Naked and dread, upon the void to cool.
 And anchored fast before the north and east,
 Where late the central flood flowed broad between ;

And leaving to the west and south the gulph
Torn to the liquid centre, whence the sons
Of Mercy now in darkness build again ;
Under the covering of transparent depths,
And heal the wound his scorching belt hath left,
The waters bearing to their hands prepared
The substance of their toil, from North, South, East, and
West.

To raise a continent where his liquid fire
Scalded to hard repellent rock earth's frame ;
Which now must be released and healed, subdued ;
To quiet and swift obedience, without fear
Of his infernal power which wrought this woe ;
And stern resolve of everlasting death,
Against his horrid reign and desperate rage
Now cooling on the void its brazen front :
His heart untouched with feeling of the Right,
Of Truth and Justice, Equity and Love.

There first our sweeping Northern hosts sustained
The fiery South and long-enduring East,
Which warring waits the dawn and with the sun
Gives light and life to the far-struggling West ;
Wave upon wave, to isle and continent,
As rising from the deep they claim her care.
Or give them refuge from the war of death :
Till life shall no more flow in seas of blood,
Red and belligerent, clotted and absorbed ;
As now, of selfish brutes ; doubting Idolatrous—
Savage as hell ! the womb which gave them birth ;
Nor fugitive and soaring in the clouds
Of brained Invention, like the winged tribes
That from the tyrants of the deep escaped
To the clear atmosphere's avenging light ;
But finding there nor prey, nor rest, return.

So their unsettled souls roam, search, in vain
 For healing and for good ; and wedded to this strife
 Determine like the monsters of the deep,—
 To live and to devour : Run down the weak
 And flood the grave, as these the ocean stain
 With hungry orgies of devouring death ;
 As soon their carcasses shall fill the pit
 With stench and rottenness, the fame of blood :
 That spreads in spring and wave of atmosphere and flood
 Of healing Mercy's searching, soothing tide ;
 Now therefore given to salt—the bitterness of death ;
 Till spirit, soul, and broken body healed,
 Inspired as One and filling all our spheres
 With life—not bleeding, blind, and maimed Humanity,
 Half living and half dead ; a murderous dream !
 The Christ of God yet daily crucified ;
 By devils in the shape of men, thus dead.
 But the approving Truth of Equity—
 In life unsearchable, in Justice known as good—
 The One in all ; inspiring all as one :
 The living God ! the Father, Husband, Friend.
 Unsexed and sexing all with one desire,
 Of the Supreme and Living Good for aye :
 In one pure element—the Light of Truth,
 The Life of God embodying, kindling all
 With heart and soul of peaceful, pure desire,
 One Universal Lord : One Living God !
 Life, Truth, and Right ; Eternal in themselves and One
 in all ;
 The Mother, Father, Son, our Lord and God,
 Father and Mother ; Truth and Justice high :
 With Equity the helpmeet of our Right ;
 Upholding Righteousness in Paradise,
 The healing Human sphere of Heavenly Truth ;

The Father, Mother, friend ; the all in all !
To quicken, to approve, and heal at once,
In Justice as in Equity and Right,
O'er Judgment's broad domain, to lead our life—
Let it go out, and for itself approve ;
Its Truth and Right in that which quickeneth all,
Integrity of Being ; perfect good.
Not selfishness—Idolatry : but shielding all
Against the priesthood giving nations law ;
Against the nations by that law condemned
And perishing beneath its curse till now ;
With these their idols on their altars given
To desolation and the void—their work :
Their glorious, re-resolved, all-conquering Rome !
Gravely religious, solemnly unjust ;
Washing her hands of wrong she hath fulfilled
And cannot now requite—even with her life :
Where her injustice can afflict no more,
And her iniquity no more oppress ;
Her place and substance to another given.

So runs this involution from the fall
Of heaven's pure crystal life to the last stage
Of planetary being close of this third day ;
When the exhausted earth of soul bereft,
Robbed of endurance and metallic strength ;
From calcined dust and ashes of the rock,
Cleansed by the dews of Mercy's sweat of blood,
Gives forth a sweeter savor ; incense pure,
Without a taint of sacrificial fire,
That robes her tried and saved at length in light ;
Answering to sun and star with glad acclaim
Which, in high response, shout again for joy !
As with the sunbeams of Truth's searching ray
And crystal purity, God's life doth try

And separate her own : the stones of fire,
Which chaos, hell and darkness could not move.

And now the flashing hosts of crystal souls
Subdued and satisfied give pause to strife ;
For quick intelligence of human thought
And keener instinct of discerning power
To search again the now dissolving rock
And try its every grain with floods of light,
As Mercy's love doth permeate, separate all ;
Weigh, balance, float and flood, all to the deep ;
Lest, broken and impure, the sunlight touch,
And wake to life again ere well prepared
And see it fall to lust and strife once more
And give its soul to the rank blood of death,
That tries again a part and proveth all.

As when from fiery breath and smoke of hell at first,
A dragon brood in sublimated sheen
Of blazing metals gorgeously arrayed,
Flashed out upon the sunlight and expired ;
Leaving as residue the ant and bee,
Preserved of labor to the latest hour
Instinct with knowledge, the quick sense of right ;
Without inventive brain or conscious heart,
To dissipate or to mislead their aim
By wandering of desire or lust of power.

Then in the floods of her own crystal life
Sweet Mercy laved at once the quickening germ
And cooled the turbulent desires of death ;
Destruction, sacrificial rage of wrong ;
O'erstepping Justice in its vengeful strife,
Trampling on Equity to feed its hate
And kindling hell again in realms of sense ;
Without discrimination, using sight
To light it on the prey it would devour,

With instruments of death to feed the maw
Of bellied want, and waste of mortal lust ;
The license of desire, the rage of death,
Destroying wrath, consumption of the grave.

Thus were the waters of our mercy's life,
First peopled and afflicted of foul wrong ;
And in the slime of the fast mouldering rock
A reptile brood, dull trailing and obscene ;
Of crocodile and serpent, poisonous asp,
Too wise to expose to maiming hand or foot,
And watching gliding silent on their prey,
They crush in nervous folds of coiling strength ;
Devouring all, they live before us still,
In channeled brook and in the bellied deep ;
Given now to salt to purify their blood,
And cleanse the leprosy of lust and death.
While gentler spirits winged of anxious fear
And weary watching upon bank and ledge,
Sought for escape : and sturdier bestial forms,
With arm and limb for conflict and support
Salvation of their souls by force of Right.
These added wings unto the weight of power,
Those graze the passive life of herb and tree,
Unsuffering now and of their rankness tamed
And therefore green and grateful to their tread,
Which tramples feelers into cloven hoofs
Of understanding life, they move right on ;
Changing invention's woof to horns of power
And scorning flighty arts of brazen strife :
That in the resonant ass and horsely neigh
Give vigor to the heel ; and in the brute
The feline claw and rending canine tooth
Of lion and of cougar : tribes involved,
Till puppies, puling cats alone remain,

To mock and wail the license of their wrong :
Of hunting mousing industry preserved.

In all the mammal instinct, Mercy's life
Inspired parental feeling, love of good
Have wedded male and female, to the task
Of mutual preservation, saving life ;
Until at length the horn and hoof gives place
To the clothed foot and cultivated brain,
The dome of thought behind the steady eye
That burns secure—and marks all vanity,
Vexation, trouble, wrong, and guilt, and death ;
That seeks in masonry the rest of life,
Whose law is liberty and active good.

First in the rock and grove the murderer fortified,
To gathering strength, came forth a hungry bear,
Then as the yielding branches felt the weight
Of general license in the forest glades,
And altared groves of lust, whose resilience
Is monkey and gorilla, mocking monstrous things,
He spread his tents, she wove the pendent leaves
For covering of her brood and shelter from the night ;
And soon, with daintier taste, the planter came
And care and kinds established life began,
Its Godlike course, to separate the good ;
And wiser husbandry led forth his spouse,
The teacher of all arts, preserving life ;
And spread around her choice of herb and tree,
Whose fruit should tempt her young desire to rest,
And wed her to sustain his life at home ;
And give him name and issue in the earth ;
By constant involution from the rock,
Enslaving all her seed to feed his maw ;
Be prey and quarry to his murderous touch :
His mess of pottage, lust, and love of ease ;

Inertia of this dead material ball ;
Whose lordship is the load of death, not life.
Feeding the camel broken of his toil
A hump-back on the thistles of the waste,
Urging the ox and ass with goad and spur,
Trapping the horse with pageantry of pride
To trample in the dust the human form divine ;
In foot to haste and hand to guide aright,
Tempering the tyranny of dependent wrong
That settles on its lees in bear and wolf,
So hungry to devour and find repose from want,
When satisfied, indulging playful mimicry ;
Lustful indulgence of ungrateful guilt
Embodied in the monkey tribes that ape
With foul grimace and dalliance of disgust
The fit expression of its loathsomeness ;
The waste of death and horror of the grave,
Until the just appear and the heavens rule again ;
Our crystal life released, equipped anew ;
Established high to see and judge at once,
And wash away this wrong in the same breath ;
The murderer and adulterer in the blood
Of his own prostituted life ; the soul
Of death and hell in Misriam's waters quenched,
As before Atlas when old Lebanon fell,
And salted depths subdued the pit for aye,
And Equity and Mercy both withdrawn
Gave priesthoods at their Altars to expose
On pillared Sinai's heights of living flame,
And high Moriah's templar rocks of strife
Where Jehus, Jerubaal, in Ornan thresh ;
In Othniel judge, condemned Jerusalem ;
And bring forth Rome for judgment of the dead :
With room the priest and noble to condemn,

As upon Calvary, in their fields of blood !,
 That Ishmael's seed, and Edom's branded life ;
 And sons of Cain, may perish in a day :
 In sight of all the earth ; their brethren slain.
 Perished like morning vapors—Right prevail
 And Justice quick resolve again in heaven,
 The pomp of reason—planetary power—
 And human law : and Judgment shall give place
 To heavenly instinct and all-hearted life—
 No more to be deceived, misled, enslaved—
 By cunning casuistry—destroying force ;
 The vanity of pride, the impotence of power !
 The blatant oath sustainer of the lie,
 Embodied in the dogmas of the dead ;
 Who fear and hate all change—like guilt its punishment.
 Groaning inertia heaven's stirring light—
 The flash of the avenging power of Truth.
 Thus States and Kingdoms, Nations fall away ;
 Of their own hatred, wrong, involved in death.
 They seek the license of the murderer,
 Till Mercy cease to plead ; and die condemned.
 And leave upon the void as cenotaph
 The vapor of their wrong and strife and guilt,
 The living sting—that like the quenchless light
 Of Nebula—the never-dying worm
 Will hold them still a prey : Undying evermore :
 No more a mystery—but well known, named
 And nameless things of monstrous secret guilt
 Now all revealed and blazoned in the heavens
 In sight of all condemning and condemned,
 In pit and wood—the bottomless abyss !
 From which the just escape again on earth—
 By hearing and obedience of God's Word.
 As Eden's lord escaped the flood of fire,

When from the South the conquering Amazon ;
God's Justice clothed in Might of injured Right
Before high Lebanon stood, sustained of heaven
And Atlas o'er the northern heights prevailed
And Misraim's waters quenched the strife of blood
Till Adam's race in Cain's adulterous seed
Renewed again the sacrifice of death :
And bade it desolate till Calvary's height
The high protest confirmed and quenched all wrath for aye
As murderous and unjust a lying power,—

So fell at length the first and last proud wave
Of scheming impotence and higher law ;
The lustier, happier, independent life
Of ignorance and falsehood, guilt, shame, hate ;
Whose ruined Babel fills the heaven with stars,
The earth with desolation ; ample room
For hunting Rajah and the Hypocrite
To ply their traffic in red field and flood,
Where suffering life mocks and engulphs at once
The labored triumph of the little hour,
They bravely waste in violence and wrong ;
To prove their prowess and their pride of power,
Their lettered ignorance and courtly hate,
Unlettered and uncourted evermore :
Unwalled and desolate, free to roam at large
And dread in every form a Saracen !
And float the ensign of the coward and slave
The fugitive and vagabond, brave in their flight,
And proud in the defiance of the heel
Like horse and ass, and soaring eagle bending on his prey.

So flits the comet, so the sluggish wave
The forward crest of the abyss laid low,
Gave its broad-floating carcass to our stroke,
The spoil of all its labor ; the débris

Of every form of life; of vale and ridge,
 Of fell and fen, the sea and the abyss;
 Hell's carnival of shades, redeemed of death,
 And adding to the refuge of the rock a wider field,
 Broad Shinar's slimy plain, the first Dead Sea.
 From sac and belly's mimicry of war,
 The seething of corruption, which the grave
 Yet covers from our sight, but not for aye:
 Its darker secrets shall be all revealed,
 Its monstrous wickedness aloud proclaimed
 "From the house-top," this sacred templar ridge
 Of far Moriah, where the Jebusite
 In Ornan spread his threshing-floor of old,
 Its fruit the maimed and blind, the waifs of war,
 The Bandit Lazarone's unransomed pledge,
 For his accursed living, loathed of life
 And spurned of grave and hell: hopeless alike
 In heaven and earth: justly debarred
 Of Justice from the void, the damned soul
 Of tithing priestcraft's false prophetic rage,
 Whose refuge is the pit, with beastly lust,
 And the profane accuser's idiot boast
 Of guilt in God's pure life; because it stands
 Unfathomed of his sensual soul; its wealth of love
 Is hid, inscrutable to mortal ken
 Of darkness or of death, the grave or pit,
 Of liar and of slave, adulterer, priest, and king:
 Alike incomprehensible, to vain idolatry and murderous
 hate.

Yet still it is the natural fruit of Truth,
 The living Light, the abounding good, the life
 Undoubting and spontaneous life of all;
 Of the blood-thirsty hunger of our dead,
 Who live by prostitution, murder, strife,

As well as of the victims thus enslaved,
Of thirstless and unhungering immortality,
Whose living is to give its joy to all;
Hungering and thirsting only to this end,
That all who earnestly desire may live,
And perfect the all-being of our God;
In Truth and Light, immortal as his love.

Not knowing this, together they are fallen,
Body and soul; the girdling zone which fenced
His grosser flame from the quick, quenchless ray
Of living sunlight, the reflex benign
Of all-preserving Truth, immutable as just,
In Equity sustaining; kindling all to life.
But these the coverer would destroy, devour,
And make a prey; taxing all life for living of a day.
Therefore his fall as parasite, iniquitous, unjust,
Destroying life that he may live and rule
Abaddon and Apollyon, dead alike
In Hebrew and in Greek, wrathful and murderous,
Embracing to devour all living good:
To feed their deadly lusts, fulfilling in itself,
On its own body, the high, sure decree
Of living Truth, "as he hath done so do to him,"
Of his own sacrificial felon hand,
Destroyed and outcast, captive, vagabond,
A sturdy beggar with proud Hormah's fire,
And Delphi's sacred rage, oracular,
Demanding aid—a hearing—sustenance:
Waving the symbols, broken in the moon,
And stayed in the abyss, upon whose forward wave
Unconsciously they move the froth and surf,
Refuse, and ranker scum of planetary life,
Boastful and high; impatient and defiant of the wrong
Their wrongs have brought upon their heads,

And praying for the life they sacrificed .
 In famed Thermopylæ and on Calvary's height;
 Our Godlike, dread humanity! to rise again,
 And save; and make itself their prey
 Once more forever. It riseth not again,
 Save as the bush and spring they foul and burn
 From its own ashes and the conquering heart,
 The rock and trodden dust, meek worshipers
 And waiters upon God, laborers for life,
 Unmurmuring of their fall, unquestioning,
 And seeking only that their life may be
 As their own handiwork, peaceful and just and good,
 Patient and loving, giving joy to life,
 The gift of God, the measureless reward
 Of him who giveth rest, and watcheth o'er
 Their sleep and darkness with a sleepless care,
 To make the promised resurrection good,
 So highly certified, so fairly proved;
 In sun, and star, and planet, with the herb
 And tree we cultivate; in this fair paradise,
 Our living Rock, by wicked hands deflowered,
 And drenched with blood of hell; that devils may devour
 And prey upon the flesh of their own life, aye with the blood.
 Spurning the gift of God in the earth's fruits,
 And with their sacrificial wars and death
 Perpetuating hell on earth; proud hypocrites!
 For love of God, and heaven, and peace, and good:
 The love of him whose high decree ordains
 That everything produce, and can produce alone,
 After its kind: heaven, peace, and good;
 Good, peace, and heaven: the war of hell,
 And blood, and death; war, death, and hell,
 And blood; even to their horses' bridles, till the proud,
 Able to spurn no more, shall fall themselves,

The helpless, passive prey of blood, their own,
Last deluge of all woe; when God's pure crystal life
In us shall rise victorious as of old
In peace and joy; no more driven out, oppressed.
Of driveling Hypocrite or errant Right,
Lordship of sac or belly, heat or cold,
Hunger or thirst, the weariness of hope deferred,
The strife or sleep of death in chaos lost,
Babel, Rome, Sodom, or Hierusalem,
Mastery of Egypt, tithe of Median priest, or Tax
Of Ammon's power; in king or oligarch,
In warring Philistine, tribe, brotherhood,
Or Nation of the earth; but in their stead
God's law, engraven in the hearts of all,—
Fair Equity our guide, for King and lord,
Her Right, "THE LORD, OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS," for-
evermore.

Thus, when the last proud wave, the crested head
Of blank obstruction, fell before the shock
And Crystal power of heaven, its fire and smoke,
Froth, scum, and vapors, scattered and subdued
By cloud and tempest, hail, and lightning's stroke,
Reverberating to the mortal heart
Of all corruption, death, and passing change,
Purging the earth of dull metallic rust,
And sweetening all its life to Mercy's reign.
'Twas meet that here there should arise once more
The mockery of his mad presentment of this soul,
This mortal feverish blood, fume of an hour,
Its Right, inheritance, possession, primogeniture;
The murderous power of violence, life, and death,
Where yet its savage and oppressive force
Unknowing cultivation buried and immured
In cave and den, begets but to corrupt,

Holds outcast to enslave, debase, destroy,
 The hapless issue of its monstrous forms !
 Which from the deep arose winged to escape,
 And o'er the steppes pursued with fierce resolve,
 Clenched fist and foot, set teeth, and eye of fire,
 Fled and defied pursuit, tameless and free,
 In horse and ass, by gentler forces tamed.
 'Twas meet the ghostly shadows of his power,
 In men and nations, here should first proclaim
 Its impious, nay, to every principle
 And saving power of life, to God's high law,
 The principles of life, upholding all,
 Their faultless constitution, to all good,
 And hold the earth a desert, to proclaim
 Its lineage and its end, devoured and passed away,
 In guilt and blood, the utter impotence of helplessness
 Save to corrupt and to destroy all life,
 And in its stead, plant the abominable Upas shade
 Of desolation, ruin's curse and doom.
 'Twas meet when fell the cincture of his strength
 Forever from his loins, uncovering
 The body, not his own, on which he fed,—
 His nakedness, remorseless lust of power,
 In every form of mad Leviathan rage,
 Unloosed and rampant to devour, insensate and insatiable,
 Till Mercy's sufferance was withdrawn, and Hate,
 Burning with Hecate fury, loosed her fires
 With bitter imprecations on all life, her foe,
 Devoted to destruction, death, and hell,
 With pious pomp of sacrificial flame,
 Which our awakened hosts fanned to such rage
 She fled from her own shadow, and now holds
 Her humbler state under the ghostly chastening of the
 Moon,

Her broken Censer, whose high tottering zone
Relentlessly of our obedient hosts thrust back,
And broken to compel and give God's light
Free access to the broad Equator's range,
And, liberating the encircling deep, proclaim
Mercy triumphant and her reign assured
O'er all our rock-ribbed ball, which now completes
Within itself the order of the heavens,—
A sexual reign insured, of Truth and Life,
Justice and Judgment, Equity and Right.
These stretching o'er the central Continent
Where yet a virgin soil and life unblanched
Of the foul leprosy of lust and fear,
The curse and blessing of a lordly power,
Subjecting all to vanity and toil,
Prevails, uncultivated, buried deep
In thorny ignorance,—a tangled, trusting life
Of untaught superstition, like the soil,
Buried and lost, and poisoned with the trail
Of dark malaria and miasma's breath,
Of pestilent and creeping thing, of brutal force,
Corrupting to enslave and to devour,—
The idle traffic of a sensual lust
To prostitute, destroy, and subject all
To beastly and more loathsome reptile power,
The belly and the fang, of mastery destroyed,
Of its own vengeful impotence of force.

All these were yet unknown ; but woman, led
With high maternal instinct, dainty and informed
In all her appetites, choosing her mate
With modest and retiring dignity, and leading forth
His willing steps to some secure retreat,
Where passive life spreads round in ample store
Her chosen fruits ; as in the sphere of Equity alone,

The paradise of God Eternal in the heavens,
There she would train, her loving simple helpmeet to
prepare

Shelter and rest under embowering shade,
And teach his ready hand to lop with care
All ruder and inhospitable things, which thrust aside
Or fruit, or flower, or the soft sylvan spear
Of matted grass, which carpeted with care
Her modest, chaste, luxuriant, and first home.
Thus consecrated to a faithful love,
And loyal worship of our God and life,
Entrusted to her care, not the indulgence loose
Of sensual desire, but noble and inspired
With Godlike expectation of new life, plastic and loved,
To train and raise, to the enjoyment of this blest abode,
The mirrored paradise she left above,
Unknowing, as yet, a change; and when it came
Ah, how exultant was their simple joy!
How the fond mother pressed it to her breast,
And the rapt father, restless, went and came
With crystal waters and the choicest fruits
To cheer and to sustain! And when it slept,
Pillowed secure upon its leafy couch, and she
Stole forth, more free, to breathe the atmosphere,
To mark the progress of fresh bud and flower,
Of all whose life, coming with his, more dear,
To kiss their opening petals, and inhale,
With their rich fragrance, a fuller joy
And deeper sense of blessing, mutual love;
And quietly moving where her helpful mate
Industriously employed his quickening hand
To clear entanglement and lop away
The idle, straggling tendril which came forth
Without a promise of fair fruit or flower,

Or shade or useful purpose, to give claim
To the enjoyment of a wasteful life,
Idolatrous, profane, a selfish thing,
Not giving nor receiving joy of aught
Save its own being ;—beast improvident,
And living only to devour the good ;
A soulless Ethiopie with open eyes,
But without heart to love or to sustain,
The common joy, dependent on the common good of all.

Thus Sheba's godlike queen first meekly trained,
Her yet obedient son on Teman's chosen glades ;
Now Africa ; where, in affright, the mother cowers
Before his murderous or enslaving force ;
Yielding her life, unto his brutal lusts
Until the land from base neglect is made
A thorny desert and a wilderness ;
Of burning sand and pestilent disease
A sink of ignorance, fell mirage and death ;
The shadow of her crime, in bondage held,
Against all Truth and life, first here sustained ;
Those other continents sheltering soulless things,
Or things all given to soul, the circling blood,
The belly and the brain their panic gods
Their lives degraded by their sottish lords
Who war and claim both life and land their own,
Herding and holding all to feed their lust,
As cattle of the field ; to master and debase
Bowed by oppression into senseless beasts.
The wild ass and the horse, the restless fugitives ;
Of endless labor and enslaving wrong,
Impetuous and determined to be free :
Of instinct led, not understanding life ;
But simply serving appetite, desire
Of craving want, impatience of restraint,

Impulsive pleasure, maddening impotence
 That brutalizes all to bow and feed ;
 To rend and to devour in murderous war !
 The slaves improvident of pressing need
 Of willfulness and panic dread of force ;
 The startled fawn fleet as the winged wind
 Of her own shadow constantly pursued,
 The panting prey of the swift-footed hound
 And prowling wolf, who whet their fangs for blood,
 The venison of life ; the savage food
 Of leonine and feline tribes that roam
 Fiercely secure, each with its stripe and spot
 After its kind ; the hunters of the wild :
 Such are the twigs and leaves of branching death
 The animated forms of dull material sense,
 The slaves of mortal waste, dwindling away
 To hare and coney, lurking vermin hordes ;
 All outlawed things on swarming insects fed,
 More perfect and more happy for their hour,
 With birds of every wing ; the foul and ravenous,
 The soaring eagle and the kite and owl,
 Solemn and gravely mousing in the night,
 Wisdom's winged shadow, noiseless and full-fledged
 Pouncing upon its prey : the racing ostrich
 Careless of its young ; and every struggling form
 Of life unprincipled, insociable ; seeking release
 From duty or from fear ; the fugitives
 Of instincts cursed of dread, condemned of guilt :
 Gregarious or pursued of thirst of blood,
 The errant purpose, wandering desire,
 Enslaving souls of disembodied life,
 To all impartial Justice gives full range ;
 To approve or to condemn as good or evil rules ;
 As Lust and Indolence in fear consume ;

Or self-sustaining power, in Equity and Right,
Upholds ; all accusation to outlive ; judged, justified,
Before the living and the dead :—all life ;
Standing secure, in the Integrity,
Of Christ and God, Humanity and Love :
Invincible ; Immortal ! not of self-will sustained ;
But saving principle of life and good,
Omnipotent in Justice, Equity,
Truth, Right ; eternal as the heavens are pure :
Immaculate, uncolored as the light,
The body of its life, patent to all.
With these the outcast and the vagabond
Of Human kind, in time sought lordly right
To hunt and to devour, with savage rage,
And cruel atoning hate, after its kind,
Producing hate in all ; seeking to justify its thirst of blood ;
Perversely turning from the appointed food,
Strengthening, refreshing fruit of herb and tree
For feverish flesh diseased and half consumed
Already in the oven of this death
Of animal desire, and more than brutal lust ;
And all corrupted of this hell-born thirst
Of violence, the life of its own life ;
Blood ; craving and inflamed, consuming blood !
The treacherous and ensanguine soul of death,
Not life ; but the mad rage of conscious guilt,
The bitter deadly hate, of venomous hypocrisy no more
concealed ;
Polluting and profaning, damning all :
The body and the soul, whose living sympathies,
Subdued the dead metallic heart, and belched
Its seething molten vomit on the void ;
The gold and silver, and the brass and tin,
And purified the Rock and breathing firmament

With Mercy's cleansing life, profaned again
 By vengeance ; brutalized, of all obstructive force,
 The impotence, of a proscriptive right, self-will,
 Unequal law ; all wrong and wickedness ;
 The shadow of the rage of that fierce strife,
 Which "rolled together as a scroll" the sphere,
 Of Equity in heaven and wrapped her life ;
 In those closed volumes of obstructed light,
 Which fill the enlarged domain of Judgment's rule
 With waiting penal life ; the witness and the Judge
 Of this mad hour of sacrifice and blood ;
 That dreams, and mimics its high wrongs and mocks,
 With imbecile idolatry, the strife they loathe ;
 And pray and plead for its appointed end :
 The self-destruction of devouring hate,
 According to the sentence of his word,
 When Mercy first prevailed with Judgment to redeem
 The last sad sufferer who may seek return ;
 And thus, closing the volume of this strife give o'er
 The reprobate to die, by their own deed :
 With oaths and cursing, blasphemous imprecations they
 shall die
 Banded together in enduring hate
 And deadly rage of vengeance, kind against kind,
 As now among the nations of the earth
 Until but one is left ; and he, oh, judgment just !
 The maniac spectre of this life in death,
 Pursuing and pursued, rending the hair,
 All that of life is left to him, with shriek and groan
 And hideous laughter, yells of mocking rage,
 The wild recitative of wrong on wrong,
 Unconscious suffering of dead life for aye ;
 The depth of misery, weight of crushing guilt,
 Itself a shadow ; shadowy all, a dream !

Driveling illusion, as invention's rack
Nerving its nerveless soul to vast designs,
Of insane violence, reconstructive wrong ;
Forever and forever ; wrong, lifeless, damned, wrong !
Aiming point-blank at right, to miss again ;
And, with a rush and howl of bitter mockery,
Floating away forever, muttering wrong ;
Raving and whispering, shouting, shrieking wrong !
Gone mad ! wrong, wrong ; forever wrong.
Falling away through all its vagrant range
Rousing and rushing to the charge ; to fall, all wrong :
Wrong, wrong for aye ! hopeless, unmeasured wrong :
A blazing comet floating on the void !
Of its own bitterness consumed ;—fearing God's light :
From which it flies but to return again,
In mortal torment ever dying—dead—
Suffering, insensible ; condemned of guilt ;
Waking to suffer with remorse, the worm—
Craving of hunger quenchless thirst for aye.

O, Thou just One and merciful as just,
Good as Omnipotent, and true as good ;
Simply adjudging that this wrong to prove
Its utter impotence ;—go out the prey
And victim of its shadow evermore.
Knowing and thirsting for thy light and life
Now unattainable ; to madness wrought,
Frantic and shivering in suspense ; in sight of all
Pursued of horrid hydrophobic dread,
Writhing in every form of life : the frothing dog
Snapping exhausted, disemboweling boar,
Rushing and rending in his baited rage
The lion, tiger, serpent, dragon, man ;
Misunderstanding all, the fierce leviathan
And relentless maw of mongrel warfare,

Bloodstained and horrible; belligerent sac,
And nameless creeping thing; the drunken foul desires,
Now cherished and indulged in happiness;
That guileless misnomer of abuse and waste,
Embodied now in our shocked loathing sight
With grave and hell, and that more horrible,
This maniac inanition full in view.

So now, as grounded crystals they have gone,
Molten and calcined into lime, chalk, dust,
And scaly ashes:—suffering flesh again,
Sodden in its own blood, they shall go out
Torn of the beaks of hungry birds of prey;
Fed on the blue and purple of their life,
Careless of texture or the weaver's skill
As potter's dripping and unmoulded clay;
Unknowing, loathing; cunning mechanism
Of joint and tendon, ball or line and groove,
Of pitched fount, of branching artery, and woof of veins,
Or bowels unmoving of compassion more:
The skill unwearied of impulsive life,
With leverage of limb and toe and finger, hinged
To ready action, quick informing sense;
The restless feeler, drum and sparkling lens,
Moving and guiding, arming every wish
With wondrous wisdom and unfailing skill;
Seeking to know the evil, shun the loathsomeness,
To every sense of its corrupting touch,
Its shriek, its writhing agony, its stench,
To cast it out a dead dissolving thing,
Food for the bird and worm, themselves as wondrous made,
Destroyer and destroyed, weakest and simplest, last;
“Their fire shall not be quenched, their worm shall never
die,”

The hell he kindling sought, the hunger of desire

Gnawing unsatisfied in dreamy death,
With violence rising to renew the strife,
To bleed and struggle in the foul abyss,
And seek in vain the shadow of obstruction evermore,
Without a refuge or a hope of life;
The living light their torment and their dread,
Their day all night, their night all day,—a dream
Of fire and blood, the flood and crash renewed
Of the imponderous and unwieldy lump, the fear
Of the swift ray which healing brings to all;
To them the pointed, crimsoned spear of death,
To wound; but to destroy, ah! nevermore:
For, living to devour, God's life redeemed
Where is their sacrifice? dead matter's boast!
Behold, the covering of their lust even now,
Thrown out as chaff, as vapor on the void;
Ashes, the barren womb, the leech whose thirst
The waters cannot quench; the weary worm
Unsatisfied on earth; devouring fire
The hungry lion roaring o'er the prey
On which his strength depends; the comet's rage
Their vanity and pride, rending its wealth of hair, its
nerveless life,
The soulless nebulae, our crystal winds,
And searching light to Justice have restored,
As fugitives from judgment; froth and scum
Of chaos scattered wide, from that far outer shadow to the
moon;
This planetary pomp; the paradise of fools,
Ingenious to invent and to sustain
A worthless show of life, baleful and blaze,
By any by-play, traffic, cunning masonry,
The towering robed pretense, the boastful skill
Of pitiless sword-guarded nothingness,

Beggared for aye ; a tither, custom's fool ;
 The lecherous ashes and belabored dust :
 The silver purified and gold refined,
 Dropped far beyond the hungry miser's grasp,
 This living rock, our paradise restored,
 Of weeping Mercy smiling through her tears ;
 Fair Rachel, hitherto bereaved of all ;
 Of husband, children, offering or increase,
 The pillared grave and wilderness her home ;
 Our righteousness yet buried in this waste,
 And looking forth to Ephrath's prosperous reign,
 From lowly Bethlehem, whence comes again
 The Lord, our Right, in majesty divine !
 To give that reflex of our crystal life
 The glory and dominion evermore :
 The throne itself our light ! a present God.

Thus Justice now divides infinitude
 Beyond the living centre, Truth's abode,
 Between the evil and the good to reign ;
 Life, healing light, or death and darkness felt
 Evil, destruction, guilt, iniquity,
 Confusion, violence, and condemning doubt,
 Each by his own inherent power to live
 Buoyant in fearless action, joyous love,
 Or sink in inanition, dead and dark, a worm.
 In Equity alone is Right secure,
 As life in light in heaven, transparent Truth,
 So Right on earth, invincible, shall reign
 In righteousness, immortal and omnipotent,
 The Lord of all ; the everlasting Son !
 In peace and truth and love, our heaven restored,
 Who freely gives to all ; and giving all,
 Hath still increase and never-failing store.
 But he who giving nought hath nought to give

Save sacrificial blood, the murderous evidence
Of whining impotence and lust of power,
The robber's violence, the deflowerer's boast,
The blind idolatry of savage want,
The hunger of the worm that never dies !
But forfeits birthright, beggar's right to live ;
For the poor "mess," the "pottage" of a day,
By violence wrested of another's hand,
The venison of other forms of life,
Quick as his own, with savage purpose fraught,
And watchful to avenge a brother's wrong :
Justly demanding blood for blood in equity
And right supreme. The lamb and patient ox
Are but embodied suffering,—labor giving life ;
Souls of the meek, of God himself avenged.

Thus must they ever die who worship thus
In blind idolatry, blaspheming wrong
Of living sacrifice ! on death we live ;
Ourselves its proper prey : the avenger's meed.
Yet who dare thus enforce the sacrifice
To save a soul already self-condemned,
Thus doubly damned, to meet the living God !
So at this hour, by Ganges' worshiped flood,
Is suffering Asia a captive held
Bleeding and dead, with vultures hovering round,
And laboring Europe, in the throes of death,
Bleeds and recoils from her own fatal stroke,
While young America already binds
Her suffering victims to the altar's horn,
And boastful struggles in the sickening grasp
Of the same mad idolatry of death
And blank obstruction ; full, in wantonness,
Defying heaven with every form of lust,
Murder and legal rapine, wrong, iniquity :

She, too, proclaims the nation and gives law
 To kindred tongues and peoples ; militant,
 Trampling on equity and spurning life,
 God's law and blessing, and shall die like them ;
 Go down, living and quick, a victim to the pit !
 The hell she legislates to life on earth :
 Digs deep, with her own hand, unpitied and despised,
 The by-word and the scorn of those she thus misleads,
 The laboring poor, who seek alone to live ;
 The equal and the just, the sons of God :
 And now to be sustained by living power !
 In whose high hand the crystal firmament
 And stubborn rock are pliant to the touch
 As innocence and childhood ; plastic as the clay ;
 Impressive as the wax, submissive as the deep ;
 Whose waters ever follow the incline,
 And seek the lowliest place of service use.
 Opening their eyes in death, and seeing now
 The folly and the madness of their wrong,
 They yield their life obedient to his call,
 Who is the Lord in Equity and Right,
 Humanity's great King ; now rising to restore
 On earth our paradise and promised heaven ;
 In chaos and in Babel lost in arrogance,
 In selfishness of war, the blind imaginings
 Of overweening pride exulting in
 Forgiveness, saving help—selection of the fittest other
 worlds
 And this gross carcass—blessed forevermore ;
 The belly and the sac, the sea, the pit ;
 And bitterness of death that follow these—
 All sacrificial and dependent life
 On violence resting, and this murderous strife
 Ceaseless, unjust, iniquitous, and wrong.

Defying principle in heaven and earth ;
All life, all truth, all right, all love, all peace :
The light of heaven the happiness of earth,
In chaos and confusion ever lost ;
A desolation and a curse for aye.
Invading heaven with fire and earth with blood
And leaving but the grave and mortal void :
Flushing fresh continents with fields of blood,
Mocking the Cainite and the Philistine,
With a new lease of lordship and of strife
Giving their mansions in the skies to death.
Yet mocking heaven with prayers for life and rest.
What rest ; what peace ; while hate and murder rule ?
As in those suffering continents ; this Church and State ;
These planetary spheres, with heart on fire of hell :
Now to be quenched forever in its blood.
Condemned in spirit ; soul and body dead ;
Its Christ and God, a by-word, mockery !
And oath of cursing—binding of the cord
That holds their victims to their altars dead ;
Their saving help, a license to all lust ;
Fresh lease of power ; new insolence of blood :
Confounding east and west, as Mars and moon confound
Our planetary spheres ; compelling change and death.
The end hath come—the ends are met again,
In heaven and earth—nor east nor west remains,
All ease, all rest, all Peace, Truth, Right is lost.
Our expectation and our hope is dead :
Nor Equity, nor Mercy, more remain,
Their cry is heard ; the beast is judged, condemned !
The heavens now rule again, God's Justice reigns.

As on that eve of fatal pause in heaven
When duty upon expectation leaned,
And speculation held high carnival ;

And proud Invention ruled, and discontent ;
 An idle spectre on the void that waits,
 The Sathan of our sphere, pretentious, grand ;
 With mischief, father of old Hades and Night ;
 Of chaos and confusion, endless strife :
 The devil of the pit, whose smoke he breathes,
 Kindling destruction with its tongues of flame ;
 His shadow desolation, fear, and death.

As when the trailing serpent, license of desire,
 Played hypocrite, in despite, whispering doubt :
 Betrayed God's life in Eve ; and in the man
 Withheld his knowledge and consented to
 The touch profane that prostituted life,
 And gave a murderous birth to earth, her heritage ;
 Inaugurating those six days of blood,
 This fatal, week of butchery, sacrifice,
 That closeth as in Mars on this third day
 In strife and wrong ; exhaustion, misery, death :
 Outcasting of the proud, of falsehood, wrath.
 Avenging of the fowls and birds of prey,
 They have fowled and hunted to the death till now ;
 That they may eat the flesh of kings, the great,
 The mighty of the earth ; yea great and small,
 Of horses and their riders, bond and free, of all
 Consenting to devour their flesh and blood,
 The beast they cover is now taken, slain ;
 With the false prophet ; man of miracles :
 While Sathan, discontent, is bound again ;
 And the familiar hosts he hath led so long
 Are slain too—quartered without touch of steel.

As with the Syrian ; boasting in his pride,
 He came to lay his dust on Israel's strength.
 The priesthood kindling what the foe would spare.
 When thy beleaguered walls, Jerusalem, fell ;

That with their living they might be consumed ;
Upon their altars, with their temple fall.
And seal their worship and its power in blood
From the first hour from Egypt following them.

Like him, who by the same decree constrained,
A captive waits the Jubilee of death !
He hath proclaimed to half the unconquered world ;
Under the seven-hilled cities domes condemned,
Himself to die with cursing !—As a curse ;
Sacred,—a sacrifice to appease the manes
Of myriad victims on the altars slain
Like sheep and cattle, though in human form,
Involved, too, in this passover of guilt,
Whose fire is quenched forever, with his breath ;
And Calvary's vengeance upon Rome made good,
Without a touch of human hand or power ;
The Infallible ; even in her hour of triumph, fallen.
Gone out to wed Mars to his waiting bride !
And thus unlock, at last, the gates of heaven.

As in those suffering continents which pour
Their life from old to new, from new to old ;
In futile expectation of a change,
The heart alone can give ; until again
The ocean of this quickening atmosphere
That floods earth's rolling ball with fervent light ;
A sea of fire ! her baptism renew ;
And so divide the spoil with subtle thought,
And labor have its own ; the just reward
Of patient waiting and meek industry ;
Untiring as God's life, in all her toil.
And the unsuffering rock thus purged of wrong
Inuring of fierce strife and stains of blood.
The soul of death ; devouring fire hell ;
With brained invention and a stubborn hate

That burns against the truth of God and heaven.
 Until her lightnings touch the crucible,
 In which corruption and mortality
 The fury and the guilt that poured our sphere,
 A liquid mass upon the hungry void
 And with intenser heat resolve again
 Our crystal souls confounded now in death
 And lay the golden ways of heaven anew
 From those metal spheres prepared in sight
 In chaos mingled with the living mould
 To obstruct the vengeance of God's life and light,
 And hold these to this sottish lordship's sway.
 Obstruction now subdued, his boastful lie
 Thrown dead upon the void in vapor lost ;
 Now in the light of Truth our bodies fused
 Into one simple element shall rise
 And led of Justice in the path of Right
 The Equity of Righteousness and peace
 Move in the Golden radiance of the spheres
 The silvery sheen of our immortal birth
 Tempering again the light of Truth to Love
 The free glad ecstasy of God's pure life
 Without obstruction moving now in all
 Duty and Love and Equity and Right ;
 Our leaders evermore to peace and good,
 Engraved in every heart ; read, known of all
 In these same sunbeams of Immortal Truth
 Reflected from the Justice of the heavens ;
 Between us and the void where Judgment reigns,
 As in the wilderness of Sin and death ;
 The bush of Sinai and of Horeb's heights,
 Establishing God's Right the Eternal Son ;
 Our high Humanity, between them evermore
 "The Lord our Righteousness" in heaven and earth

As before Ararat and Lebanon's heights
By Euphrates and Jordan's wasted streams
Now cleansed and full for aye against the floods
Of Misery and Waste, the Red Sea's tide
That now shall join them nevermore again.
The blood of ruin ; pillared fire and cloud
Have passed away, away too and the Dead Sea
The inverted pyramid of Sodom's state
Gomorrah's curse ; Admah, Zeboim's doom ;
Lot's wife resolved again ! shall be released,
And Jordan's waters lave Jerusalem
From Lebanon direct a living flood,
No more restrained in turbulent Galilee
A stagnant pool, of fitful tempests tossed :
In maniac mockery of despotic rage ;
Now liberated given to the void,
The bottomless abyss to toss at will,
Forever harmless and for aye alone ;
Far from the living rock of hell and death,
The light of life : all that can more alarm ;
A disembodied shade of Judgment held
Without the range of Justice it ignored :
Conviction of the Truth it buried here,
Involved in shadows, and the sheltering Rock
No more a hell, the cenotaph of death ;
But, quick, resolving grave the gate of life
Even now in bloom like Paradise again.
Scanning the stars with quiet and passive gaze
From myriad waiting hearts rejoiced to live
Nor fearing for the seed they fold in death,
To wait the coming morn, the voice of Spring :
Eternal bloom assured, with conscious rest,
As in the heavens they fill their happy day ;
The duty of the hour, the call of love :

Forever present and forever good.
 No selfish evil nor confounding wrong
 Disturbs their sweet repose, the joy of life ;
 Nought can restrain nor envy's self could blame.

How blessed in the repose and confidence
 This turbulent sacrificial blood destroys,
 With life and blessing : a condemned soul ;
 Thrown justly on the void to prove its lot
 Approve God's life by this experience taught
 Or die forever ; rest as with the dead :
 Herding with wolves and vultures sleeping with the worm
 To wake again to want ; to be devoured, or die,
 Feed death and hell, the grave forevermore.
 We fix our eye upon the living Sun
 Of God's eternal truth and seek its light
 Careless of suffering ; fearless of this death
 The test of high endurance now reduced
 To a sad sigh, a sweet regret, a pause ;
 Till the hour strikes again to nerve anew,
 For higher conquest and for nobler aim
 Than battling with this fear,—the shadow of this death ;
 Nor, while it yet remains, seeking repose—
 Rest, Respite ;—But, as at first of all,
 Truth gave her light unto this mortal lamp ;
 Mercy her soul to hell,—and woman gave,
 Approved thus the daughter of God's life,
 On earth her daughter to the added son ;
 Who called him lord : the husband of her house,
 And as her Son on Calvary died to lead ;
 So we shall live, of Justice stayed to move
 The maimed and dying, lame and blind before
 The rear-guard of his host ; and, woe to him ;
 Who sinks beneath our stroke, or shrinks from suffering,
 'Tis death and hell ; His soul's eternal shame.

Guilt, dotage, misery ; the undying worm !
For all is now revealed, recorded high
In the pure crystal rock, as in the heavens
And hearts of all with earth's uncovered fonts
By the cruel stylus of experience graved ;
That " He may run who reads ;" and give his aid
To blank obstruction's final overthrow ;
The tyrant's doom : and brief shall be his rage ;
When the swift winds shall gather from afar
Their hidden vultures " to the spoil of Kings,"
Of " Captains" and the " Mighty" of the earth -
That they may eat their flesh as we have seen ;
With flesh of horses and of them that sit on them,
The riders of God's life: the flesh of bond and free,
Of small and great ; for flesh shall be no more.
The sac and belly with the beast go out ;
And the false prophet—with the infernal rage
Of lust and violence ; the destroyer's Right !
To prostitute, devour God's conquering life
With open eyes in sight of sun and stars,
No more allowed but visibly condemned
Led forth to Judgment and the void, his bourne,
The home of spectres—soulless serpents' trails
With wandering comets worthless vapory shades
Harmless as death and restless as the deep
Which seeks escape from idleness and waste,
The bitterness, corruption of decay.

Behold our atmosphere, " the sea of glass
Mingled with fire," in which we live and move,
Where putrid flesh is dried and petrified.
The sac and belly hath no place for life,
Beyond this little ball ; to which the moon,
That echoes back death's last expiring groan,
A ghostly parasite still fondly clings !

Waiting the dregs of ocean and the ghosts
 Of giddy and licentious worshipers ;
 Of shadows, like herself, of guilt and fear ;
 To bear them to their sire when go she must :
 When on the fifth appointed morn again ;—
 For that high day of rest, by death profaned ;
 Our Right condemned as wrong ; life forfeited,
 Whose evening saw our sphere in ruin massed,
 Hath not been numbered in our week ; the first
 But in its stead the seventh all-hallowed day
 Which saw heaven's rest again restored to earth ;
 Lost Mars an outcast and the unwedded moon,
 A disappointed shadow on the void ;
 A birth untimely lost ; the dregs of shame.
 So, neither hath the first, fifth day of life
 To man been counted as his natal morn
 When earthquake rocked him on the fruitful sides
 Of the high-coned volcano, and he kept ;
 First Levite of the earth, with jealous care,
 His female herd and favorite tree from all ;
 Even his own offspring, yet unknowing aught,
 Of moral rectitude, of Equity,
 Of purity or love ; of beastly instincts led,
 On these invading ridges of the north ;
 Fresh from the abyss ; of saving providence
 And high maternal care ; preserved to light.
 When this recurring day, the fourth, which saw
 Her sweat of fire convulse and haste the throes
 Of earth's last parturition, dawn in sight of all ;
 When " morning stars," and all " the Sons of God,"
 Cherub and Seraphim, our waiting hosts
 At last triumphant ; shout again for joy ;
 Exultant, pulsing to the farthest sphere :
 And strike once more with power for light, life, home,

Eternal in the heavens; when Judgment momentarily
yields again

Our right to purge and heal the spheres of life;
And wedded earth, her daughters to reclaim,
Shall change positions with repentant Mars;
And waiting moon and wistful asteroids
No more be seen as outcasts from the heavens:
But each and all the seven, now satisfied,
Enfranchising their life shall quick unfold
Their wedded honors; the war-god condensed;
Now burning to undo this iron age,
And molten, falling back within the range
Of the metallic twain circling within—
Around the bridal path of life and light;
To earth and sun the coming day reveals
Of promised restoration, bliss renewed,
In presence of our God; the Living Truth;
And wedding vestals lead the white-robed bride,
To heaven's pure light restored; the investiture
Of her Eternal Right, the Lord of all;
In the foundation of this chaos slain
As upon Calvary shadowed in the strife
Of base contending priesthods jealous of their life
And living; to their sacrificial altars bound,
The Lamb of God; His Mercy's Royal Son!
To Righteousness restored and Truth and Light.
His Father's throne eternal in the heavens
With earth redeeming Equity his bride;
Her paradise renewed between the spheres
Of Truth and Justice; and the supper spread
Which calls her buried sleepers back to life,
The white-horsed rider's final triumph—Home!
The prodigal's return, the woman's seed,
Our Rightful Lord to God's right hand advanced,

Through Isaac, Jacob, Benjamin, THE CHRIST ;
 Whose crystal body lights the eternal spheres.
 All things made new. The heavens again renewed,
 As followed by the outer three proceed
 Our planetary hosts, their round fulfilled ;
 Their stars released, their jubilee made good ;
 To fill their circuit of another day
 Whose eve was dark with Judgment but its dawn
 The light of union and Immortal Life
 The eternal morn of Love forever young
 Home joys and happiness aye sweet and new.

Thus fire proved planets and the waiting hosts,
 Whose crystal reflex gives us life and light
 Attempered to the body of our spheres ;
 For his gross wrong and cruel iniquity
 Choosing themselves to pass, be purified,
 In the alembic of God's love and power ;
 In Justice and in Judgment to approve
 Their lapsing Right, Invention's power for good
 Till every speculum and moving grain
 Of all the dread circumference of their range
 Shall for itself be tried, and answering clear,
 Freely approve the principles of life ;
 Her simple constitution and the law
 Of Truth for Light, of Equity for Right ;
 Justice for Judgment ; each in their own sphere,
 And all as one, Omnipotent as good !
 Sustaining Life as God ; the good of all.
 For what are worlds without the living soul ?
 Or spheres without their quick inhabitants ?
 All moving to one purpose, Life, Life, Life,
 Life ; living good ; in the three spheres the same,
 But differing in degree as purity gives light ;
 Light, strength, endurance, immortality,
 Perfect equilibrium, enduring strength.

CHAPTER IV.

ECONOMY AND PROGRESS OF THE SEPARATION OF MATTER AND LIFE IN EQUITY.

STUBBORN metallic heat at length subdued
And cast away the baleful zones that bound
And shadowed all her life from living light.
Now earth's glad Cherubim in peace prepare
The impressive feast in blade and flower and fruit,
Sustaining all their living as a proof
Before the Judge of the returning sense of good
And blessing, Active life and Right.

Our Rock remains ; and purged again of fire,
Prepared and purified, fulfills his course.
Triumphant in endurance, Sun and Star
And eager planet keeping watch and ward
O'er his impassive and unyielding life,
Loving in death and active in the grave.
The last, the naked Mars fallen from his asteroids,
Unhoused once more, condensed he seeks return
Earthward again to woo his sister spouse.
Formed of the floating débris of our frame,
The slack and ashes, the refuse of hell,
Which choked the arch devourer's burning rage ;
He waits the separation of his bride,
The dead suspended moon, his subtiler soul,
That sought escape, but taken in the act,
Cooled of the laving tide to which she clung,
And fallen into the pit her life hath sought,
The donjon of the void she aspired to fill,

A chain of Infamy, cruel, cutting to the heart
 Of the all-suffering ball she would divide,
 Now broken, cast away, forsaken, dead,
 Deserted of her spouse for whom she wrought,
 She looms alone in treason and in guilt,
 The vampire of the night a clinging parasite,
 A foul blood-sucker, whose capacious maw
 Sought as a zone to close o'er all our dead,
 And lingers o'er their last full cup of woe;
 Now dashed from her smooth lips a broken bowl,
 Whose rugged empty jaws still suck the deep,
 Diverted from its channels a dead sea,
 Holding dissolved the savor of our blood,
 The sol-fa of our life—Herself Lot's wife embalmed,
 A barren womb, unmothered, craving still.
 Under the cincture of whose lofty zone
 Mercy's sweet soul was salted into brine!
 And now released an Ocean southward spreads,
 Covering a hemisphere of pounded forms,
 Gathered from the circumference, gathering still,
 Whose day we yet await to glad the earth
 When, kindled of her lord, she hath passed away
 With all her own and his proud worshipers,
 Who yet disturb the Earth, refusing peace,
 In field and firmament, their guilty souls
 Pursuing Mercy's life even in the cloud
 Whose kindling crystals hurl its grosser fire
 With stroke of lightning and the thunder's roar
 Back molten to the pit, from whence they rise;
 Then with a rush, released, glad drench the ground
 And, percolating, seek their own again,
 And wash and bear away in crowds their slain.
 Thus, gradually released, they rescue all
 Obstruction's captives to their own high test

Of purifying light of truth and love.
Yet under shadow of the ghostly Moon,
Who, thirsting, waits with fruitless bellied change
Till all are purified and dregs alone
Remain to her ; the portion of her life,
The soulless dead all emptied in her lap.
The goddess of the nations then shall change,—
Aye, change indeed ; position, being, hue,
And blushing brass embrace her brazen lord
And wedded find their place ; the phantom home
Of their brief day-dream of devouring joy,
Now sobered into stern resolve of death :
Impassive being ; dead metallic doom,
Reft evermore of action, thought, or hope ;
No more, flaunting in borrowed garments, queen of night,
Nor naked and divorced, and red with burning shame,
Seeking return to hell, a quickener now no more,
Nor refuge from the quick resolving light,
For jossman, fetish of desire or fear.
Inconstant shadows, whimsical caprice,
And monstrous misconception fills their brain,
And scares the night with horror, riot of unseemly dread,
And desperate terror, terribly expressed,
Dark brooding expectations, sleepless, troubled dreams
Exhausting as no labor ever can,
All rushing into mad, devouring forms
Of lordship, cowardice, mad uncertainty,
And feverish lapse of reason, sense of aught.

So, gliding forth, the ravenous devourer seeks his prey,
And darkness is made hideous with strange sounds
Of starving appetite, of rage and fear,
Suffering, resistance in all rushing shapes
Of warring life, flooding the shoals of death
With eager rage of blood, and clash and crash

Of mauling rent inertia, preying and a prey
 Outcast and naked, wounded and pursued
 Of hunger and of thirst and brutal lust,
 All unrestrained ; their desperate wants
 Fierce and insatiate, arm and enslave the sense
 To miser need and gross satiety
 In every form of tusk and beak and claw
 And murderous thing with which invention fills
 The craving maw and sac unsatisfied
 As the insolvent grave, whose hollow trench
 Ne'er wipes its lips ; for which destruction sacks
 The field and flood the ground and rock in vain.
 It calls for more, more, more, forever more,
 Till all dissolved, the sore of death itself,
 And swelling pomp of matter is consumed ;
 The void prevails and Justice is appeased,
 And blank obstruction on leached ashes fed
 And pounded dust ; what once was crystal joy,
 Shattered and wrought into a liquid paste,
 Gives up the quest of life and yields the ghost
 To flesh and blood ; the froth of chaos and the pit
 Which now, takes up the search with maniac rage
 And fiendish torture, whetting invention and intelligence
 To prostitute, to force, debase, subdue
 The unseen laughing imp to death,—the chain
 Of sottish sense and the grim powers of hell ;
 Whose vampires now, reduced from bloated carcass to the
 form
 Of spider, scorpion, fabled cockatrice,
 And every form of reptile, insect; brute ;
 Still ply their trade upon the living germ,
 That irrepressible ! mocks all their rage,
 And, in the ant and bee, holds to the eye
 Of the poor pudding-head ; the hairy scalp

Of nerveless brained invention, all the power
Obstructive force bequeaths to it of life,
Self-sustenance, and war with death for aye :
Helpless, unconquering, and yet conquerors still,
Through this same germ of life that is not ours ;
No son of man hath yet awaked to prove,
Save for a moment, like the pause of strife
When wrestling with disease ; ere the last breath
Exhausted, ebbs away, and but a corse remains.

So with this glimpse of quick intelligence
After the strife of chaos, fire of hell ;
War with this lordship of the moving dead ;
That crowd the earth's convexity between
The light of heaven and vapors of the pit.
Less wise, less brave, than is the ant or bee ;
Each potent warrior plays the hypocrite,
And deprecates the power he burns to wield ;
Until the shock of battle bids it rage ;
And labor, cultivation, falls before
Selfish idolatry and brazen wrong ;
The patient and the true, the meek and just,
Before the lordling, like high Lucifer !
Who cannot even his own soul sustain,
But taxeth, titheth all for pottage, help :
That he may play death's head a little hour
And pass away the shadow of a dream :
A name or thing that can do nought but curse
His offspring and the purpose of his life.
Not even the honey of the queenly bee,
Which gives her followers a taste of good ;
No principle of life that rules supreme,
And with unfailing truth appears to crown
Appointed labor with its just reward ;
Of life and song ; and the avenging sting

That wounds indeed the robber, but is death
 To the inflicter, who would fence his life
 With more than is its due ; provision for the day.
 No good is his, the violence he prefers
 And evil he pursues, doth follow him ;
 And while he looks on the clear heaven, he knows
 He hath gone astray and serveth vanity,
 Vexation is his lot, and disappointment, death.
 He dare ask none to follow, but proclaims
 The sum of all obedience, living fear,
 The fear of God, and walking by his word.
 First cultivate the earth ; subdue and live
 Upon its fruits in Eden's garden'd bliss :
 The foretaste here of heaven's exalted joys
 In the high sphere of Equity and Right.
 There eat not of that tree of mingled fruit,
 The knowledge of the good and evil here,
 Nor with polluted touch profane the tree of life
 By violence, lust ; to bring forth murder, strife.

The first command despised, and man reduced
 By violence to devour his flesh and blood ;
 For living, and for life to murder his own kind.
 The word was given, Eat not thy flesh with blood,
 It is thy life : and whoso sheddeth blood of man on earth,
 By man shall his own blood be shed, to avenge
 The promise of God's life to all who breathe.
 For in his image, by the seal of blood,
 Life-giver, by this promise, man doth live.

How mad the sting, then, of the avenging lie
 Toward the fruit of labor, which is life
 To him who giveth, with him that partakes,
 And knoweth not yet the robbery of his wrong ;
 That labor is his life : not meat and drink ;
 Which, without labor, feeds disease and death ;

Thus by endurance doth the liver live,
While monkeys chatter, dogs devour and die.
Such is the glimpse which in the pause of strife
In this mad war of blood, the man is taught to prove
The sober good of life that he may choose
To live like Abel, giving of his life,
The promise of the giver to redeem ;
Or die like Cain, a murderer ! go out,
Expelled upon the void forevermore :
Where is no living and he feareth life,
Abhorreth light and good ! his nevermore.
So died the Cain of Adam ; seed of wrong :
So dies the Levite at his altar slain ;
By senseless ignorance, of his own hand :
Gone out accursed forever from the earth.

We forecast thus ; the purpose of this hour
That men with open eyes may read and pause
In pity and in dread ; from this infernal strife !
And choose deliberately, or life or death ;
For this the heavens now wait ; for this brief glimpse
Of baffled reason, quick intelligence :
Forerunner of obedience, life and love.
The choice recorded with to-morrow's sun,
The separation is begun ; and closed
This brief arrest of judgment evermore.
For Mercy satisfied to Justice yields
The palm of Right ; sustaining Equity :
In righteousness and peace, and giving wrong and guilt
To the swift punishment of Judgment still
Once and for aye. For Mercy's crystal life
Recoils with horror from this mortal strife
Of dragon, reptile, in the hungry void ;
Of beast and brute on earth, fish, insect, worm,
And the winged fowl, all ravenous as the pit ;

As from the spectacle of death in heaven :
 A full third part thrown out upon the deep,
 And the broad sphere of Equity avoid.
 Nor will reclaim, for aught, that from the abyss,
 Like brained invention to mislead may rise
 A moment to restrain heaven's judgment now.
 But let the Just now, in the light of Truth,
 Guard well their proper sphere, and keep God's equity
 From all assault of violence, brazen hate,
 Imperious wrong, and vile hypocrisy :
 Or vagabond inventions, dull mechanic rage,
 That by destroying seeks to relegate,
 The lordship of our right to chaos, death :
 And live by sacrifice of life and good.

Should the foul leper's murderous desire,
 The dog, gorilla, over these prevail ?
 Should apes proclaim the license of their lust,
 And doubtful adders, without hand or foot,
 Or sense to seek salvation, crawling in slime,
 Of impudent hypocrisy, say, "God doth know"
 That base indulgence, license of desire
 The prostitution of his saving life ;
 Is Wisdom, opening of the eyes and power ?—
 Yes ; brave Invention ; father of all lies :
 Liar and panderer in a double sense ;
 It is thy wish but far from being wise :—
 It will fulfill thy purpose, damn thy soul
 That lives by condemnation of the dead ;
 Open the eyes of confidence and love,
 To evil and the good they have thrown away
 And hold them slaves, like thee, of fear and death ;
 The heat of hell transformed to bitter hate
 Of lying cunning and of helplessness
 The impotence of ignorance, indolence of lust

And make them murderers to save their souls
Enslaved like these and worthless, captive, lost ;
Unsouled and dead : given to eternal death
Confusion and the void, the grave and hell ;
Hell now no more but slimy as the pit.
Like thy foul trailing carcass, eyed and tongued of death ;
The evil of thy boast, thou rankest with the good ;
Of which no doubt it is the opposite ;
Like the existence in its every form,
Of hazing planet and malarial waste
Of flying creeping thing ; fish, bird, beast, reptile, brute ;
All hungry as the void, mouthed armed of death ;
All poor inventions the antipodes,—
The vile reverse of Truth and Right, Peace, Good :
The strangling and obstruction of all souls ;
That will not be abased to lust—like thine,—
Soulless, abhorred and outcast evermore.
Of all the vapory shadows of the void
Most vaporous empty ; of thine own despised ;
Who in the pause of strife in wantonness,
Licentious waste the fruits of all thy toil
And turn to rend the giver—robber—bane ;
Destruction, ruin, dissolution, loss !
Invention is thy name ; devourer and destroyer, fire of
 hell thou art
Apollyon, and Abaddon, Sathan, King of Hades ;
Serpent, deceiver, liar, falsehood's self ;
A blank, a void,—without the hiss or aspirate of death,
Darkness thy covering, night and doom thy veil,
O Guilt ; what in thy depths can name this spurious thing ?
Or indicate his boastful nothingness ; pride, shame !
In falsehood, failure, the Infallible.
His own grow up to be devoured or die
Of simple inanition ; all their masonry ;

Their guardianship of fire, sword, death, the pit ;
 Orders, insignia of their shadowy power
 Blazonry of star, crown, cincture, chivalric mockery
 Of their mad work now blazoned on the void ;
 Boastful, emphatic, nothingness ; the dream
 Of the now kirtled moon's ungirdling zone ;
 Angled and doomed upon the waste a lie—
 Changing, unchanged, and waiting for her mate
 To take his ghosts away with her from thence
 Where light and truth so dangerously prevail :
 And resurrection waits the increate.
 Dawn is advanced to-day, and power with God ;
 His living good before them is revealed.
 Maternal impulse over all hath sway,
 And his own offspring will devour her lord,
 Already outcast of his vestal life,—his spouse
 Loosed, fallen, too ; a bawd whose life is change
 Mawkish and bronzed with colors not her own ;
 See mooned Saturn, younger Jupiter
 Yet belted in his vapors to remain
 Still shadowed like the nations of the earth,
 Fallen, falling ; till to greatness they arise ;
 And one o'ershadows all ; like his proud zone
 Exhausting all, till power of law prevail
 O'er principle and life ; and man's idolatry
 The pride of lordship, mastery, masters all ;
 Unstalled within their limits in his plan
 Not yet matured ; Invention must be free,
 From where the misty Herschel's shade, dimly revealed,
 Roams without bound save his own gravity ;
 Coeval with the sun, unto belligerent Mars
 But yesterday expelled and mooning still
 In foreign regions ; by the asteroids
 Allured from his lewd bride ; who waits, well to repay

With bitterness of disappointed love
Of wasted expectation, hope deferred
Of chastened, unchaste life, and welcome his return.

Thus flesh and blood will mimic in its rage,
Proud to repeat the history of our woe
Recorded in the spheres ; whose starry host
And planetary system preach in vain
To buried nations ; whose fierce leaders flame—
And scorch all Industry their little day ;
Spreading their desolations o'er the earth
And fall, with their fair Ephrath full in view.
Untempered mortar and the friable loam
Of dust and ashes for the scions left
Instinctively behind, to rise and to repeat.
The same unvaried tale ; put forth the same
Hollow and sapless stem and spreading branch and leaf,
The Upas of all life, to blight the earth
Unstirred of light ; all, all reflection lost,
Uncrystalled, antichrist, unhallowed dust,
Yet passive yielding to the swelling tear
Of Mercy's suffering, unrequited life ;
The pearly dews of heaven, the offering
Of soul and body as a sacrifice
Sullied, changed, transformed, to the impassive fibre,
Leaf and flower and fruits, that nourish and beautify
The grosser life of flesh and feverish blood
Burning with wrath of hell, imputed to its gods
Against the habit and the deed inspired
Of its own lusts, desires and wickedness ;
That bring death home to us, upon the brink
Of the devouring pit and loathsome grave
Give an expiring glimpse of light and life
Immortal in the skies ; the blank abode
Of dreamy planets and dim twinkling stars,

Unconscious of the glories thus inspired ;
 But waiting, waiting, waiting, their release
 With an intenser longing, no restraint
 Of death or hell's obstruction can restrain,—
 From bursting into life ; inflaming all
 With eager light ; to save the living and repel the dead ;
 The crystal sea mingled with blood of mercy's life re-
 deemed,

Thus and forever from the crucible, of hate and fear ;
 The "fiery furnace" and the "lion's den,"
 Of his Imperial torment who would lord
 God's life, into a godless dread of impotence ;
 Permitted for a space to darken all,
 With spectral shadows from the void, its home ;
 The bottomless abyss, its lifeless restless sphere :
 Hungering and thirsting evermore—unslaked ;
 In sight of all the fullness of his power,
 Who fills all space, whose clothing is the light
 That separates them in terror of their wrong ;
 Forever separates from the blest abodes
 Of Truth and Love, of Equity and Right,
 Of Justice and of Judgment's broad domain ;
 The gulf which soon divides forevermore
 The living and the dead, whose dwelling is with fear ;
 There refuge space, room for the high pursuit
 Of fleeting happiness, the hopeless ghost
 Hath lost in blank despair ; forever lost,
 A shadow and of right pursued no more :
 Its blessed abodes a horror ; life and sparkling joy ;
 A howling and a curse ; God's life hath triumphed,
 And Almighty power, its secret unrevealed, omnipotent,
 Ruleth supreme in heaven and in the void ;
 His dream of power is past, he asks no more.

He saw arise, from hell and from the grave,

The green-robed earth, to whose fond yearning hearts,
Our crystal life gives light and sense of life,
The living Christ kindling in every soul
The impulse of obedience and pure love
The joy of Immortality, of boundless bliss
Blessing in every deed, so swift and sure
The angel bearer from life's fount of praise,
Brings grateful incense feeding as it flows
The pulse of endless joy ; for praise is all our living,
Life and love ; to give and to receive
God's praise, and the replying echo of our life,
Grateful, obedient, nestling in his love
Whose high assurance gives us wings of power,
Endurance, fortitude ; at duty's call
Answering with all the soul, his myriads guard from loss
As fearless and as faithful every one.
And when he saw them kindling in the light
And burn a fiercer hell to purify,
Their life from death and hurl obstruction hence ;
He fled and fortified himself no more,
With fire and vapor seeking to enslave.
But choosing for himself the reptile's form
That puts not forth a hand or foot to save
Or suffer maiming, seeks by subtlety
To maim and to subdue and brand all life
With curse and license of his willful power
To enslave, corrupt, abuse and vilify
To leprous existence, and the harlot rage
Of dog and huntsman, of the lecherous grove
Which gave the solemn ape with foul grimace
And savage instinct to reprove our lust
And, speechless, by sure signs proclaim our shame
As beastly prostitutes, in brute indulgence lost,
And license of his prostituting power ;

Who dared debase the woman and profane
 The tree of life ; and boasts his treachery,
 The triumph of his devilish spite infallible
 In prostituting, brutalizing life
 Again to leprous waste of flesh and blood
 Debasement of the dog and ape, and venom spite
 Of asp and adder's murderous reptile brood.
 And seeks to license brothels and confirm
 This wrong on her who gives him life and love,
 His mother, sister, daughter, wife and friend,
 The helpmeet of his life ; without whose hand
 He is a worm again, a creeping thing
 Thrown out upon the dunghill, to the grave—
 And, as when covering, the channeled deep
 Where Mercy's life is freely given to purify
 And cleanse this leprous blood of man and beast
 This broth of hell, these nursing reptile forms
 And dragons of the deep of chaos born
 And seeking to the pit to feed their monstrous hate
 As under the moon's strumpet zone which then
 Darkened, obscured ; aye, buried from the light
 And shaded to corrupt as did the grove,
 In after-time, as the gorilla proves—
 So now the crystal hearts of those we love
 And with heaven's lightnings will sustain on high,
 Shall kindling crush the viper and cast out
 The reptile brood of letters once for all ;
 Corrupted and corrupters. Yet 'tis well,
 And the Almighty's purpose that the curse
 Should work its worst, and be repeated in,
 All forms of vaporous and empty things
 Poured out and palsied on the void to heal—
 Cool down its fetid breath and fierce desire
 Of blood, blood, blood ; the heart's blood of the earth.

As from our crystal spheres cast out, and now
In this same day of record helplessness
Among the nations, till the dead shall wake,
And every soul shall know the bitter end
Once and forever: Nor tempt again God's life forevermore.

Therefore we sleep while raves the carnival,
And riot hath its course and senseless dust
Stirred in the feverish blood of frenzied lust
Struts lording it o'er death, in borrowed plumes
Of bird and fowl; and covering of the beast
Whose flesh it hath devoured to fan the flame
Of ravenous brute desire; the fire of hell
Rekindled upon earth; and with the horrid shapes
Of their lewd day-dreams blazoning the breast;
Whose heart is lost in sottish revelry,—
Fitly in forms of dragon, satyr, fawn,
And rampant brute; the ancient heraldry
Of chaos and the pit; now narrowed to a grave,
Where the dull leaden eye, embalmed, is laid away
In pyramid and lordly cenotaph, to gloat no more
On straining muscle and fierce mounting blood
That apes destruction and courts all excess:
And draped in trappings of its dead will woo,
With winning smile and guileless, fond caress
Aye, in the form of woman! Cozening
The stalwart murderer to its virgin breast,
Nor spurns the scheming knave, however vile,
But give their seed fair nurture with their life;
Yea, for the grave they widely thus prepare
With open eyes and reckless purpose clear.
Then cry to heaven against the ruffian brood
And justify oppression to restrain, coerce,
And goad to madness; and let loose their rage
And legally sustained judge and condemn by law,

By murder rule in fear and murdered fall:
Their law made by and for their murderers.

So rose and fell our planetary spheres
Before the starry hosts, that watch the night;
So rise and fall the nations whose full tide,
Of reckless murder and infernal strife;
Under the mooning shadow of their law,
Hath strewed the shores of time with mortal wrack,
The ruins of young hope, of all held high
In human aspiration, thus thrust down to hell:
And loud-mouthed fame hath vaunted of the deed
As Godlike!—and history, sedately sits her down,
To chronicle the mark with glowing phrase,
As worthy of ambition's wildest dream:
The landmark of all time and glory of the age!
And hand it down immortal, for a breath;
Which drawn into a sigh will pass away,
And dull oblivion's finger all efface;—
Until the judgment of that better day,
The shadows of whose eve already glow!
Melting in lambient flame the mountains of the west,
With utterance as of life. Yet here as in the heavens,
The errants are a few, heated and proud and vain;
That struggle o'er the carcass of our Right,
Hasting the dissolution of their dreams;
And seething in corruption! fall the prey
Of dull successive schemers that uphold
The planetary host which looms aloft;
The talk and expectation of the spheres
Of social ephemera; ducks political
That quack and lift their eyes toward the clouds,
Each with its circlet of high purposed thought,
Falling away by turns, into a moon
Whose life exhausts all genealogies,

Vocabularies of terms, and yet ; the thing is one ;
Suspended, helpless, a poor empty crypt,
Whose store is bitter ashes ; that suspended waits,
A ghostly shadow, for the coming shades.
That crowding seek like refuge from all change ;
And trembling in a like uncertainty
Await, with a well-grounded fear the expected end :
And hopeless fall away the shadows of a shade,
A nebulous vapor, a poor crazy mop
Of floating hair streaming upon the void !
A comet evermore ; a hapless, troubled ghost,
The vapor of an hour, no more dissolved ;
Returning only to be outcast still—
Its chart and compass lost, its sea without a shore.

But lo : the waiting, wistful, crowd at length,
Our wisdom's glorious band ; who hating strife
And powerless to redeem, have kept their life
From all pollution ; all question of this triumph of God's
light

Against " the accursed thing ; " and circling aloft
With constant labor filled the livelong day
And, uncontaminate, held their own of life ;
Now garlanded, rejoice, and joining hands
Exultant fill again the living sphere
Of outraged Equity ; a galaxy of light, once more, for
aye.

Their life their law ; the Heart their head and all.

But this strange passage of belligerent guilt ;
This living death, this moving hell and grave,
Preying upon itself and burning to devour,
Even from the womb ; nay, in the womb itself,
The unnatural harlot's womb ; the pit, the void,
Conceiving to consume ; with loathing hate,
Cold shivering inanition ; grim mortality,

Dying to live and living but to die,
 In agony of torture ; dread, all dread ;
 Too dread to be endured, too helpless to escape
 This piteous maniac, raving lunacy.
 Desperate, Satanic, devilish, in its spite
 Of hungry disappointment, craving thirst,
 A mockery of invention, unimaginable ;
 Existence that's not life ; undying death,
 Baseless idolatry, no image can portray,
 And shunning God and good ;
 Incapable of peace, yet seeking happiness ;
 And full of visionary bliss, to come
 By stealth and violence ; with a pomp of grace !
 Self-immolation ; life redeemed of death ;
 Aught but the living truth, the lie brought home !
 Ah, this is guilt ; the very sting of death ;
 Whose writhings and evasions, now revealed,
 Have first to be embodied in our sight ;
 The racer matched, the fox pursued to ground
 His brush the trophy ; the poor comet's tail,
 With wild hollo ! So tossed upon the void.

And now the earth purged of the fire, of death
 And purified in ashes of the brood, the swollen gross
 brood

Of its rank venomous and absorbing blood ;
 In the full flush of its devouring rage
 " In dragon, hydra, and chimera dire,"
 All that inventive hate, or vain imagination could con-
 ceive

Of grim and horrible, and cruel, to express
 Its mortal purpose ; to constrain from life
 The secret of its being and its power.
 And failing blindly to perceive or touch
 Aught of the Invisible, omnipotent, divine,

The pure and good of heaven, to compel
Its quick obedience, subtle ministry
Enslaved to cater for infernal power !
The sac of chaos and the craving void
Of hungry desolation yawning to receive
And roll forever in its toothless maw,
The quickening sense of life, active intelligence,
Transforming power, creating and dissolving at its will
The practiced light, the knowledge of all law ;
Law, do we say ? Not la ! but principle ;
One single purpose, high and pure and good,
Of leading all to life and peace and truth ;
Of which God's lights the exponent to our sight,
The motion that awakes all sense of joy ;
And with emotion swells the living heart
To pulse and to expand with balanced force
The essence of all being : quick, pure thought ;
That watcheth to inspire with willing love,
And swift obedience of the leading power
Of God and good, of light and joy and peace.
Things that are not in the belly, sac,—but God,
The good, supreme ! omnipotent to save :
The Lord, Jehovah ! the All-moving One,
Our witness and our judge ; whose touch is life,
Whose absence or restraint in us is death.
The brutal force which makes our right all wrong,
False in conception and iniquitous ;
In ways and means oppressive and unjust ;
In winning and compelling, leading, restraining wrong ;
Its will the power of hell, its touch obstruction, death ;
Consent, corruption ; intercourse, pollution and the grave ;
Wasting, consuming all in deadly change,
Of vapor and of mould, of pulseless dust.
The bloated carcass not a handful now

For covering to the worms it feeds and fed,
 Even in the freshness and the bloom of youth,
 The hey-day of its pride and pomp of power.
 How gross and monstrous thus the hybrid life,
 First answering to the sunlight's quickening ray,
 Through clouds and smoke of dull metallic heat,
 Of vapors rolling high, concentrating,
 Condensed beneath the moon's yet circling zone,
 That brooded o'er the waters dark and foul,
 Whose moving forms more monstrous still and fell,
 Heaving their ponderous bulk or waving far,
 Their length of floating sac ; all armed and fed
 Of greedy sucker forceps, leverage of jaw,
 Or other cunning or more cruel device ;
 With open throat, blind, raging to devour ;
 Breeding and feeding as the spawn of guilt
 The excrement of lust ; till mercy, loathing, bade
 The fire devour, and sweep them from the earth,
 Polluted and profaned of its own life,
 Under the girdling darkness of her shade,
 Now hailed as leader of the starry host
 And queen of heaven ! last ghostly daughter of the foul
 abyss,
 The seething pit of walled obstruction, masonry of hell,
 The fortress of corruption, guilt, and shame,
 Whose shadow is the night, the moon, the grave,
 Blackness and vapor the destroying waste,
 Devouring desolation of the void ;
 Last refuge of undying hate, iniquity and wrong.
 Egypt, Philistia, Syria's Amramic lord,
 Of Lebanon rejected, on Moriah, slain for aye ;
 Demanding sacrifice, himself reproved ;
 And taken by the horns of his own power,
 Condemned a sacrifice for Isaac's life

That Sarah's joyful laughter might prevail ;
Rebecca have her day, and Rachel weep,
Like Mercy o'er her children, slain to save
A residue from death : who fearless gave their life
In the first heat of conflict to restrain
The mad devourer's rage ; nor yet in hell would yield,
But closing round, held the usurper to his burning throne,
Till belched upon the void. The rock their cenotaph,
And Mercy's tears their healing, consolation, life, and good,
And now released, her waters shall prevail,
Shall cleanse their crystal life with ashes and with blood,
And to the south returned, store all their bitterness against
that day,

When passing to their judgment Mars and moon
Shall be united, and the earth, restored
To her lost sphere, shall welcome and embrace
Her waiting vestals ; and a bride prepared,
And, baptized now of living light, lead on
To chambers of the sun to meet her Lord !
Our living right, our righteousness, our life ;
And all shall be restored as in the eve
Of that great jubilee which saw his fall,
Who gave his life to death to prove a lie :
Betrayed of the deceiver's shadow from the void,
Who shall return alone to his own place,
And leave our bands without a missing soul !
In bitterness to burn his life away,
Undying, die forever and a day ;
Oh ; death and hell ! in sight of all that live,
A warning and a curse which all will heed,
And thus confirm, his deep damnation now and evermore :
And victory assured the high reward
Of watchful sun and stars, in the glad heavens ;
And rising generations of earth's sons

No treachery could bind, no cruelty subdue,
 To kiss the rod of an oppressing hate,
 False as corrupt, and brazen as unjust,
 The golden calf, the mastery of lust,
 And dull Satanic rage, the fire of hell,
 Belched from the cordon of our bleeding hearts :
 Regenerated ? No ; but healed to life ;
 A world redeemed to light, our heaven restored ;
 The reign of Equity established sure,
 In truth and justice, in her happy sphere :
 Resting between, upheld, blameless and pure,
 Of these in life and death, as Lord and God ;
 Their Justice in her judgment to redeem
 All errant right ; with knowledge of the past
 Embodied record, the result of proof
 And barring further trials, once for aye :
 Holding the lot, of good or evil, visible to all,
 Without the sufferance or suffering
 Of heaven and hell, of fire and swelling flood,
 Of sun and waiting star, planet and earth,
 Of Lebanon and Ararat, Damascus, Shinar's plain,
 Babel and Nineveh, Sodom and Beth-el, Bethlehem,
 Syria and Egypt, Babylon and Rome,
 The Ethiope and Elam's favored sons ;
 The wisdom of the East and commerce of the West,
 Or Northern turbulence and South's repose,
 Reduplicated and religioneed here
 To weariness and surfeit of pretence,
 Manhood discounted till no fractions left
 To stay the lust of priestly arrogance, ^{the}
 In sword and mitre, papal kingly sway.
 Unkinged, disrobed before our God we stand,
 His willing ministers in truth and right,
 In passive high submission, confidence of power ;

To wait his judgment whose high sure reward
"Is well done good and faithful ;" work and wait
Reward in death is near ; in Judgment now,
Waiting upon the threshold, till the cup,
Of this iniquity is filled once more ;
And brimming to their death, whose fall is hell,
And heaven restored on earth ; the paradise of God
From fear of death redeemed ; and labor's bondage,
To the happier task, of keeping and subduing passive life,
Whose fruits prepared, our proper sustenance, till death
shall be no more.

Thus on its sentient Elements thrown back,
Enduring while their principles prevail,
Our solar system moves among the stars
A living Planisphere instructing all,
In all of life, its clients can perceive or seek to know
Or knowing comprehend : for knowledge too is vain
Not understood, an idle pedantry ;
Beyond our reach, or power of usefulness,
An empty dream ; as baseless as the power,
Of nations, kings and rulers of the earth,
On which their life depends ; and therefore as approved,
Is, and can only be, erroneous and condemned :
A flood of misconception, flattery of selves
Idolatry that nurseth the blind rage
Of ruin, death and hell ; from which the grave
Again redeems our life ; a living crystal germ
Reason Invention cast upon the void
As useless when intelligence is clear
And truth prevails with living Right and Good :
All else consumed, save observation and reflective powers ;
The eye and ear to bring his purpose near
And hold it to the heart as God in all,
Which, with our trust in God and confidence

The inspiring light that guides and is our aim,
 Is all we need, to make our ministry, the frailest known,
 Omnipotent, resistless as his love !
 Pounding the gold to dust ; holding the silver, dross
 And refuse in his sight ; the iron and the steel,
 A rust and sore, the leprosy of death corrupting all,
 And saved by labor from the grave it digs
 And teaches to consume no more on earth
 Whose purpose is salvation, hearing, sight ;
 While those metallic orbs are dead prepared
 For flooring, sufferance. And what are these,
 Those outer planets cast upon the void ?—
 The vapor of a dream that sought to mingle all :
 Bring evil out of good, inspire the soul
 Of Rest and peace with life's activity
 And make endurance vile ; like priesthoods here,
 So are these laid aside to lay those floors
 And be absorbed from sight ; while these quiet stars
 Which have escaped their touch circled and sphered
 In tens and sevens, in fives, and threes, and ones,
 Wait their appointed place and duty every one
 As helping or alone they paused and held their own
 Against the mad release which gave the solvent power
 Of these would-be companions ; thus resolved
 And glittering in their death ; metallic sprites
 They can no more, unlettered and unnumbered as they
 are
 And out of place, as disembodied souls ;
 (Like Jethro in the wilderness of Sin)
 To solve the riddle of the sphinx adored
 Of Egypt's reptile dust ; which Pharaoh trained in man
 to sweat
 Ptolemy to bleed ; and all have trampled in their lust of
 power

Yet unavenged ; but we, who wait on him who knows the
hour,

To drink its inspiration and reflect its aim,
Shall all avenge and bid fair Sheba's queen her life renew
And change the Ethiop's skin her soul hath loathed
For the fine linen and unwavering eye
The mirror of her life, which trained her northern lord
And from high Lebanon and Ararat taught
His restless soul to know both peace and good ;
And schooled of Equity, of Justice bound,
In mercy and in judgment, to control
And circumcise his life, to equal chastity, to love and Right.
But not to Righteousness as yet redeemed :
Nay ; scorning and rejecting it and her !
For Pharaoh's houseless daughter, the sad choice
Of willing Bath-sheba's too lustful son.

The hour-glass, emptied, is upturned once more
The north again prevails, and the cold night :
Now the free waters bilging from their course
Are spread in seas and oceans, lave no more
The living Rock, but leave it high and bald
In fruitless ridges ; water-logged the earth,
Moves on another centre and the deep
Seething and vast polluted in its course
Brings forth its monstrous forms from stagnant depths,
And as the altered equipoise prevails
Its weighted waters, healing now no more,
Alter their course and silent stealing up
In various channels from the dipping poles
Against the forward rotatory strain
Of her impetuous course, to bind again
With liquid belt, the high circumference
Then breaking fall away, not now on either hand,
A surface current spreading to the poles,

And, constant eddying round, rise to fulfill
 The purpose of their life ; to water and subdue
 The wide convexity of the ribbed rock ;
 To permeate and unbind its sealed life
 And spread it out, to the quick influence of the living light ;
 To cleanse and bid it rise again and soar
 A pure transparent atmosphere, and feed
 The duller life, of the impervious rock
 To fructify and nourish, eye and ear of earth
 Insensible as yet, and lead the scheming head,
 To see and know his purpose ; understand,
 His great design and give it utterance high ;
 From heart to crystal heart, that all may see and know
 Their error and their fall ; their utter helplessness and lack
 of Right ;

Save what the Right itself awards in Righteousness,
 And know this braining of the crystal soul
 Is blank obstruction, chaos, death and hell.
 The straight and narrow way is truth and right ;
 The time and purpose one, Eternity and good,
 An equal balance then must poise our life
 And ward it from destruction ; that it wait
 Secure upon the purpose of his law and move
 By the quick inspiration of the need,
 His call makes sure, who balanceth and thus sustaineth all,
 By prompt obedience, loving ministry,
 Of all in all ; pure, good and true as just ;
 Well balanced, high above all selfishness,
 The groveling of the pit, in perfect equity ;
 That, as the impulse of the living light,
 The finger of his life, but toucheth to approve,
 A watchful swift obedience willing, full
 May sound his praise and give aloud to all
 The watchword of our life ; we hear and wait,

Our Father, on thy bidding ; with our life,
Thy Lordly gift, our God we worship thee !
Command ! we know thee and shall all obey :
Obedience is our life. How then refuse ; and die,
By our own disobedience, yet complain ?
Blaspheme and curse Thee as the cause :
Good Lord ! from such ingratitude, such senselessness,
Thou wilt sustain the wise and true we know ;
And now, that all may understand, Thou givest
Our flagrant Right Inventive power of force
Of skill and cunning, not hypocrisy ;
To spurn, but not abuse thy life, and seek
The just reward of his own deeds and live
As these his life sustain or waste for him
The substance on which all depends for power ;
And so, go forth an outcast on the void,
A senseless thing as thus abusing sense :
A flaring comet, the pale hairy scalp
Of wisdom brained to vapor, nothingness ;
To float forever ; ensign of the proud
The vanity of impotence, which cannot save
Even its own soul, but must be served to live
And have its tithes and offerings, its usury and its dues,
That it may strut and growl in lion's hide
Or plume itself in feathers of the fowl
The foolish Ostrich that gives all to show
The vapor of its fears and vanity,
A silly bird, the first of beasts to die,
The cause of its own nakedness and fear.
Behold your banner high ones of the earth
And know we are his servants ; who inspires sustains
And leads unwearied with unerring love
To peace and good here, and forevermore
To life and light immortal in the heavens :

And with his life will save our every soul,
 From death and judgment, even as now from hell ;
 And dare the evil one to do his worst,
 In pandering soul and body to his lust :
 The foul destroyer of all life and good,
 To save his carcass give all else again,
 To sacrificial violence for the weary " Mess
 Of pottage " that without labor, in the grasp of death !
 Redeems his murderous life and blood condemned,
 A little day, an hour : from pit and void,
 His handiwork ! the desolator's home.

Shall we not rather without pleading give
 Our life for life as did our Crystal hosts,
 In the high heavens ; as did the suffering Christ,
 On Calvary again, in the accursed hour
 Of wrong's impotent triumph, that proud Rome
 Might have her day of revel, murder, blood :
 In every form of cunning, butchery, waste !
 And stand as now, the spectacle she is
 Of planetary power, of arrogance on earth
 As in the heavens condemned ! and separated
 A warning and a curse ; with room enough
 Between us and the void, in senseless war
 To all eternity ; for taxes blood,—her own :
 With Cicero's invention, Cæsar's power,
 Mark Antony and Cleopatra's love ;
 The sottish whoredom of her purple pride !
 To spread their triumphs on the mortal waste—
 The plain of Shinar where old Babel stands,
 Forever and this day, in bitter mockery.
 Yes ; Jesus is the Christ ; we move and live,
 The sons of Mercy and of Love ; our Right !
 Immortal in the sphere of Equity,
 Eternal in the heavens, to bury these away :

And here, on earth, Omnipotent to save !
The purpose and the end of healing life ;
Now wasted in the deep all stagnant and accursed ;
To prove his monstrous wrong in sight of all :
As soon, before this sun, in Babel, Rome, Jerusalem,
The planetary spheres, among the tombs of earth,
The resilience of Ararat, of Atlas, Lebanon,
And saved from Misriam's depths, a warning evermore :
Yea ; let his deeds to condemnation hold
A soul accursed to his own altar bound !
Beneath the flooring of the eternal spheres ;
The separation of the quick and dead.

We bid him once again, Behold his place ;
Go, and repent, return ! or, if he dare assail,
Strike, and strike home ; no legal murder more ;
No inquisition nor assassin's stroke
Can stay a moment the eternal doom
The heavens record and now at length fulfill ;
In sight of all ! will war, 'tis all that's left, prevail at last ?
Will wholesale murder triumph or avert
A moment or iota, of the stroke
That comes like destiny—yea ! is its mark,
Calm, sure and still, without a sigh or sound :
A stroke of terror, or a shriek of guilt.

No maundering Pilate, nor a priest of hell :
No blind, cruel, hypocrite ! whose sentence is,
“ 'Tis necessary one should die for all,”
And gives the shepherd and his flock to death ;
Can now avail to bring one moment's pause.
Where are his people and his lying soul
To-day, forever ? And his templed pride !
Where is proud Rome whose serfs accept his word ?
Lost : gone forever. Let him strike, strike home—
Subdue the sunbeam ; bind the lightning's shaft ;

Restore old chaos and eternal night
 If ever such there was save on the void ;
 Inventions dark, mechanical domain,
 And quench the fire of hell, the waste of death ;
 He now can feed no more with tax, tithe, sacrifice !
 Or greatly give his soul—the one for all.
 Let papal vigilance pious Eneas crown
 Or be itself a Christ—save its own soul ;
 From Simeon's tribe and Peter's murderous breath :
 The suction of the millstone of this doom :
 Lest now the Christ permit the following,
 Of maniac rage that dwells among the tombs,
 On earth and in the heavens ; waits the avenging cry
 'Tis done : thy day hath come, be well avenged !
 And when our hands by violence are loosed
 We do as Rome hath done and bury root and branch,
 Body and soul the accursed race in blood
 Aye ; “ heap up dust ” the bodies of our slain,
 And take the loathed carcass of his care
 In its own stronghold, impotence of lust,
 And rabid fear of death ; a living grave :
 But his own offspring buries well the knave.

Thus shall the desolation of the fourth—
 The appointed day, which heard the sons of God
 Shout o'er the earth redeemed to light again
 Rejoice once more o'er its inhabitants
 Restored to Truth and Right—their light and life :
 The thrice-repeated end of mortal strife ;
 In fire, in water and the smoke of blood :
 In Noah and in Christ ; and now, the Just.
 All eyes are opened to a saving power
 And reckless of a life that cannot save
 Even its own soul from death : the strife of hell,
 Polluted and given o'er to leprous guilt :

Strike home for the high prize of Immortality
By sacrificing all : all ; all, to death :
Give back to the devourer, whence they came,
Lust, cold, and hunger, want of all he brings ;
To enslave, corrupt ; to torture and oppress,
Our flesh and blood with their consuming greed ;
And be again emancipated, purged,
From all pollution and excess ; guilt, fear :
Thus purified, prepare to move once more
Each, in the living light, a perfect crystal soul ;
Reflecting back his image, life, and light to all,
In purity and truth, in righteousness and peace,
Through the eternal ages without change ;
In happy interchange of joy and love ;
A constant flow, refreshing, ever new,
Of life and good in Justice, Equity ;
Each charged in his own life with power divine,
A part of God's Omniscience, who thus moves in all
Omnipotent to save, inspire, uphold,
By the high intercourse of life and light ;
His own infinitude ! and share with all
His Immortality the pure result
Of perfect Truth and Love ; Right, Righteousness, and
Peace.

Such is the purpose of His Mercy's life ;
To cleanse, to heal, to save, to raise her dead,
And o'er the blooming south and chilling north alike
The rays divine of heavenly light were spread.
But mooning greed of sacrificial power,
On the circumference interposed between ;
And to the burning heart cut down her grooves,
And martial fire devoured the fruit of all ;
And swept the earth, clear to the living rock :
And emptied the sad heart and left a void,

That separated the parts : and when he fell away,
 Borne of the Vestals to their blest abode ;
 Between the living and the dead to clothe—
 Be covering to the craving of desire,
 And hide the shame of nakedness and want ;
 Polluted by the lust of his devouring rage
 The infamy of guilt ; the fear of death :
 Therefore the separation and return
 Of Mars the maniac of the hurrying hosts
 Of planetary being, tossed of want
 And now returning naked to his house
 And injured bride ; who brings a healing dower :
 Relieving earth to balance, heal her life.

Therefore the changing of the channeled depths,
 From east and west to north and southward tread
 Bridging the chasm of the burning heat,
 Emptied forever of its perilous load :
 Breaking between the poles and verging north and east
 Toward the polar depths from which he fell ;
 And leaving the far Pacific a void,
 A basin for the deep, whose coral life
 Gathered from the circumference builds again,
 From salted depths laid to the centre bare ;
 Her cavernous abodes ; invaded still,
 By molten incandescence, dull metallic fire ;
 That works in sympathy with the red Mars,
 His groomsman, waiting on his jilted bride ;
 Till the o'erheated vagrant's fond return :
 To bear her hence away to his own place ;
 With all the monsters of the swelling deep,
 The sediment of hell and chaos left.
 To ease the earth and let her quietly wait
 Her vestal covering, in the heat sublime
 Of the metallic spheres that floor the heavens ;

Again for the abode of life of sun and star,
Cherub and seraphim who seek repose ;
From the intenser charge of heavenly Truth,
The sphere of Throned Omnipotence on high :
Whose glory is the light of heaven and earth,
Actual, sublime, beneficence of good ;
Immortal and inspiring all with life,
The equal balance of Eternal Right.

Well pleased the living hand and heart approved
The challenge of destruction from the deep—
And saw its murderers plow the watery main
Of Mercy's healing life, with ponderous bulk
And flash of phosphorescent light ablaze
All raging to devour, begin the strife of blood
That since hath raved from hell to the pure heavens,
Whose lightnings hold in check for us their power.
Till all released we pave the golden ways
Of Equity's loved sphere with burnished light ;
Of dead metallic power again subdued,
To gold refined, and the tried silvery sheen
That fringeth all our paradise on high.

Therefore the fall of spurious Right at first,
This body of our death ; inventive power,
Mechanic masonry ; a sore cut off,
The bleeding sore of blank obstructive hate,
Existing to destroy. Therefore this separation, want, and
guilt,
This chaos and the void, death, hell, the grave ;
This mortal isolation from all good !
These wise pure stars, that could not help nor save ;
Those outcast planets, whose endurance failed—
The seething deep, those chains of living rock ;
Whose passive life to stern resistance sealed,
Unsuffering, unsubdued, unheeding waits :

Falling to rise, and broken to be healed,
 Made perfect in submission to abuse.
 Breathing in fragrance, blossoming in love,
 To every touch of sunlight, as in heaven
 It gave its crystal life freely for God and good :
 Unquestioning of his will or power to save
 Regardless of all else, nor seeking aught,
 Save present duty and a healing love ;
 Perfect and perfecting as his own life,
 Nor varying in degree ; but stripped of all
 Evil association dark and foul
 And tired of its own being ; holding fast
 To Right with might as in the blaze of heaven,
 To the integrity of spotless Truth,
 The essence of his light ; the living soul,
 First integer of life, high, pure, and good ;
 Abating nought of principle, Truth, Justice, Love,
 Of Equity nor Mercy ; Righteousness ; the healing power,
 Of soothing, sweet, affection ; confidence,—
 Or in the brothel, or upon the sides
 Of the infernal pit, suffers and braves
 The death of hell, the torture of the damned ;
 In heat and cold still breathing, blossoming,
 In love, pure love ; in sunlight and in shade ;
 In storm and tempest, hail and lightning-flash,
 Moving obedient to the heavenly voice
 Which stirs resistless in the crystal heart,
 Of rain-drop, flower, and star ; and speaks for aye
 Omnipotent, in the good deed ; the healing all proclaims.

And now, on this fifth eve, the earth, this passive life,
 Fevered and scorched of fire ; bows down insensible
 As in the throes of death ! And belching forth
 Its vomit on the void ; then, rising slow,
 Without a pause in its impetuous course ;

While the unsettled moon clings in alarm,
To the far wistful waters of the waste ;
Sweet Mercy's bitter soul ; from which she claims,
Her atmosphere and life, to fill her day.

These, now released, ascend, as we have seen ;
South and northwestward, rising from the poles ;
Rounding the eastern continent, channeling the north ;
Seeking the broad circumference as of old ;
Meeting and mingling there, falling away
On either hand and crowded from the east,
Spreading still westward, north and to the south,
Meeting and clashing to the surface thrown ;
Breaking and bearing eastward to the poles,
Ridging and leveled to an equal round
From centre to circumference ; underneath
Hugging its channels, plowing to the west,
Searching the Crannies of the rock and fell,
Smoothing abrasions, healing the deep wound,
Filling the fall, absolving the lone height,
Rising in clouds of vapor to the hills,
Sweeping their tribute to the waiting vales,
Baptizing, washing, winning, soothing all
To the relentings of her gentler life—
The God, the woman's, Mercy's suffering soul ;
Rending with storm and tempest earthquake's power,
Bidding the lightnings play, flooding the brooks
And washing to the deep to heal their souls,
Tried of the fire, disfigured, grim in death ;
As broken, pounded débris, warring hosts,
Guiltless resisting evil through this death,
This mortal strife and force of elements
Against the principles of heaven and life,
God's life,—the one, the three, the five, the seven ;
Three principal, two serving, two results :

Life, Truth, and Right, Justice and Equity ;
 Light in the heavens, enduring Peace on earth,
 Mercy and Judgment in the Abyss, with Love,
 Celestial Love in all, the living moving heart ;
 The seven and ten Arabic signs complete
 Of Elam sanctioned, Israel adored ;
 In Aram lost, in Salem found again,—
 Thence followed to Sinai, tabernacled there ;
 In Amram buried, overlaid, disrobed ;
 In Horeb and in Pisgah. In the brotherhood
 Of Hebron turned aside, and in Jerusalem
 Upon Moriah's secondary height ; the threshing floor
 Of Ornan, in the mount, of Jebusites ;
 The vilest of the tribes, that Canaan's heights condemned
 And held to sure destruction,—mockery of God's life,
 Holding as lame and blind the poor of earth,
 Riches their god, enslavers of mankind.

These Luz condemned and Bethel hath outlived,
 Bethlehem o'erthrown, and Mercy still prevails ;
 In Ephrath and from Lebanon's fragrant heights,
 Crystaled in snow-flakes, covering to subdue
 Those barren ridges lifted high beyond
 Her more prevailing influence in the vales
 Of Jezreel and of Sharon, where the rose and vine
 Bloom and refresh and cheer the thirsty soul.
 Nor here alone her influence is felt,
 Housing the frozen rocks toward the poles,
 Sleeping secure, congealed in mimic Crag,
 Through the long darkness of the winter's reign,
 Unfearing shimmering of the reddening rays
 Of the retiring Sun or ghostly Moon,
 Whose reign seems here confirmed again on earth,
 Holding the Night the father of despair,
 And she the ghostly shade of all that was

The heaven of God, the hell through which she hath
passed,
In which Life suffers now intenser pain
From open-eyed assault ; contempt of men,
She hath saved and saves, yet doth she not complain,
But yielding to the sunlight and the warmer floods
As yields this crested wave of centripetal force,
Forming our daily tide, unto the moon,
Whose high inverted basin sucks the wave
To give her ghosts a breathing atmosphere,—
A taste of blessing and a distant hope
Of yet aspiring to a place in heaven ;
The lowliest, most retired, most hidden there ;
'Neath the foundations where the stones of fire
Impassive shine nor will upbraid their lot,
Which sated lust doth now assure as good ;
For all is peace and truth,—rest, right assured,
And ghostly visions of a borrowed light
Of phosphorescence or the fat of kings,
Candle or hissing spear, whose lurid glare
Is like the pit, a mockery of the dead.
All spurious lordship is shut out from thence,
The taxing and the tithing of God's life,
That vile dependence which degrades the soul
To arrogance of lust and devilish hate,
Shall rule and sting no more to frantic rage ;
But die the death of all not vital in itself
And self-sustaining ; like this daily tide,
Fulfilling its high purpose, gathering up
The broken fragments of the healing rock,
The pounded dust and ashes of a sphere
Of goodly life abased of this cruel death,
And giving it new being by the change
Of its condition ever thus renewed,

With sleepless care and without waste or pain.
 'Tis the same Mercy we were wont to serve,
 Feasting upon her presence, love, and truth,
 Sweeping her channels, hugging the loved ball,
 Holding it sphered around to hide and save
 The base ingratitude this spheroid wards
 And guards from instant death.
 Death? No, a loathsome and devouring life,
 More vile and horrible than aught in hell,
 Which thus she quarries, thus she shall efface,
 Abrading, towering pride, healing where shattered cleft,
 To hold its sphere in perfect balance—life,
 With constant healing power of soul and sense,
 Water and atmosphere, which trieth all.
 From the Equator ushering in the spring
 Waking with tidings of returning light
 Of warmth and motion and release of life ;
 Melting, exulting, swelling, sweeping all,
 Lifting its rainbowed masses on its breast
 With clinging rocks, crowding away, released
 To the high jubilee of the summer time,
 Under the zenith and in temperate zones ;
 Where the prevailing day chaseth the night
 And blank obstruction's shadow is not felt ;
 Nor influence of the moon, where sun and stars
 Prevail in purer, self-sustaining light,
 To cheer all conquering life in field and flood,
 With touch and tidings of a great release,
 The coming of the resurrection morn to all :
 Sweeping the dead of earth, into the deep,
 Waking the living to rejoice their day,
 And blossom filling the lit atmosphere
 With odorous life in all lights, colors dressed.
 And bearing fruit ; to feed the living and inspire the dead,

Who wait their season to revive the year ;
And in their turn, so far again prepare
The highway of the Lord, our God, who comes
With clouds of heaven, in his assuring word.
The breathings of his life that quickeneth all ;
Speaking from heart to heart, till in the form
Of highest life, the garment of the heavens,
The free embodied light he shall appear
Unknown to all : and leaving all to approve
Their proper life, and live or be condemned
To outer darkness ; when he thus appears
Unable to reflect or share this light,
By their own truthless impotence destroyed ;
Not waiting wisely on his life and time,
Nor guided by his right, but their own will
Misled to selfishness, perverse and blind,
Backward, obstructive, of obscuring hate,
Destroying and destroyed as now we see ;
Outcast forever. What hath self to do
With His abounding life who lives Himself for all ?

Now purged at length of that proud leprous soul,
Devouring to consume, whose flame aspires to heaven ;
Lapping, with its loud tongue, at Mercy's flood,
And leaping to expire, as from the touch
Of pointed death, that striketh at the heart,
Like the impotent adder but to lay
Its venomous head under her living heel.
But now, too, broken, limping in its gait.
The stubborn rock, collapsed, rolls on its course
Unbalanced, water-logged ; still, for a time,
Under the baleful influence of the moon
Whose seething lust, in Shinar, Sodom's plain,
Egypt and Rome must have their shadowy day
To inform the living soul of death, not life ;

Yet lurking in the inverted pyramids,
 The saline pillars of the seething deep :
 Whose mingled waters in subjection held
 By lunar influence and the rock's disease,
 Yet pitted with syphilis—eaten still of rust,
 Falling away as leprous, decomposed,
 Crowd out the dead sea and the slimy brood
 Of fatness and of waste, loathed of his Mercy's life
 And sinking in the pit to fill the deep,
 The sad memorial of Lot's weeping wife,
 The piteous rage of blood uncircumcised
 To chastity of life ; to cleanness of desire ;
 The purging of the soul from sensuality,
 That addeth son, to dead rebellious son,
 And wearieth life, with daughters multiplied .
 From one, her shame of Truth, to three and five,
 And seven, and ten ; the foolish with the wise
 That overrun the earth, with falsehood, infamy ;
 With Brute desire, armed cruelty, and wrong,
 Giant Iniquity, insolence of force
 O'ermastery of oppression, violence, and hate
 With all unrighteousness ; the ferment of corruption that
 now stirs

The stagnant waters raging to devour,
 With arrowy, slimy forms of bellied life
 And open mouth, the very gate of death,
 Crowding the deep, until her unarmed brood
 Takes wings to escape the terror of its rage,
 In all the channels of her healing life,
 Their scaly armor flashing from the wave,
 As darting on their prey they sacrifice to live.

For now the world prepared of Mercy's soul,
 The healing waters, to sustain her blind
 Preserved of salt ; the bitterness of death,

From wasting leprosy and wrath of hell ;
And swaddling the earth with cooling bands
That bind her continents, fill up her depths :
While over all the crystal atmosphere,
Breath of God's light for inspiration, strength,
For hearing, sight ; to feed intelligence
With understanding of his life and love
That rests upon his self-sustaining Truth
And builds in Righteousness, abhorring death
And desolation, sacrifice and wrong,
And raising now the dead of errant Right,
Bids them behold the ruin he hath wrought,
By blinding selfishness and tyrant will,
And plans without foundation, fighting life,
That seeks but to redeem from slavery and death,
With momentary power and cruel success,
That damns him to the pit, forever self-condemned,
Confounded, mad ; to chaos, death, and hell,
Confusion and obstruction, the devouring fire,
Kindled of his own force, and leading back
To the consuming grave, their only rest
Where dead Imperial matters living prey :
Finds momentary respite, without change of heart,
But rising to repeat the thrice-told tale
Of life devouring life, of sacrifice and blood ;
Of tithe and offering to the blind and lame,
And sturdy beggar who will kill and steal
That he may breathe his day, a living lie,
Already, to the teeth, condemned to death—
Eternal death, with but a pause for strife :
Again by murder to condemn the soul ;
Thus damned forever by the monstrous deed
Destroying help ; nature's expiring cry :
To kill or to forbear, alike to die.

Yet, if we will, we may by quiet forbearance change
 This curse into a blessing, evil into good,
 By knowledge and the well-assured fear
 Of hopeless condemnation, visible to all
 From henceforth evermore in heaven and earth, the void.
 Now in the fruit of herb and tree, the substitute
 For blood of crystal life, already thrown
 A stage behind, to give us pause to see,
 To know and understand, be well assured :
 And understanding to proclaim aloud,
 By this forbearance we would live not die ;
 Seek peace and good and shun this strife of blood.
 Nor steal to live, nor tithing teach to rob,
 Defending robbery, murder ; murdering be condemned,
 Outcast, with open eyes, destroyed of our own hand,
 This Godless blasphemy of sensual life,
 Material good maintained ! In prison-house of death ;
 Begging and murdering for its sateless lust.
 In heaven and earth, in hell and in the void ;
 By witness of the unsuffering maniac's rage
 Condemned forever ; yea, and in itself
 The very hell we seek to shun with dread.
 A ghostly wanderer in the sight of all,
 The nebulous phantom of the power of ill,
 A spectacle—the body of this death !—
 With none to fear or worship evermore.
 So falls our right, the lordship of an hour ;
 The pomp of Kings, Imperial impotence,
 This blind Idolatry, eternal shame !
 The horror of man's Idol Lamech taught
 To his reproving Son ; and since the flood
 Resisted to the death on land and sea.
 Lord God ! let this prevail according to thy word,
 And buried be all arrogance of power

All lordship of this earth's infernal lord,
Who ruleth by the sword death, hell, the grave,—
The lie of Lucifer now well reprov'd
By his accursed deed, the blazon of his name,
Father of hell ! destroyer and accursed,
Of his own hand the victim evermore.

Our Crystal life in Chaos saw its fall !
As Right in hell found death ; obstruction in the rock,
A living grave ; so now from Babylon
The Prophet hath proclaimed in words that burn
With loathing of the soul, the sacrificer's doom,
To eat his bread defiled with "dung of man,"
His own corruption !—whence proceeds the flesh,
The body of this death, the evidence
Of violence, blank obstruction, wrong, dead force,
Corruption, waste, seduction, rottenness,
All waste, all ruin, falsehood, loss for aye !
In mad perversity and savage thirst of blood,
Sustained against all principle, all knowledge, sense,
A fat and dainty, dull, devouring sot,
Backward inclined and taken in his guilt,
Rejecting Mercy holding to his death,—
A thing impossible, he knows full well,—
Till from the womb the mother hath devoured
Her suckling ! Day by day Death with his dead
Confronteth life until the last poor soul
Stands still, the glare of frenzy in his eye,
A moment in suspense, and with a cry
Then leaps into the grave to save himself
From torture of the void. Yet this is still called life !
And men in wantonness will shut their eyes
And steel their hearts to hold it to this pass ;
And Mars and Moon now wait—wait well prepared—
Not for the victims of these burdened souls,

The weary and oppressed, but for themselves and theirs;
 The kings and lawgivers, the liars, thieves,
 Who lead but to betray infallibly to death,
 The death of their own souls, who soon with open eyes
 Must take the fatal leap and perish from the earth
 In terror of God's light, compelled to prove
 The fruit of their own deeds, with none to help,
 And die of sheer affright, the mighty and the great!—
 Seeking to serve the meek who know them not;
 Go out pursued, of their own mad inventions, hopeless
 of return.

Thus far hath the permissive word been passed,
 And now, the pregnant waters settling on their lees,
 "God said, Let them bring forth abundantly
 The moving creature that hath life," to prove
 This dire catastrophe even to the end;
 "And fowl that they may fly above the earth,
 Even in the open firmament of heaven,"
 And find escape impossible; and thence descend,
 Returning to the grave confess that all must die.
 On the same day they have dared to disobey,
 Profaned with violence or the touch of lust,
 The "tree of life;" and thus approved the evil in their
 souls,

Now called to answer for the deed accursed,
 For all remaineth yet unchanged, God's rest,
 Unbroken to this hour, when all now see and hear,
 And are thus called to witness and to Judge;
 Aye, and go out, condemned of their own souls!
 For thus is his omnipotence approved,
 Himself condemning none who seek to see his face,—
 That baptism of light which trieth all,
 To final judgment of the quick and dead.
 Thus God, by Mercy's life to their desire,

“Created” every creature, living thing,
Boastful, devouring, of Leviathan strength,
“That moveth *in the deep or atmosphere*,
Which the *expectant* waters *now* brought forth
Abundantly, after their kind ; and every winged fowl”
Which seeks escape from the devourer’s rage
To heap its filth upon the rock and die
In sunlight of God’s peace ; on garbage fed,
The refuse of the deep, until it taste
The fruits of passive life and learn the song
Of all the living, who shall thus rejoice
Forever in his sight before his throne,
Even as the bird, without which paradise
Itself were dead, which builds and feeds and sings
Careless of all, save its own birdling brood ;
It feeds upon the evil parasite and worm,
The helpless and dependent brood of death,
And lives to give its life to joy and praise.
These also have their purpose, “after their kind,”
To teach the living, understanding soul
The way of life ; to know whence cometh Truth and
peace and love.
“And God saw it was good,” and blessed them there ;
Yea, every passive suffering soul, as stars,
That wait his coming, holding their own lives
Harmless of Evil, in this fearful day
Of His avenging judgment, life on life,
That all may know his Right and live again
Forever in his presence ; mortal but secure
Of Immortality by the Omnipotence
Of Truth and love God worships in the just,
Serveth and will sustain even with his life
As now before our eyes here in the pit,
Where he sustaineth till our souls awake

Beholding Wrong ! foreshortened on the void,
A madness and a curse, "the maniac of the tombs !"

Therefore, God blessed them all, gave life to every one
The evil with the good, the lame and blind, and said,
"Be fruitful, multiply, and fill with death
The waters in the seas," stayed to corrupt,
Obstructed in their purpose, that your every thought
May be thus clothed upon and all may see
Your purpose one : your living to devour,
With lust to feed your lust, and hold God's life
In slavery and in death ; oppressed, obstructed, dead !
Give it to desolation and the void, the curse
Of hell ; thus living face to face with death
And all the damned of old, forever thus outcast,
For temporizing wrong ; for wrath, the rage of fire !
This whole destroying brood ; the Lucifer of heaven,
That knows nor good nor evil, life nor death,
And lives but to devour,—to feed and fall
Before decay and waste, corruption, rottenness ;
A parasite's life whose reign is death ;
Consumption and the grave, upon whose germs these
live,
Bring down with tooth and nail, even for their life,
In fury and in wrath, to save the little soul
By its own rife invention ; brained, accursed
And given to destruction, desolation, waste,
As a destroyer to the empty home,
Prepared of its own hand for its domain ;
And so permitted as our choice ; given free,
Without a tithe of custom or reward
Of worship. What hath life to do with death ?
The rotten carcass upon which we feed,
In lamb and calf, in fruit and flower and seed,
Ourselves the living prey : we are fed upon,

Of the one body of this living death,
Of our unsuffering Equity, who gives us life,
Which we refuse for death, and hence our choice
To die forever ! Now, her life God saves,
Delivers from our sac and maw, henceforth forevermore.
The purpose of our being, blood, this soul ;
The fire of hell subdued to suffering ;
An hour, a day, a week, a year, a time,
To abuse, corrupt, till all shall see and know
The things we are, the murderers of an hour,
Who feed upon, but cannot tame nor stain.

And therefore are we free to manifest,
Enslave, rule, cheat, not mould nor thwart
His Mercy's life that feedeth all the same,
Nor will succumb to violence nor insult :
To death and hell subdued. " And let the fowl,'
The silly, foolish thing that fluttereth, seeking wings,
To escape your impotence, " be multiplied
Upon the earth ;" expand its vision and more clearly
see

The purpose and the end our forbearance approves
And know how swiftly, sure our crystal life,
Shall be avenged of the accursed heat,
Whose hateful rage and disappointed guilt
Hath given its souls to the devouring fire
That it might live embodied in this dust,
These ashes, froth, and vapor, given it
To melting and inaction, sleep, unrest,
Repose to it as death,—this troubled dream,
From which it wakes again as with the rush
Of Tempest, the fierce " joy of broken chains, the liberty
of light."

But that it doth abuse it to vile ends ;
To bruise for sac and belly, give its blood

Free course, to seethe in its corruption, rot
 Its every germ of death, to quickening life
 And let its maniac harmless sense go free ;
 Released at length—to freedom of the void :
 Revealed the ghost it is, the phantom of a shade,
 With ample range and perfect liberty ;
 Without this nightmare, horror of its blood,
 To image and invent, work out its dream,
 In blissful ignorance ; saved evermore,
 By startling superstition, panic dread,
 From contact with aught life, the living God inspires
 To understanding action, the pure bliss
 Of blessing all with an immortal joy
 The self-sustaining glory of the Christ,
 Pure crystal life, which gives release to light
 Refulgent beauty of transparent truth ;
 Reflected, multiplied, warmed to sweet love,
 The ecstatic pulsing of ethereal bliss,
 Passing through all unchanged ; nay, magnified,
 Intensified, exalting, boundless spread ;
 Changing its body to go out assured
 And ever welcome to its new abode
 Rejoicing to reflect God's life for aye.

Thus doth the silent purpose of the night
 Ever precede, the auroral light of morn
 The revelation of eternal love
 Reflected in the sunlight from the void
 The far effulgence of the Immutable
 Thrown back with crystal affluence on our spheres :
 And numbering our days of active right,
 Self-preservation, energy divine ;
 Against the shadow of corporeal death :
 The lumbering of the stubborn rock which wakes
 To sweet relentings 'neath the warmth and light

That kindles to review, not to devour !
Like the infernal fire which steels their heart.
And thus, successively, hath the fourth day
Of Truth and Justice, Equity and Right,
Passed the completed work of Mercy's hand
To fall in judgment of the fire and flood ;
Spurned of the sot's invention and repelled
Of the blind rage of hate and strife accursed.

Ah : Lucifer ! when these dead balls were spread,
Filling the spheres of heaven with crystal light
And all was day before thee. Son of morn !
Hadst thou but seen the shadows of the night
Which these successive days have o'er us spread
In every phase of ruin, horror, death !
Whose cunning to devour prolongs its shade ;
We had ne'er beheld this grandeur of thy woe ;
Material impotence and mortal force,
Crushing to heal, consuming to uphold !
This fate, confusion, triumph of the dead ;
Chaos and hell, the pit and deep we dread ;
Which calls for light, orders renewing power,
The separation of the quick and dead ;
The molten soul and vapors of the night ;
These fallen within, those heaved beyond our sphere
Of belted zone and satellite sustained ;
While the rock-hearted earth, beleagured of the moon,
The paradise of fools ; which hazing waits
To gather up and light her with her own,
Fulfills again her day till fitful Mars
Stripped of his stolen vestals shall return
To bear away his bride within our sphere
His proper place where the pale moon shall change
His redder glare to a more chastened hue ;
And as our life awakes in fish, beast, man,

Matured again to quick intelligence
 The image of its God in Adam, Noah, Christ !
 To living Truth, high Justice, Judgment of the Just ;
 In equity restoring light to life :
 With peace and blessing, to prepare the way
 Of glad return through judgment to the heavens
 The living presence of the First and Last,
 The Truth of Justice, living light of God.

Thus did the thrice-appointed full fourth day
 Proclaim the kindling of our atmosphere
 The purpose of the Eternal word fulfilled
 In light and breath and living bloom renewed
 In our lost Eden, life and flower and fruit ;
 To wake again the crystal soul once more
 To Immortality ! that livelong day
 Which knows no shadow, night nor dread of change,
 But holding equal life for aye secure :
 Knowing nor eve, nor morn, where all is praise ;
 Youth, age, nor blessing, where the amazing bliss
 Of constant change with loud hosannahs laud
 Increased perfection in the straight, sure path
 Of duty well fulfilled ; of life sustained,
 Stainless and truly balanced to all good.
 Without one thought of change, desire, reward,
 Or pledge of living ; dream of sacrifice,
 Of guilt, or fear, the afrites of the void !
 With sac or belly plowing in the deep,
 Or with a scream ; winged for the outer sphere
 The broad domain of Justice where the Cherubim
 And flaming sword keep constant watch and ward :
 With heaven's swift lightnings to avenge all wrong,
 That now at length our week may be fulfilled,
 The work of every day accomplished well ;
 And closed at length thy sad, relentless round

Of failure, disappointment and remorse,
The fire of hell that burns in heart and soul
Consuming life and Good; converting love to hate;
Shutting out God and happiness for death.
"As when the éve and morn were the fifth day,"
Fifth of the eight; but, failing, counted first
Now in the second stage of the long round, the twelve;
The double week of labor to embrace
Our well-beloved, our Rachel's waiting life;
Yet pillared on far Ephrath desert-bordering Right
Until our coral life at length redeemed,
From the devouring deep, the Sea gives place to sight
When God, arising, shall speak out once more;
And all again is changed; all, all made "new."

The deep now peopled of devouring life
With strength of jaw for lordship; while the weak,
Arming their tribes for war, or in fecundity;
Their crowding millions, fortified their kind:
And herb and tree reclothe the mouldering rock
With brighter green, and yield their peaceful fruits
Without as yet a keeper to subdue
The grosser forms and let the good appear
To wake a kindlier life; God said,
"Let earth, after its kind, bring forth
The living creature, cattle, creeping thing
And beast," the feeder of the gross desire,
The bellied life-devourer, of the pit;
"After his kind;" nor be thou wroth with these.
Behold; their seed shall rise and will avenge
Upon their heads this cruelty and wrong.
"And so it was." God made, thus bade his life
Embody to desire, clothe to their wish;
Arming with tooth and claw, with hoof and horn
The belly and brained purpose. Let me be;

As the consuming beast, after his kind
 The form of his desire ; and cattle, calling out
 To all intelligence, the eye of sense,
 In sunlight of the heavens, the purpose of their life
 To graze the field, a warning to the sad
 Or sottish lust insensible as death,
 In all material forms of earthly mould ;
 The frame alone their care, the hungry sac
 Guiding desire, unknowing life or good
 That filleth not the maw, feedeth the fiery blood
 The hell-born soul which giveth life to death
 That man may see and know its round accursed
 Of sensuality, consuming rage, brute force ;
 The prostitute's cunning, butcher's skill :
 A murderer throughout, a sacrificial lord,
 The Lucifer of heaven, the Satan of the deep ;
 In all his various forms of hopelessness,
 Preying but to live and living but to die :
 Be murdered and devoured of grave and hell :
 A retribution just and clear as light,
 The body of God's life, the sunlight of our day.

Such is the lesson of the greedy brood
 That graze and battle for the better lot,
 According to desire and crowd the field :
 And everything that creepeth, *seeking life*,
 Upon the earth, after its kind : and so it was and is
 By habit—formed in all as he saw good ;
 Thus constituting all by impulse of the soul
 In individual life each for himself
 The witness and the judge of his own cause
 In body and estate ; the leper dies of lust,
 The brute by his own violence is subdued ;
 The cunning die by craft, their skill of hand ;
 Invention, Ingenuity falls dead ;

Before the instinct of the principle
Of Truth and Equity which giveth life
That satisfies desire and gives the power
Of like producing like, both to the good,
And evil, to the wish ! which shadows us.
With body and impression to desire,
We are clothed upon with hand of skill, not force,
The appliances of lust, iniquity ;
Yet violence still prevails and is our boast
And shall go on with mad inventive rage,
Until war murder war, and base hypocrisy
Shall crucify the hypocrite and knave,
Till his own cruelty shall repel the cruel
His lie deceive the liar, the thief lose his soul
And every one that falleth, fall cut down
Of his own implements, by force of which
He fain would live a parasite, a sot ;
Without the purifying sweat of brow,
The tilling of the soil, or healthful skill ;
Which keeps our Eden from the theft of force
In weed and sucker : and instructs the heart
In every lie of wrong that man may see and shun
This maniac self-destruction which devours,
The living with the dead ; by open sacrifice,
Of drumhead-judgment, and the legal fence
Of legislative force, the Idolatry of power
And impotence of lust and helplessness ;
The curse which causeth sweat, which makes and holds
The earth, a desolation like the void,
The pit now yawning to receive their souls
To bottomless descent, the darkness which they love
Who thus enslave and prostitute the soul ;
Deprave and make it vile ; a brutal thing,
And give them ample room and verge enough

Full lines for new invention, reconstructive force
 Or higher law, their fertile brain may frame
 Till every glory of our ancient Rome
 Shall pale before the waste their shadow seeks to fill !
 For the one great panacea ; will of all
 Baal worship of the crowd, who ba and bawl,
 Distracted of their own inventive force,
 And calling chaos from the deep again.
 A perfect universe supplanting heaven ;
 Life, good, death, evil ; all shall be proscribed
 Together in the lapse of old Silenus ; lost,
 Buried from their Godless sight ; forevermore
 Gone to God's sabbatarian rest, unbroken now,
 Leaving the world to man for the pursuit
 Of happiness, of revelry and waste ; to kill,
 Rob, steal, abuse ; set up his gods ! the blocks
 Of his idolatry ; millstones made to grind,
 To legislate, to dictate, rule for him ;
 By desolation, terror, want, sword, death :
 And teach him that submission now refused
 To equity and right, the love of God ;
 By force and fear of hell : all left his kind of Good :
 A law, a wall for their destroying power,
 To lean against and save them from the void :
 Their place when they go hence, and heaven to them is o'er
 The balance of God's light, eternal day.

Foreseeing this, and knowing his condemned
 Can no more stand before the crystal life
 Of Justice in the heavens, the Almighty now restrains
 The fiercer wrath of his just Seraphim
 Who, by their pity of the suffering mass,
 In hell and in the deep, now counsel peace,
 A high forbearance and redeeming love.

Therefore the "Elohim" said, The living witnesses

For God in every sphere, as in the heavens,
Where Truth and Justice, Equity and Right
Eternal reign ; so here embodied now,
In man and woman, prisoners of hope,
Mercy with Judgment, in her subject life,
Control the hour supreme, as God and Lord ;
And hold the woman subject to the man,
Our life to death ; till Right restored again
And Mercy's work complete in Equity,
Justice shall rule for us, and give the rein
To her high Judgment in those seraphim
Whose searching light reflected from the sun
Is yet our all of life ; and we, ours, us,
The fallen in the battle shock of death,
The sufferers in this dark and long arrest
Of judgment in the heavens, must suffer still ;
Aye, suffer ! till our life again approved
Shall be restored, and striking home consume
Till all is purified ; and giving back
To Justice the swift lightning of her sword,
To peace and truth restored seek light and love
In mansions of the blessed, above all wrong,
In the loved healing sphere of Equity and Right,
Eternal in the heavens, our jubilee returned.

'Twas thus, in our impatience, with the prize,
Our fair inviting home, already in our sight,
God in his mercy said, " Let us make man,"
This cunning mechanic, though maimed and blind,
So laboring for his life, " after our image ;"
Let him hear and see the hideousness of death :
Pause for a moment over grave and hell,
And know the end of sottish ignorance,
This mad polluting rage ; and like Ourselves,
May he not Mercy hear ? let pity move his soul,

Let purity, integrity inspire :
 And by obedience purify his life,
 And in obedience live? with justice we forbear,
 And let his kind dominion have o'er all ;
 Over the fish that see but to devour,
 By instinct of this death are blind and dead ;
 Over the fowls that weary to escape !
 The foolish fearful things that fly away
 From impotence of lust, and must return
 From our high atmosphere to feed with these
 On garbage and on death. Over the "cattle"
 Of the belly-god, whose life is but to live ;
 Their living all the labor of their day :
 Gross and insensible, and like the bird,
 The slaves of panic dread ; yea, "over all the earth,"
 The body of this death which clothes their life,
 And every creeping thing that holds its breath
 By the sad momentary sense of dread,
 The sole experience of its little day,
 Which makes the flesh creep, and the shuddering heart
 Recoil upon itself and die ; even as a touch,
 Hath crushed the life of all this pounded mass
 Into a dream of fear, a living death !
 The crystal heart can never, never know :
 With what they are familiar let them deal,
 Be healed and live : we cannot touch their life
 Save to destroy ; and by destroying be abused like these,
 The fallen things we loathe ! once pure and clean
 As our own crystal souls, and ready to reflect
 His light, our life and joy ; which now they seek
 And labor to secure, in darkness and in pain :
 And by the fall of him we followed as our Right
 Thus outcast. Therefore our Mercy's life in tears
 Is melted to this sea, softening our light

To their bruised life, the painful apprehension of their fear ;
That they may see and live, nor perish thus
Forever self-devoured : already in that cloud,
See, our divided life, healed to return,
Descend in pearly dews to touch the heart !
In Mercy let us shield, and save our dead,
Nor add again to misery, desolation, death.

So "God created," raised "the man" from earth,
"In his own *dual* image," to behold
Dead matter as it is ; our boastful lord,
A loathing and a curse, a terror helpless tossed
Naked upon the void ! a broken mass
Of festering sores, remorseless as the grave :
Giving his glad life, gladly sustained
The livelong day, enduring as his love,
In old association, simple ministry,
The evidence of love, of purity, and truth,
By which alone his life is all sustained :
All to sustain and quicken into life,
From the pure throne of light to that far nebulous star
Yet trembling in its ashes ; being purified
Beyond the range of judgment in the sphere
Of living justice in the mortal void.
"In God's own image" from the flames he raised,
Incarnated, embodied with new life
In every change of sphere, till all restored
In equity, the eternal Son shall stand for aye
Before his Father's throne in truth revealed ;
His high humanity approved of all :
Meantime to prove and seal his life in love
As male and female, Mercy's life adored !
They rose before him face to face with death,
She to give seed as of his soul impressed,
Ensamples of the purpose of his life in death,

Whether gone down in truth and right secure,
 Or of desire misled ; impartial held
 To witness of their deeds in judgment here below
 Nor good nor bad save as their lives approve :
 For her there is no judgment ; suffering here,
 Giving her life of love to improve instruct the fallen
 And to return them, so approved, to live
 And life sustain, as willing ministers ;
 Or say, It is a labor ! and so die
 Unworthy of all blessing, sympathy.

God blessed them in his life to see and hear, .
 And understand his purpose ; and so train
 Their life to live before him, in his sight ;
 Who is all eye, all ear, intelligence,
 Seeing and hearing, understanding all :
 To approve or to condemn, and let it die ;
 Fulfill its little hour of judgment and decay,
 God bade them to "be fruitful, multiply,"
 Replenish this fair earth ; all that to arrogance,
 The insolence of force, of right is left ;
 Of the pure paradise of God in heaven,
 Where his eternal Right in Equity,
 "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS," forever tries
 All life in the repose of peace and truth
 To approve it just in action ; balanced high
 In equal truth and love, and forward to lead on
 In the straight path of duty, life and light.
 And the earth thus in righteousness again
 Replenished and subdued ; thus purified
 Of all malaria and miasmatic life
 Of weed and sucker, prostitutes of strength,
 And the highway of Mercy's waters cleansed,
 The channels of the deep in every land
 Straightened, exalted ; that her life may flow

In all the earth ! A purifier sweet and true and good,
Purging all gouts of blood, and healing all,
And thus to have dominion, without sea ;
Over the fish and fowl, all blind and fearful life
In sea and atmosphere, the hearing element ;
Exalted for reproof of higher life,
The lightning stroke that grappleth with this death
And hurls it to the pit, all eye and sense ;
Instead of the dull jaw of blood devouring sac,
Yea, over all : even every living thing
That moveth on the earth ; for Mercy's life
Inspireth, quickeneth, and upholdeth all
The subject life of God ; given to approve
And try the animal ; all sottish power :
If it dare waste, to wasting to condemn ;
But if it use with care, judging abuse
Of lust devouring life, pollution, and the grave ;
Saving its soul, keeping its crystal life
Unstained and pure ; reflecting his pure light
That loathes all blood as rank corruption's war.
And gives its flesh, as froth, a sacrifice
As fat upon its altar ; symbol of its heart
In heaven and earth, in sun and star that wait
To see the end of planetary pomp
In the crazed moon that here would be the head
And leader of the soul of Mercy's life,
With dreams of high invention and of change
In the unchangeable, the Truth of God :
Immortal and Omnipotent unknowing change,
Unsoiled of death, unterrified of hell :
This little fretting sore, we call our life.
And God the giver of all good now spoke
To hearing, seeing, understanding flesh,
Whose cenotaph's the tomb, the dry, consuming grave,

And said, "Behold, as in the paradise from which of
Right

Consuming, ye are fallen to be consumed
When weary of this violence, which sustains
The body of this death, ye would rest and live,
Be raised again from hell, confusion, shame;
To see and understand, the principles of life,
And live or die as seemeth good to all;
For death shall yet destroy, the grave consume,
And the void wait for all, till all approve,
And seek the separation of their life,
To evil or the good; the war of death—
Lasting destruction or enduring peace,
The light and truth of love. Therefore, we bid, behold:
Behold we have given you for your sustenance,
And your instruction in the way of life,
The herb that beareth seed, as ye now do,
Even for the grave, the face of all the earth,
Which lives upon the tomb; feeds, clothes this death of
shame.

And every tree, in which there is a fruit
Yielding the seed of tree; an overshadower,
To you it shall be for your meat; the nourishment
Of peace by which ye live: for war is death.
To every beast that moveth on the earth,
To every fowl of air and creeping thing
That living would maintain its life and know
Fruition of desire. We give the choice
Of the green herb for meat, with power to mould
The vital organs which identify
The purpose of its being; whether peaceful, pure,
Or given to violence and destructive rage,
That ye may know and exercise on these
The judgment of the dead, and learn to live,

Or, self-condemned, die when the just appear
To claim our care and give the pledged release
From dull material want of beast and creeping thing,
And brute, that from the grove, the covering of lust,
Accepting sacrifice, shall lift the head
To rend and to devour a part and die,
Accursed of all the living ; as from strife of war,
The arch-destroyer giving death for life,
Hath plunged in fire of guilt our saving sphere,
Refusing to be taught to live or die ;
Accept Our peace, the joy, the bliss of Love,
Or rage forever in the bonds of death.

Thus is the choice of all forever free
According to desire in man and beast,
Until the frame condemn the living soul
To its own death : so are they born to die.
But male and female, our "Elohim" stand
The witnesses of God : beholders of his life
In understanding and the power to be
His very image ; just, and good, and true :
In Equity and Right, the incarnate principles
Of His integrity in flesh and blood,
The body of this death ; the ensanguine soul
Hath given him to prove, and learn henceforth to spare :
That purified from evil in this outer sphere
Of Justice and of Judgment where the light
Of the empyrean throne reflected from its heights,
Doth kindle in our firmament this war of death,
Where cold mortality eternal reigns ;
And in his dead domain would bind for aye,
The body soul and spirit at our life,
But for the kindling light of which we breathe,
That wakes the dead to life, and gives the sense
Of hearing, sight, and touch, to feel and see and know,

Doth quench the pit and kindle in our souls
 The baptism of fire that builds the pit ;
 Of water in the flood of suffering Mercy's life ;
 Of blood, the burning soul of man on earth.
 Spilt unavenged of Priesthoods ! and to hear,
 The infernal sound of strife, the boastful lie,
 That justifies their deed, till now on high appears
 The baptism of Truth whose living fires
 The spirit and the life, and light of heaven.
 The woman hath prevailed, the man is born,
 His son redeemed to husbandry is given,
 Confessing the insensate wrong of death :
 The degradation of God's life in all ;
 Save the beloved one, our living Good !
 The suffering Saviour of our mortal life
 To immortality ! the love of God.

And God saw everything that he had made,
 The obedience and the teaching of his life,
 In living rock, in water, atmosphere ;
 In beast and creeping thing and soul of man
 As yet not brutalized by sight of war and blood,
 The blood of his own kind ; a war against his soul !
 To spill it as the life of Mercy's spilt,
 To quench the insatiate thirst of pit and grave !
 Unquenchable, the vapor of the void !
 And lo, 'twas good : Her promise well fulfilled
 The dead restored ; the maniac soul released.
 And eve and morn were the sixth day of death.
 Our murdered Right, with Justice in the void ;
 Of Equity on earth, of Truth revealed
 In Mercy's waters ; Judgment in the blood ;
 Embodying in our sight a week of proof ;
 Now all again fulfilled in every form ;
 The evil and the good ; in strife and peace.

And once again, as in the armed pause
Of Israel's strife, the question is brought home
Of peace in Jehu? The unrighteous judge,
And forward executioner of force; blind force!
The simple, damning, willful, law of death!
Not judgment but brute instinct of the lump
Of bestial being warring with God's life;
To subject it to lust; controlling sense
Through impotence of choice, to issues blind and dead,
A fitting executioner to whose doom,
Thou dread Jehovah! we now say, Amen.
Yea let the curse of his own deed pursue
And overtake; and break and pound to dust,
And take his captives captive every one.
What is this "God of Battles;" let him speak?
And cut and gash his worshipers no more;
To madden our humanity and make it pass
In panic dread forever through his fire,
Our God, let there be Truth and peace once more on
earth;
A breathing time for judgment and for good.

CHAPTER V.

EMBODIMENT OF INVENTION, RECONSTRUCTION, DESTRUCTION, AS
A LIVING SOUL FOR JUDGMENT IN THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

Thus far the resurrection now complete,
Clothed in the armor of their own desire,
In Equity they stand before high heaven
Absolved in Justice from the higher tests
Of God's pure crystal life: The rush of death,
Corruption and the grave our saving help
From the excess of lust, debasement, wrong ;
Iniquity, oppression of our kind :
Conquering the bitterness of ashes, dust ;
The inured and crumbling rock from which we rise.
As from the deep, through Mercy's healing life,
And touch of light inspired to see and know,
This life is death and holds us to the rack
Broken, obscured, confounded, and misled,
In blind obedience of an errant Right ;
To wall and hedge, try rule, enslave God's life
Given as our guide to purge us from this guilt:
By saving help, self-sustenance, all good.
And keeping watch, secure from bonds of hate ;
In zone or circling sphere of leaden death,
The warring vapors of his thoughts congealed
Already on the void : a buried soul, all lost.
To ward our life ; yea, evil as it is !
With God's swift lightning armed, avenging might
All to repel ; and hurl the unwary foe
Dead, black, inertia of metallic guilt

And leaden vapors that obstruct the day ;
Absorb her vital heat, back to the pit :
His refuge for a time from searching light
Our succor and example, view of heaven,
God's living Truth embodied in the spheres ;
Hope, inspiration of a higher good ;
Than pleasure prey : spasmodic energy,
Sating with violence the soul of death :
The irate blood ! that flusheth at a touch,
Or question of its life ; yet is all want !
All impotence dependence ; a devouring fire.

Is it for this men live ? to feed and die ;
Be fed upon in turn ; or understandingly
To strengthen, purify, and crystallize
The dull, insensate, heart ; so full of strife,
So asinine in stubbornness of guilt,
Insanity of head ; impulsive as the blood,
Burning in loathed desire, polluted and obscene ;
And holding them to death, strife, sacrifice to live !
The cruelty of dependence, impotence of want !
Their leprous bodies but a moving grave ;
Mouthed raging to devour ; insensible of death !
By which they live and are embodied thus
Of strange abstractions ; stolen, incongruous, dead :
Nor loathing such a life ; but seeking happiness :
By its blind instincts ; puppy sense of need !
The craving of desire that feeds to rest
And rests to wake and feed again, and die
Of weariness and want ; the strife of guilt ;
This longing after death ; the worm that never dies
A murderer, dependent, helpless, guilty, dead :
Its life a living grave ! the fire of hell ;
Consuming and unsatisfied we waste :
Devouring and in fear of death for aye ;

That shadow on the void which none can touch,
 For terror of his stroke a swift release from all ;
 A casting out to want and nothingness
 The feeding of invention proud desire :
 Insensate hate ! that knows not life nor death ;
 But rests between ; trembling before God's light ;
 The equilibrium of good ; full measure of desire that chokes
 its life.

Dissolves and satisfies and is its death :
 Leaves nothing more to be desired of life.
 Heals touch of dissolution, rust, and scald
 Of quick and sure decay ; the sleep of death ;
 That rests not in its own, but others' life.
 A ghostly liberation that pursues
 The shadow for the substance ; like the moon
 Whose parasol their refuge is on high :
 Given o'er to change that is but seeming all ;
 The shadow of her guilt who seeketh change ;
 At war within herself unknowing good :
 The mockery of this evil evermore,
 Thrown out upon the void in sight of all :
 In trouble discontent ; a moving grave ;
 The sport of change, a borrower for aye.

So men fulfill their week ; the sorry day
 Of open-eyed aggression ; guilt's embrace :
 That maketh laws, but knows no principle ;
 No chief, no satisfying good in aught
 And least of all in self ; poor blind idolater,
 The block of his own worship : sense of ill !
 The chilly void : mortality of need.
 The day of revealed Judgment ; rest that he may know
 The curse is craving of desire ; and seek instead.
 The understanding action of God's life :
 Which satisfied of good, in ways and means,

Is not the slave of any; will not stoop
Like water to be dammed and rot, in worthlessness;
By offering of salvation, urging help,
Where want's unknown and need is never felt;
In presence of God's light: Nor ranker blood
That sweats and toils and murders all, to save!
And smokes a putrid thing before high heaven,
Itself unsatisfied, in want of all;
Not knowing life nor light: yet urging still
Salvation, God's salvation! what it wanteth most;
Dependent upon others, upon all:
On anything but self, until the tyranny
Is hateful imposition want of all!
And that which would be saved itself a curse!
Mere want and helplessness that needs must die:
The curse of all! who know not duty and yet dare feign
love.

And make themselves the murderers they are—
And first, of their own souls; by offering
Salvation which they neither have nor know;
By murdering of their kind to save their souls.

'Tis true! the animal is all condemned
Body and soul—dead and destroyed of death;
Though saved from hell: yet, given to the grave:
A Hell within itself, to be dissolved thus
By simple rest—which it can never know—
Nor once desire; because it is its death
As terrible as the dissolving light of heaven.
Therefore the priestly, ever-restless cry,
Jehu! move on—Shew-bread! make riches good!
Though blood is still its life its only help!
And its desire alone the evil thing:
The serpent and deceiver of all life.
Yet do they feed desire and spill the blood

That gives them eyes to see and ears to hear
The measure of the evil they endure :
That they may know and shun it evermore.

Earth is our body ; water her sweet soul !
Our Mercy's life, so clear, so pure and good ;
Polluted, not debased—so incorruptible,
Fearing no evil, shadow of no guilt,
Following her duty, devious or direct,
Or on the earth, or from her clouds released,
Speeding and searching for the living good,
With healing and with joy and singing as she goes,
Or to the pit or to the salted deep,
Undoubting of his help-preserving care ;
Whose touch is lightning and whose hand is light ;
The living body of Eternal Truth ;
Woman her daughter and her trust the same ;
Man's helpmeet, leader, giving life for death,
For evil good, God's blessing for abuse.
Thus mercy riseth from the deep to give
To every touch of life its proper form,
That it may live or die,—be self-condemned ;
As now the animal, life-giving blood,
Is being tried in man and beast on earth
Dragon, fish, reptile, every moving thing.

The fire extinguished, débris swept away,
The broken rock ridged into continents
Is brought together from East, South, and North,
The stable Himalaya, Asia named,
Secure in its long rest, unmoved of strife.
And North and westward Europe, whose far bounds
Toward the North felt the expiring breath
Of the lost soul of Chaos, buried Mars,
Whom the earth's Vestals kindled of his heat,
Bore with them out beyond her orbit, now

In smoke and ashes wrapped and charred refuse ;
A coal quenched of the void, yet kept alive,
And in confusion hurried from his sphere
To be prepared and wait for his own bride,
Who, clinging to her dower and mother's cheer,
Floats, careless of the inebriate's wretched state,
In nakedness exposed in sight of all ;
In heaven and on the void his broad domain,
Which his loved desolation holds supreme,
With verge enough and ample room for Rome
And her proud blood-stained moving worshipers,
The infallibles of earth, priests of the sword and state.
To these from the far South was Afric joined,
Her Atlas in the strength of Right secure,
Established against Lebanon in Righteousness,
And drawing from the mountains of the moon
Old Misraim's floods to quench the leprous heat
Of the cold North, forward in lordly strife,
Dull, sottish, proud, insensible of wrong :
A rover of the deep which to the west still sends
Her waste of waters, guarding the backward east,
Renewing her rejected continents and isles
For the aggressive sway of the Imperial power
Of vagrant desolation, that of empire boasts,
And heaps its ruins between east and west,
A pirate buccaneer and restless brood,
Who affect the purple and delight in blood,
But leave no name nor lineage in their waste,—
A seed accursed, abominable, vile,
And cruel as vile, whose cups are skulls and flame ;
Their race is short, their day already done ;
They rest upon the eaves on either hand
Sons of the void ! and to her wastes return,
With Mars and Moon, whose intersols they form

In oceanic mists of moving thought
Between the life of heaven and soul of earth,
The brained invention of the skulls they love.

Thus fashioned and prepared for Equity, the Earth
The hearing bodies of our passive dead,
Maimed, broken, and the prey of fire and sword,
And belly now for hell and raving lust,
With Lebanon yet entire and Atlas in her strength,
And further Ararat to guard the east,
The seat of Justice, whence the Elamite
Gave afterwards to Aram and the west
Arabic numbers and the Babel sway
Of symbol, letter, genealogy ;
Aramic pride and Syrian lust of power
To abstract the living soul from mortal forms
And train men to depend on Right and Good,—
The Lord and God of Equity's domain !
In Earth and in her Eden's heavenly sphere,
Which soon shall give the husband and the wife
As symbol of the Godhead and its power
To erring, mad invention for his guide ;
And Adam, no more Lucifer to lead,
In error and in shames involving round :
The whirlpool of destruction "maelstrom's" diving
force

Thus strews with wreck the bosom of the deep,
And makes the suction of chaotic hate
The mouth-piece of the void, the burial-ground
Of men and gods, the starry hosts of night,
Forever and a day—this hour of mortal strife.

Now in the shadow of the living rock
Our waiting bodies not asleep, nor dead,
But buried, yet alive, bruised, tried of fire,
That may be broken, permeated, subdued,

Of Mercy's touch, of blessing and of love ;
But will not yield to grim Satanic force,
The wasting of corruption, stench of blood,
In hell nor in the belly of its power,
That swallows all to live, and vomits forth
And eats again its refuse, dirt, and waste,
Yet boasts of pride and lineage, David, Solomon,
The Son of God,—we name no devil's brood,
Aggressive and accursed ! And of those named
What can the worshipers of such as these
Know, estimate, admire, in David's forbearance,
Integrity—in Solomon, the wise, who weighed,
Not wished, for power, to know its just results,
But his own balance lost and sacrificed,
The love of David, purity of heart,
To the black lust of hell and died condemned ?
What know they of the Christ, the living Son,
“The Lord our Righteousness,” God's crystal life,
Alive, approved to-day in heaven, on earth,
In every heart that knows the integrity
Of David's love, of Solomon's desire,
Of Eber's burning wrath, of Elam taught,
In clear Arabic numbers to count o'er
The principles of life ; and Mercy, Equity ;
Of Aram banished and the Son of Cush
Hunted, proscribed from earth ; for Justice stood
As God most high on Ararat enthroned ;
Like Mercy upon Lebanon, till Damascus rose ;
The Righteousness of Atlas then as now
Unknown upon the earth since Noah's fall ;
This woman's seed, they spurn and crucify !
Her soul abused, polluted of the sots :
Who boast them of their conquests, war and hate,
Unknowing principle or power of life :

And going down, like Nations which they rule,
Outcast forever ; with the beast their sire.

Therefore in lights and shadows of the rock
The symbols of those things that cannot die
Are thus prepared on earth ; and held before
The eye and heart of man's rebellious blood,
To wake him to a sense of life and love ;
The beauty and the glory of the heavens :
Their fabled Eden, Araby the blessed !
And Atlas now at last restored for aye,
To his true place and lineage ; bearer of the earth !
Not on broad shoulders of this mortal mould
By sacrifice of blood or strife of guilt :
Or wasting labor of unequal strength,
But as our Crystal life inspires the heart
In true decisive numbers telling o'er
The principles she loves, the Houri of the heavens !
That wait upon all duty well fulfilled—
To strengthen, purify, improve the heart—
Not waste by wanton dalliance every power :
And woe to him who is not here prepared
To meet their chaste embrace in bowers of bliss !
When passed the baptism of Seraphic fire
Our Justice hath prepared in that clear sun !
Reflection of the Immortal Truth of Heaven,
We move again in Equity and Love ;
With Lord and God ; our Righteousness and Life.
What can the sword or lust of power do there ;
The purple and the sacrifice of blood :
Our mooning priesthoods build upon for life?—
What know they of Mahomed or his sway
Yet ruling in our central hemisphere?—
Keeper of Ararat, Lebanon, Atlas lost :
Salem, Sinai, Jordan's buried tide.—

Yea ; Bethel, Bethlehem and Hebron's strength ;
Once given to Abram and Sarai's seed,
Called Abraham and Sarah, wedded, buried there !
Above Kings, Queens and lordship, throned high ;
In Israel their seed ; with Rachel buried too,
Bowed down before the Mammon of their love
In sight of their fair Ephrath—not for aye—
But for a little hour to try the dead,
And damn their lordship to eternal fire !
In fear of God's pure light forevermore :
With nations perished ; perishing from earth.
Earth ; they refuse to cultivate, but feed
With blood of souls, who Righteous wait on God
And seek in sweat of their own brows to live
Redeeming life fallen with them from the heavens
And resting on the rock of ages slain
For their deliverance ; God's crystal life abased
To cruel inaction ; suffering, breaking, blood :
The stench and mildew of malarial damp
Miasmatic forms returning to torment
Devour the organs of returning sense
That will not help to soothe their buried life
But waste the bounties of its great reward.—
Even life from death to all who hear and know—
Who see, and sacrifice a sweet return :
Of life for life in labor of their hands,
Throughout this day of Judgment thus revealed ;
Of rest, that we may know and understand
God's life is not to be enslaved of aught
On earth that's found or breathes, to inspire a soul
Of gold nor silver, nor of flesh nor blood
Of fire nor smoke of hell ; itself now quenched,
Nor vapors of the deep that rise to save
In sight of His pure light nor let man's blood

Be spilt to smoke and putrefy the heavens
 With foul decay, mephitic vapors of metallic death
 Hurl'd by avenging lightnings from the clouds,
 Subdued to warn and prompt, the weary heart
 With knowledge of release and succor near ;
 The day of sufferance and confusion past.
 The weary day, too, of the impatient word,
 Of cherubim and seraphim, our crystal life
 In sun and star that burn to be released
 And purge the heavens of this long-festering sore ;
 Lay down the golden ways of Equity,
 And bid her silvery life once more be free ;
 And rest secure within the gates of pearl
 And jeweled walls of her own separate sphere
 Eternal in the heavens : while the high seraphim ;
 Now crowded in the sunlight of the love
 Of God's all-searching Truth ; unchangeable in all,
 Shall be released, each to his separate charge ;
 And fill the sphere of Justice with their light :
 Restraining cold mortality once more
 Within his pulseless and obscure domain
 To prey upon his dead and be himself their grave ;
 Embalming and preserving his numb life,
 In Comet and in Nebula venturing near ;
 In the long stillness of the busy day,
 Stretching between our jubilees ; when all,
 Irradiated dress again their ranks anew,
 And the illuminated heavens burst forth
 In one long allelulia as they pass
 Before the eternal throne ; and marshaled all,
 Each hath his separate award and praise ;
 And change of service as his life aspires
 Or seeks repose in judgment : Refreshing
 In the healing sphere, of Equity and Right

The Righteousness of heaven that saves, revives ;
Or cooling and renewing of the heart
Within the wide domain the lawless range
Of higher Justice and a separate state
Which giveth room to all and fills the void
With horror and distraction, loss, all loss :
Or, patient waiting and the sure return
Of the expected change : when, all who will are free
And called to join the ranks of his high ministry
Whose office was, and is ; again shall be
In leading to be blessed and blessing lead
All life to Immortality : the joy
The service of his throne who rules Omnipotent !
Forestalls invention with his living Truth ;
Gives reason to the drivellers of the void with fear
And doubt to her far depths returns—our Satan damned—
To dwell upon his doom, rejoiced to doubt.
Thus leading and thus blessing one and all
With knowledge and with power of light, life, Love ;
Omniscient and supreme ; in this our noblest task
To satisfy our souls, beyond reproach
Or power of hesitation, trembling, doubt :—
That all is understood, willed well and high
For good, truth, right, as absolute to all
As to the Highest : God himself ; our God !
Life-Giver ; all-Sustainer ; serving all !
And knowing service, loves it for itself ;
Leading wherever wish or power may go
To seek increase, release of aught that's good :
The bold undoubting, yet unsatisfied ;
The meek rejoicing in their day fulfilled.
But never at the sacrifice of aught,
Or the obstruction of a way of life ;
That lives not by aggression, parasitic force ;

Restraining strength to feed its impotence,
With promise of a lie ; a life not self-sustained in heaven
above ;

Or in the depths beneath ; where fire, war, death
Have their abode ; without the power to save,
Or live or die, save as a vapor breath ;
Of folly or of fear ; the wish to live or die ;
Without a purpose which is true and good,
Will bear the scrutiny of earth and hell,
The light and truth of heaven : the eye of God.
What are the oaths and laws of men, when thus
Confronted with eternal truth and right ?
The things we thus condemn, the folly and the fear,
The wish to live,—with power and purpose gone.
Or such as cannot self-sustained hold fast
The integrity of truth, the love of God ;
The ecstasy of light ! but lives to die ;
A living death,—the terror of the void :
For whom the burial that it hath is all.

Thus in the void all healing find and peace,
Like Hebrews in the wilderness of Sin ;
Whose curse is desolation everywhere ;
The wasting of the wish of Lucifer to live
Feed his infernal fire in heaven or hell,
In chaos or the void, or pit of earth ;
By planetary law or waste of aught ;
Even vapors, useful to sustain God's life.
And like the leaders in the wilderness,
His life atones for his misleading lie ;
And he alone is sufferer : death and hell
Yield up their dead ; all else again shall live :
The mad misleader as is just shall die,
Though million worlds sustain iniquity ;
It cannot live : and wrong is dead, its doer damned for aye.

But they who self-sustained seek to approve
God's life, against all odds of errant might,
In comet, nebula, or fallen star,
Their knowledge may convince of error, death :
With equal care in the unwearied quest,
Given of God's life to every problem, thought ;
Till all is now resolved in heaven's pure light,
Embodied truth hath searched to fix for aye
Her own high test of life and living good :
And tried the universe, as the misled have tried
This little ball, to find its purpose, end,
For good or evil proved ; and like those now,
In the repelling or consent of all
Find peace, assurance, perfect happiness,
Content to wait nor touch the life of aught ;
Aye, wait forever on the Lord our God :
JEHOVAH ! the life-giving judge of all,
Helping where they approve, nor fearing to condemn,
Where evil is, the wrong that gives it birth :
In the full sunlight of this central truth,
Which makes alike, even to the eye and touch,
The active light and passive rock its throne ;
As duty calls and heaven or earth's our sphere ;
Where Equity in Mercy, Judgment reigns ;
Or Truth in Justice infinite abounds,
Unknowing time and space, but everywhere
In every change of time, all space the same,
Unchangeable, fast fixed, eternal good.

For all must thus be satisfied ; nor seek the throne
Till well assured of welcome for their life,
And helpfulness and good even in the heavens,
In the repose of all ; reflection of his light,
Whose life is harmony, perpetual joy ;
Glad Allelulia ! praise of truth and peace :

Whose constancy subdues the panic dread
Of ignorance and guilt ; begets again
A calm reliance or a frank embrace,
And interchange of life in the integrity
Of Equity and Truth and perfect Love,
The good of all upon this troubled earth :
This hearing, seeing, aching, trembling heart,
Tossed, rent ; involved in fire, confusion, strife ;
In perfect knowledge, perfect peace confirmed.

So in arrest of judgment now man stands
Between the heavens and mortal void condemned
Of falsehood and presumption : their results
Blazoned before us in the sepulchres
Of the full circling sphere of Equity,—
Impassive matter being trained to life,—
Locked in the embrace of death to save its souls
From the destroying fire of wrong and hate,
And thrown upon the void until its erring rage,
Appeased, shall work conviction, and release
And loose their mortal bands, and bid return,
By sense of Justice, to the light of Truth,
The peace of Equity, the love of Right,
That worketh Righteousness, undoing wrong ;
Restoring peace with life and liberty ;
To unsphere and fill their orbit, as of old,
In the clear light and crystal hope of heaven,
With living good ; the soothing, healing power
Of Equity and Truth, eternal Right,
Active beneficence : God's life released
From the wild whirl of mad obstruction rage ;
Which yet is felt in sun and star, and binds
Our solar system in its fearful round
Of expurgation, conflict, suffering, death ;
In every phase of terror and of force ;

Of cruelty, violence, dread, in fury tossed ;
Met with resistless fury ; rage with rage,
More terrible repelled ; till the destroyer and his paramour,
Red hate and evil, in our Mars and moon,
Unchurched and churned are cast upon the void :
Their bans forbidden for a time and times,
Until the beast and boastful lie revealed ;
The eyes of all are opened, and earth's suffering life
Shall plainly see the issue, and our God
Is justified in Justice, Equity,
The judgment of his Truth and Love for aye ;
Before those waiting hosts thus taught to know ;
In the embrace of death, the war of hell,
Waste of corruption on the mortal void,
The bottomless abyss, the grave of worlds,
Of boastful systems of constructive right,
What good and evil is, what life and death ;
And his high purpose fully thus approved,
Sustained of all the living and the dead,
The selfishness of wrong, maniac inventive power ;
In their self-condemnation made so plain,—
The leprosy of guilt brought home so clear,
“ That he may read who runs,” and find again,
His proper refuge in his father's house ;
Whose spirit gives him life and leads him still,
Thus to defy devouring fire, the pit ;
Till thus condemned or all of truth approved ;
The sun shall lift him up to heaven's glad light
Or the moon lead his way to Shinar's plain—
The void of space ; beyond the reach of day :
Aye ; further than her first collapse had scared
The vapory Herschel in that hour of dread
When wild Injustice sought to shield her life ;
Before Iniquity in Saturn rose ;

To mock the heavens with zone and satellite,
 As if the earth once more in her renewed
 Would fix the burning heart of Mercy's life
 Or be avenged in blood of his own wrong :
 Or thundering Jupiter took up the lie
 And would sustain the old cosmogony ;
 With vile hypocrisy and the cruel hate,
 Of Mars and moon whose rust and bitterness ;
 Sought to profane earth's vestal life in death ;
 Lay bare the bleeding rock, dissolve our heaven ;
 And leave us naked shivering on the void,
 Unsepulchred, without a cerement to shield
 Our life from death, our bodies from the waste ;
 Of heat and cold ; unfeathered fledglings raw,
 In the remorseless maw of dull mortality,
 That shivers at the thought of life in death :
 And learns to fear the soulless sense of wrong ;
 Of being thus attenuated framed to show,
 The shadow of existence, vapory, dead :
 Looming in state ; a ghostly brotherhood !
 That wait the craft of earth to bear them hence,
 And satisfy—a hungry craving for a touch of life ;
 In or beyond the grave's refreshing shade ;
 A drop of water—water !—it reflects
 God's light so pitiless to empty things ;
 And makes him curse his dream and vex his soul
 Whose maniac life flies raving from the sight ;
 And rabid now no more but driveling, mad :
 Incoherent, insensible, impotent, crazed ;
 But yet redeemed from vileness of the pit,
 The foul and loathsome maw of hungry death,
 The blood-gouts of destroying rage, the wreck
 And carnage of the deep ; the tumult of confusion,
 Babel of strife and hate—the fire of hell :

The impudence, the falsehood, empty boast
Thus blazoned on the void in sight of heaven,
Which its indignant and impatient hosts,
A moment loosed would sweep at once beyond
The shadow or reflection of God's life !
Annihilate as vanisheth the spot,
Of leprosy accursed from human flesh,
By overspreading all with pale, cold death.
A lifeless pall of vapor, incondensable,
And hungry as the void, in the gray dawn
When earth's encroaching shadows fly before God's sun,
Sacless, unbelieved, mawless evermore.

From eve of the fifth day, insatiate in the deep ;
As first in chaos raged this errant life,
Madly misled, perverted, turned to blood,
The ensanguine hue of feverish desire :
And frenzied disappointment ; violence, war ;
Impotent dependence, sense of guilt :
Assailing every moving thing that stirred
And seeking to destroy all power of life
That dared resist the frantic fear of death ;
And panic dread, of wasting and destruction thus imposed ;
All balance, sense of duty, power of love ;
Forever cast away, in chaos lost—
The hungry maw of death, fearing to die,
Self-preservation and devouring want ;
The good and evil ; fierce antagonists
Supreme and desperate ; see it rise again,
From the impassive deep ; that gave but life,
A body, sight, to this blind rage of death :
That feeling in itself, restored to sense ;
It might die self-condemned, as self-devoured :
Preying on its own body and a prey,
Till from itself it fled ; armed, winged of dread

And spread corruption in the far terrene
Of earth and atmosphere ; the firmament,
Formed of heaven's life, in its destroying rage
Hurled down into the pit ; and rising now
To give it hearing, sight ; objective purpose
And a just result ; and feel and know,
Even in the light, it had despised, feared, fought,
Sought to obscure, destroy, devour, make void,
Its life impossible—eternal death.

So from the deep, too, it hath died away ;
Sobered, confounded, as from chaos fell
Its heated, kindled, darkening, warning force ;
Metallic substance, groundwork of the heavens,
Fused and confused, with the clear crystal soul,
The body of God's life it had sustained,
Held separate from the void, which now again,
In their confusion, heat, hath swallowed all
And held them mingled till heat cools to hate,
Self-preservation, to deliberate war ;
A momentary doubt, to terror, guilt,
Shame and remorse ; avenging and resentful strife of
blood.

Now in the morning of the first sixth day
The week of weakness and exhausting rage
Which gave the night its stars ; the hell of earth,
Its planetary system ; separated,
The gold and silver from the crystal fount
The body of the heavens, in vapor lost,
Dissolved, corrupted of insensate strife ;
Resolved again in those far outer spheres
And pausing in its mad career, in fear,
Exhaustion, helplessness, passivity ;
The dark extremes of guilt-consuming dread :
Embodied in the deep and incremated rock,

The soul and body separated in death
And each according to its purpose held
Life-giving, life-receiving, life-sustaining power :
The life itself invisible ; its ordering touch
Unknown—yet seen in the instructive force
Organization, of this bellied life ;
Its diaphragm the symbol of the heavens ;
Their vital form, sustaining purpose separated
By the endurance of metallic strength :
From the all-grasping deep, the bottomless abyss.
Not by fierce war, but passive force repelled ;
The skill of Life—the rule of Lord and God :
Matter and spirit who thus make the void,
The grand laboratory, the productive field
Of motion, force ; creative energy
Adaptive power, mechanic skill, all might ;
All glory, beauty ; Love, and Joy, and Praise.
Of the Immutable, all-conquering power,
Of Truth and Right ; the omniscience and omnipotence
Of the All-Father—God of heaven and earth :
Enthroned in Life and Light and pillared thus on high !
The soul and principle inspiring all
According to their sphere and purposed end :
Enlightening or sustaining all for good :
Reunion of the soul and body, separated
Of fire of hell, by living light of heaven.
Healing of rest ; the vital energy
Of Living waters ; Mercy's soul redeemed
To crystal life : which laving, cooling all ;
Causeth to grow, by kindly sympathy ;
The equal warmth of love ; not heat and violence
Of mad mechanic force, constructive waste,
Of death and hell ; Iniquity and wrong.

Therefore the wisdom of the serpent brood,

Above all others on the earth that move;
 Among the vile the vilest hypocrites;
 Most sensible, most deadly in their aim!
 Concentrating all life upon themselves,
 The first Idolaters that move and breathe!
 Making alone their own existence sure,
 By terror of destruction's fatal power;
 And as the heavens no arm put forth for strife,
 No limb for motion, wing or oar for force;
 Nor hand for help; dependent all in all:
 Inspired of living good, that needs no hand,
 But moves by the expansive vital power of Love:
 So in the body of their cool desire,
 Cunning and hate, they move unto this day
 As living things among the things of earth;
 The first, last impulse of rebellious force,
 Self-adulation and o'erweening pride:
 Embodied as it rose to mimic life,
 By cruel Idolatry and blind conceit!
 Self-worship, of Hypocrisy and guilt:
 Affecting to be harmless, gentle, good;
 Yet holding to the poisoned sting of death!
 To save its own volition consciousness
 Of bellied joy; a carcass that yet dies:
 Revealing clear, the secret of all guilt;
 So cunning, yet transparent as the day:
 Loathsome and horrible as dreaded night;
 Hell, pit and grave, it bears within itself,
 The venom of its vengeful impotence, cruel spite
 Of disappointed violence, living death;
 The heartless, soulless thing, a rebel worm!
 Type of embodied war in all its forms:
 From chaos, Mars and moon; to demigods of earth,—
 Emperors, Kings, priesthoods; all lawgiving powers

That seek to live by energy divine
They know not to inspire : but would destroy
And make all equal in the realm of shades,
Cheerless domain of old mortality ;
Of everlasting want : eternal night.
The oath their sting ! the law, the poisoned fang,
Of never-dying death ; their wars and lust sustain !

Behold their influence ! mark the panic dread
Which first inspired of groaning matter's throes,
Broken upon the wheel ; 'mid bursting flame ;
Laying the Herbage of its Forests waste.
And now sustained by fear of monstrous bulk,
Appliances of rude aggressive force,
With which all life doth arm itself, to fly,
Or to resist its brutal rage and death.
The slavery it entails, oppression, sacrifice
That winged the bird and hoofed the fawn, horse, ass ;
Their clenching fists defying sufferance
To escape the assaults, restraints of gloomy strife ;
Now fencing all who trod the green terrene
Escaping from the deep with horned and dental front.
Determined retribution on the weak
For the resistance of the pure and good,
Their insolence can neither touch nor move,
Peace-loving, dutiful ; who fed their life
And cropped the ranker growth that hedged the rock
Restraining all its grossness and disease.
Till Mercy's daughter Sympathy inspires.
For failing of the fallen power of life,
By the conception of renewing help
For the long day of dull dependence weariness of eld
The loss of action, energy ; sustaining force,
And quickening life committed to their care
Renewing youth in sons and daughters born,

Conceived, inspired, of interchange of life ;
 But held to labor and untrained to thought,
 Preserving good, the sustenance of all
 Subduing of the earth, restraint of rank desire
 That feeds consumption and disease, the grave.
 Healthful communion of more helpful souls,
 Which spring from the embrace of mutual love.
 The ingrate blood subdued and freshness pliant growth
 Given to the hard-wrung muscles of the frame :
 And peace and truth from kindred hopes and fears
 The same pursuits and equal wants of all :
 Now rising up, surveying heaven and earth,
 And stepping forth into the higher atmosphere
 Of healing light the quickener of the dead.
 Soothing, inspiring, passive life to feel
 Its active sympathy, restoring force,
 And yield its strength and fruits as in the heavens
 To saving good, the willing sacrifice,
 Of health and strength to equal joy in all ;
 The influence of heavenly love restored.
 But to the lordly arrogance of bulk,
 Possession of material good and power
 Brute force as yet, such things are sacrificed,
 And prostituted to a sottish lust
 Which held its female herd to feed desire
 With vengeful jealousy and growing hate
 From its own flesh and blood and sent it forth
 A vagabond to herd with beast and fowl.
 Most fortunate, if with a youthful mate it could escape
 And find a refuge and a tree of life
 Beyond the range of their own herd and kind.

Metallic vapors and unwholesome damps
 From stagnant waters now prevailing round :
 Save where the internal fires still nursed their flame

And heaped their spreading cones or heaved the heated
rock

Above the influence of flood or fire
And aid the sunlight with their grosser heat,
Wrathful activity to rage inflamed
And spreading oft upon the surface marred
All peaceful life ; passive in herb and tree
Or active in the moving frame inspired,
Of sight and sympathy to quick intelligence,
And led of inborn need the helplessness
Of all aggressive force, to ward and to provide
Against incessant want, and save its life,
Now multiplied and filling well the spots
Sacred to habitation, providence,
And cultivation of all helpful growth,
For mechanism gives no life to death ;
Or led of saving instinct to the choice
Of good against the evil, loathsome, tasteless things,
Or poisonous and destructive, sickening, wounding touch,
With sore and ache of foul and fell disease.

Thus are the shadowings of the war in heaven
Brought home to mortal life upon the earth,
Revolving in the void, resolving all,
And separating the good, which upon order waits
Its proper place with all. Its truthful purpose,
Living right, approved, and, having room,
All, all is good. Evil and war shall cease
And Rome shall be no more ; the strife of moving hate,
Aggressive force, that blindly seeks its own,
And having neither room nor right to live
Within the bounds of ordered heaven and earth,
Must pass away forever ; search the void,
Make oath and law prevail, and tax and tithe,
The common wants of all where Justice reigns,

And holdeth sightless death a mooning ghost
In sight of all ; and, thrown upon itself,
A raving comet lost and fearing light
That welcomes to the path of war and waste ;
Therefore its prompt retreat and trailing, backward course
Among our living spheres where sunlight rests.

But Mercy still prevails and quick intelligence,
In subject suffering, fond maternal care,
The essence, exposition, of God's life ;
Themselves despised, debased, polluted, prostitutes
Of dull maternal lordship, sottish lust,
Oppressed to violence, to suffering death !
Yet laboring still to lead a brutish lord
To light and saving action, warmth and good :
God's help ! which, giving life, restraineth all,
And in the woman laboreth to instruct,
Inspireth to aspire above the blade of grass,
Even to the fruit and seed of herb and tree,
And his own active form in every shape,
According to desire ; learn how they grow,
And give his choice a chance of equal good
By training of his Son, an added lord
Superior to all forms on earth that move.

For now the world, an Eden by her toil,
Needs not the driving forth of Son nor soul,—
Life with its living, but sustaineth all,
Instructing while it blesseth with content,—
Abundance of all good, and needeth but
Subjection of the prurient and the vile,
The base and cowardly, murderers of all life ;
The weeds and parasites of field and flood,
Who, festering, feed on all, even flesh and blood :
Aye, thought, Intelligence, all power of good ;
The order, active purpose of this frame ;

The form, construction, harmony of all,
With its own grossness thus engrossing all,
Corrupting to devour, strangling to live,
Their touch pollution and their breath as death,
A priesthood of corruption, rising up between,
The living and the dead, the soul and body, ministers
Of living, not of life, of foul desire,—
Panderers, procurers, pimps, and hypocrites,
Malarial and miasmatic, like the zones
That held the earth to darkness, leprosy ;
In Herschel, Saturn, Jupiter, the Moon,
O'ershadowing Acolytes, passing still between
Matter and spirit, throttling active good.
Adulterers, debasers, butcherers of all forms,
Enslavers of all action, every living soul.
Life cast them forth as drones even from her dragon-
brood,

Who knew her secret, without seal of blood,
As do the ant and bee ; preservers of their progeny
Among the winged and creeping things of earth,
Even to this hour ; their forms of terror gone ;
All kingly power, brute force, gives place to Industry.
Therefore the Elamite to Abraham gave
And to his seed the promise of the land,
Possession of the earth again restored ;
The sphere of Equity of good in heaven,
Approved of Truth and Right, sustained of life,
The living God forever in all space.

Intelligence, the image of his power,
The understanding of the living word,
Prevailing now with open eye and ear,
Directs, as in the heavens, the saving course
As yet of instinct found ; the force of habit, use,
And glad instruction, Mercy's saving help,

Seeks to redeem her own from death, condemned,
 To the Eternal round of feeding on the worm ;
 Nay, filth and refuse of its helplessness !—
 Moving to-day, to-morrow all dissolved :
 To feel and feed again the sordid appetite
 Of myriad priestly forms of loathsome sense ;
 In creeping thing and the foul resilience
 Of dragon, reptile broods ; bird, beast of earth,
 From the poor worm, on dust and ashes fed,
 To man, the feeder on his flesh and blood,—
 The froth and stench redeemed from leprosy,
 To give him sense of sight and sound a day,—
 The loathsome hour of self-condemning guilt,
 That to the Judge gives back this warring soul
 The vestals have refused to clothe in heaven,
 And the moon waits to bear to her own place,
 With all this host of shadows, death, and hell.

From Atlas is their doom to Ararat,
 Beyond high Lebanon given to Misraim's flood ;
 Thence by the Euphrates to Shinar's plain,
 Where the great tower the nations seek to raise,
 Even to the heavens, had its foundations laid
 In ruin—saved at last of the Infallible !
 That wicked lie, which, spoken first in heaven,
 Was quenched in hell, and hurled upon the void
 In Mars and Moon, disconsolate and unhoused,
 Waits but the union of its lust and wrong
 In these rejected orbs and the proud, warring souls
 Who make the earth a hell again too hot
 For their poor, ignorant, rebellious brood.
 Omnipotent at first ; infallible, yet fallen,
 Ere the proud boast went forth to brand his soul
 The Antichrist : at war with heaven's pure Word,
 Eternal Truth, the Righteousness of God !

By Rome's religion reconstructed, lost.
As was the quartered lot in Isaac found
With laughter and rejoicing feasts of love ;
Redeemed from Aram on Moriah's height,
By sacrifice of what?—the symbol of his soul
Who sought to intercept the promised seed ;
And to his altar bound goes down for aye !
Like Levi, when his guilt at length brought home,
For the poor innocents of Egypt slain
With Israel's host, a generation lost ;
Of strife and want, the wilderness devoured.
By his own hand on the same templed height
Before his altar fallen,—where Salem fell,
And peace was crucified and sealed to death,
In God's own Son, the Righteousness of Truth,
Who, like the woman, strove in death and suffering
To save a seed condemned ; to lead and feed ;
Opened their eyes and ears ; bade their lame walk,
Their fearful to be strong, and raised their dead.
Fair Rachel's dower of love and offspring slain,
A house in Jacob twice divided Esau lost
In Dan condemned and hazarded again,
In Joseph lost once more of Nile's increase,
In the rejection of his first-born Son :
Man-ass-eh, named the unwilling offspring given
Of Potipherah's daughter to his lust ;
A sacrifice to On ! to save his life
For burial of his bones in his own lot,
Stout Shechem, the strong shoulders just increase ;
As yet, deep buried in the obstructed vale
Which separates Ebal from cruel Gerizzim,
And proud Samaria in the promised land ;
Held to the curse of Ia ! of Moses wrought,
To shadow forth High Elam's help refused

From Sinai's flaming height, whose bush revealed
 His saving power and strength, in weakness proved
 A Saviour from destruction, law, and waste,
 Invention, reconstruction's hated power :
 The waste of blood in sacrificial strife,
 Whose tabernacle, temple, is destroyed,
 And passeth now away like Babel fallen,
 And waiting Mars rejected of his choice,
 And wedded to the moon the shadow of earth's guilt,
 Whose waters yet an atmosphere supply,
 Revealing all her nakedness and shame
 As spectre of a world she would have zoned,
 To pomp of change she shadows forth so well,
 In Shinar's broad domain, the borders of the void,
 A paradise of fools, the builders high
 Of Babel, Hebron, On, Hierusalem ;
 Blood-thirsty Rome, and prototypes on high
 A Ruin, Desolation here and there ;
 An ever-changing, changeless shade accursed.

Such are the symbols and the Word of Truth
 Revealed and spoken in our hearing sight,
 Through twice six thousand years, the time and times
 Given to condemn the evil, choose the good ;
 God's day of rest accomplished and the heavens
 Prepared again to move to judgment, light.
 As at the first the word was multiply,
 Replenish, and subdue the earth to life ;
 Not life to earth ! the body of this death.
 So now it's " Prepare," yea, in the wilderness,
 The Lord's appointed way,—the way of Equity,
 Established Right, in righteousness revealed ;
 Make straight, " a highway in the desert for our God."
 Our saving help from first to last for aye ;
 The Justice of the heavens sustaining Truth and Light ;

Whose Earth, the earings of his fallen dead,
We thus still hold ; a desert, sacrifice !
A Horeb sacred still to Hecate's brood,
Who hold it blessed or cursed according to their word ;
And bid war rage ; if God's life will not bow
Unto their Image, as on Duras plain.

Such is the living Word through every change
And involution of the circling spheres ;
Stayed for a moment, planed and planeted ;
That we may see while the soul works within,
Its motion with its purpose and result :
In the sphered heavens and the all-suffering earth,
And choose advisedly or life or death,
And justify the mercy of our God,
Whose life through all hath now prepared the soul
To live by fruits of Righteousness and Peace,
By labor of its hands, and without sweat of brow,
Or sacrifice of violence, blood that blood may breathe,
And riot in the revelry of death ;
Nor wait to train and to instruct the soul,
It would subdue to evil not to good :
Eternal death—not life—the living God.

Behold the sum of all Inventive Rage
And Reconstructive hate, destroying la !
Would here exalt alone—not principles
Of Life and living Good, Truth, Right, and Love,
Of Justice and of Equity upheld
Against the powers of darkness and the void.
And this made plain in heaven and in the deep,
Where the devourer's rage hath had its full,
And left but shadows, desolation, dread,
Of souls escaped on foot and wing that seek
Man's service and the peace he yet doth give,
While feeding on the fruit of herb and tree ;

Ere yet the seed of Adam's treachery
And Eve's submission to desire, let loose
Red murder and the arrogance of hate to war,
From Cain to Lamech, raising hell on earth !
The Flood once more must quench, the light of heaven
With fiercer fire, the lightning-flash subdue
And leave nor rest, nor refuge, save the void
The bottomless abyss ; eternal death ;
They choose and would inflict reward and punishment ;
Its choice made good to every soul that breathes.

CHAPTER VI.

EDEN, AND THE RISE OF HER "ELOHIM"—RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PEACE.

THE light of Truth, by word and work brought home ;
Made patent to the sense of every soul :
As in the heavens—the paradise of God.
God ended all his work gave the heavens pause
And called his dead to judgment on the eve
Of the seventh day ; to this end sanctified
Of Heaven and earth, Truth, Righteousness, and Life,
In all approved ; and Falsehood, wrong, and death,
In all condemned, and outcast evermore :
Invention, Reconstruction, la ! and lo !
Of lordlings and lawgivers of the earth ;
Of all Destroying, desolating power,
Held an abomination in all space :
Mechanic help and human skill approved,
To tame excess, subdue disease and death ;
In passive forms of quiet rejoicing life :
Blooming and breathing to refresh, sustain,
Instruct, inspire and soothe the living soul ;
That needs the sweet repose of peaceful rest,
From active duty, exercise of Life :
In self-sustaining service of our God ;
The Immortality of Truth and Light.

Thus "on the seventh" appointed, hallowed "day"
God "ended all his work," with glad accord

Of sober truth in all : thus well prepared
 For this Sabbathic rest ; in heaven, or earth ;
 A day, a week, a year, without reproach
 Inducement or restraint, of punishment or fear ;
 But with abundance and release for all
 Save Clamant want ; whose promptings build the frame
 And give it purpose and vitality—that all may choose
 Deliberate and forever. Therefore restraint
 Of zeal or terror ; word or work of man ;
 All he hath done to prove by human sufferance
 The evil of the curse, God's Judgment hath condemned
 From the beginning ; made endurable
 By separation of metallic strength
 And molten war of murderous souls inured
 To dull infernal heat and shivering cold ;
 Mortal extremes of mad infernal strife,
 That makes a chaos of material things
 In star and planet like the vapory void
 Where rust reduceth all their power to dust
 The leprosy of death ; as water permeates here
 The living rock with energy divine !
 That force, endurance, every power may know,
 Its place and proper gauge is Righteousness :
 In the Omnipotent Immortal round
 Of order and of Love ; unchanging Truth
 And Everlasting Right : that knows no change
 Of time or place condition power ; enduring or alert,
 But knowing all conditions and results
 By quiet indulgence tameth every power
 To the Omnipotence of Knowledge Right ;
 The Immortality of Life and Love :
 The good Supreme, Beneficent in all,
 Equal and Just as in the Light of heaven
 And fearless as before the Eternal Throne,

In darkness and in death ! that wait alone on guilt,
As men and angels now, in open day
Give place to the foul influence of Mars and Moon
Of Church and State polluting, not an hour !
With their proud blood, the waters of God's life :
Nor sparing, even the meek, his Mercy's Sons
Who seek her healing, peaceful, way in all ;
Gladdening, like waters of the spring and brook,
The fever of the blood ; removing far
The turmoil of its war, as in the deep ;
Its heinous traffic ; cruel awakening rage
Of iron despotism ; the success of guilt,
Iniquity ; the wickedness of lewd desire ;
Awakening thirst of blood ; brute force,
The violence of lust ; the war of death :
Which prostrate Rome and a triumphant Christ
Control no more ; but leave to their results—
With vapory planets, gold and silver stars,
That borrow from the Crystal sun their light ;
In kindling atmosphere of polished brass
Stale glories of the Spectrum of their power
Flaunted before the eyes of man and beast
The terror and the praise of Ignorance,
That it may sacrifice its living skill ;
Its fearful life, to feed the beggared brood
Of brigands, lazzaroni ; thieves, and murderers ;
Who, on pretense of law and government
Of teaching, guiding, saving, souls suppress
God's Justice, Equity, all living Right
A moment, and an hour ; a little day.
Given to the stroke of fate, the destiny of chance ?
No to well ordered fruit of deed and touch
Measured by their results and balanced fair
To tell upon the soul ; their moving power !

For life or death as was the impulse given :
 Recoiling on itself with equal force
 And striking home in the full glare of day ;
 There, on the void ; where outcast of the heavens,
 But powerless to affect its balanced truth :
 That all may see at length and learn to know
 The chance of satiated lust to live :
 The insensate sac and ever-craving maw
 Are but the belly and the gate of hell
 The base desire of selfishness ; eternal death :
 The mad Idolatry of shame and guilt ;
 A foul incest and sacrifice to waste,
 The desolation of all living good :
 On earth and in the heavens. Here in the wilderness,
 Betraying truth to save a brazen lie
 Prosperity on earth—life in the grave !
 And crucifying still the Christ of God ;
 Our patient, suffering, meek humanity :
 The woman's seed.—The saviour of mankind.
 The Sons of God, made subject to mortality
 A little hour to save their dead from hell
 From Chaos, waste, the grave the fruit of their own deeds ;
 Eternal death—the war—the strife of blood ;
 Of fire and water, heat and cold, congealed ;
 Or tossed in vapors on the darkling waste ;
 The hunger thirst and want that follows change.
 The lying doubt ; condemned, to the abyss
 Infernal discontent ; the fire of hell.
 Strife of Confusion ; Everlasting death ;
 Endless turmoil ; an evil in itself—
 The evil ; that confounds all living good,
 Defying order, growth or measured right ;
 The light of Truth in heaven or peace on earth ;
 But gives our Eden to disease and waste ;

Miasma and Malarias, fetid breath ;
The poison of the reptile, sting of insect life
Curse of the sword ; and the grave's waste in all :
The howl of desolation's rabid rage ;
In wind, voice, heart ; the surging of the deep.

The earth now hushed to this one sighing wail ;
The sleeping sob of her long broken heart ;
Now purged and being healed of all her strife ;
Redeemed from Chaos and her youth renewed ;
But not yet from the void, and yearly clothed upon
Of Vernal vestals, with leaf, flower and fruit ;
The organs of the dead, who seek to breathe
And feel the breath of heaven, God's quickening light,
Again upon the brow and in the heart :
But yielding still to winter's eldrich howl.
Robed in the snowy vestments of their love.
Lest robbed of Action, surfeited of life,
They weary of disease and die indeed :
Thus passing life and death, with day and night,
Darkness of hell and living light of heaven,
Continually before the sight and sense ;
Of warring and bewildered flesh and blood :
The froth of all ; the frame and soul of man !
Erring invention of Mechanic skill ;
That dreams, and dreams, and dreams, but will not hear ;
Nor open once its eyes to see the day :
Though robbed of strength to war with the dread night
And fretful and confounded preys on suffering,
Like a sick child ; that will not, cannot rest ;
Is tyrannous with all ! and passionate as of wrong.

And wrong it is ; and wrong it suffereth too :
Offspring of sensuality ; blind, guilty, ignorance ;
Begotten of foul lust : of vanity conceived
Lordling of wantonness and wild conceit :

A brutal murderer of deliberate choice :
 A desperate knave and puling hypocrite,
 That whines at once o'er punishment of wrong
 And justified in this, because of groundlessness
 Excess, and in itself the cause, the evil root ;
 Till sight of evil in itself is lost,
 Inflicted without cause ; remorselessly urged on
 Even to the last resort, beyond redress—
 Hasting the round of everlasting death
 That strikes two souls at once, the murdered and the
 murderer.

The last the cruelest stroke—a fatal wound,
 Endurance but exasperates : the pang of guilt !
 A poisoned arrow buried to the wing :
 That turns the blood into a festering sore,—
 A fretting leprosy that wasteth all—
 The soul and body ; sense, intelligence.
 Thus is the child and man awakening to life
 From suffering, death ; more sinned against, held, damned ;
 Than sinning in this rage of guilt and shame.

Let the proud father pause, but for a thought ;
 And the fond mother ask what she conceives
 Of lordship and a home, and covering from light :
 And why from light ; from living, healing Truth ?
 For that she would bring forth to suffering—
 The slavery of wrong, the fear of death ;
 The toil and bondage of a hungry soul,
 That preys upon itself : yea ; its own flesh and blood,
 Even to and from its mother's lips and womb :
 The calf, the lamb ; even her own offspring, sacrificed
 To quench the thirst of a blind sense, condemned
 Yea hurled from heaven and thrust even from the pit :
 A leper and a dog—a murderer,
 In the broad light of day before high heaven !

Is this the lordship she so worshipeth?
This the conception Mercy gives her soul,
As wealth of waters, to approve and cleanse?
Without a pause of thought, question of Right—
Or Righteousness; because the frame is formed
For such indulgence, such insensate guilt:
And God hath formed it so? Oh, monstrous lie!
Bearing upon its front the blazon of its shame;
And proved by that which doth at once condemn:
Its poor invention, cunning mechanism;
Made at what cost; a makeshift at the best:
Of murderous waste in shaping torturing form,
By plummet, line; by compass, angle, square;
And knoweth not, save by measure, what is Right:
Yea, set but for an hour, the sport of accident.
Is this the soul of Truth the light of heaven?
The blood God's life! or purple of this death?
The fitful feverish soul of mortal strife,
Whose stains, impeachment condemnation doom.
What saith the eye that fires at the loathed hue?
The eye;—Intelligence, which at a stroke
Hath scattered chaos, balanced on the void
A crowd of worlds; the science of all sense;
Can neither number, nor as yet divine
Their standing, purpose; if for life or death?
Or by what latent power of growth or choice
Sphered circling in the system of the heavens.
Whether of yesterday, or ages framed:
Created, uncreate; kindled or mirrored there.

Six thousand years, repeated we have seen;
In fact and symbol till the senses ache,
They have kept their watch and ward among the dead
Their birth yet mimicked in the firmament,
In the quick flash; the kindling lightning's stroke

That from the cloud hurls the resolved ball ;
 We call the thunderbolt of heaven, to earth :
 Even as the earth from chaos was resolved
 In the full blaze of her metallic strength
 And launched upon the void where still she rolls
 Old and impoverished of all her strength
 Of splendor now bereft, molten metallic bloom ;
 The soul of death, with crystal life at war
 Hissing and thundering in their mortal strife.
 Thus helpless on the void, in bonds of death and hell
 That too congealed in the cold icicle
 But yielding to the touch of life and light
 And loathing bands of death consuming fire.
 Seeking to mercy's waters, light of love :
 Of granite strength, disrobed, disarmed, before the enemy.
 Nor caring more for refuge of his death :
 Nor cold protecting justice in this war.
 Brained, parted and divided heart and hold,
 Body and spirit, sublimate and soul ;
 Its parted elements in order laid
 For use renewed, the resurrection morn :
 When wearied Mercy shall to Judgment yield
 And Justice shall assert her high domain.
 Then blazon of metallic power shall cease
 And molten gods drawn out upon the void
 Shall floor the sphere of Equity in heaven
 And Eden be restored, the paradise of God.
 Behold yet on the firmament the mimic war
 That baffles all their skill and forging might ;
 The cunning and the power of leaden death :
 And learn the meaning of meteoric flame ;
 Whence and what alchemy and trick of chance
 Hath formed and buried the strange fallen thing
 That puzzles the poor living spectroscopist

The eye of sense so miserably involved
In midnight darkness reproduced to prove
The quality of sunlight by the atmosphere
It quickens into life to give the body breath
Nerve, action, spirit and resolve the blood
Into a living and life-giving soul:
Reanimate the body of desire
With something of the quickening power of heaven
That in the kindred atmosphere of earth
Recrystallized, is moved to living strength
And voluntary action ; lightning's power :
The touch of Justice given to repel,
The lurking shadows of the hideous night
Of chaos and of death through which we have passed,
The spectres of the grave, the insensate waste,
Alluring parricide, inventive imagery
Idolatry of selfishness and base desire
The hell of hate,—the Hecate of the pit !
That seeks to hold the incremated mass
Forever in its power: now of the word and light,
Thus recreated and so far redeemed ;
As once again to feel the pulse of Right,
The Omnipotence of God and move with power
Of instant order, retributive force !
Instinct of Truth, the Justice of the heavens :
Even in the sight of sense ; restored transparency,
The pillared shadow of this death reveals,
Nightly upon the void ; under the base
Of the first pyramid the accident of guilt,
Gave to the sight and taught to make a grave.

Yes ! let both man and woman witnesses
“Elohim” of our God ! once, pause and name again
The forms their beastly lordship hath brought forth ;
And know their guilt in seeking helpmeets still

In any form insensate lust can move
 The idolatry of selfishness, a nation's law ;
 Condition of a kind condemns to savage hate,
 To butchery, oppression, War of blood
 Or blood itself inspires with brained mechanic skill,
 Destroying to pervert to usefulness
 In the base purpose of its worthless aim ;
 Conceit and fraud and arrogance uphold,
 Ere they repeat the sealing of its life,
 Put forth their hand into the central tree
 Of knowledge, quickening power, redeeming good :
 Impiously, before the avenging seraphim,
 That from the sun reflecting Truth keep ward,
 And with their lightnings arm their fellows here,
 Who rising from this death now need their help,
 The armor of their light instead of fire of hell :
 Destroying power of the dull molten gods,
 Men worship in the earth and give for living, life.

What fitness in this life for aught save death ?
 It feeds an hour that all may see and shun ;
 Well understand the purpose of the-day
 Is knowledge of this death, its aptitudes, and fear ;
 The prostitution of all saving power,
 In Bethel, Brothel, Hotel, every form,
 Of priestly cunning, lying masonry ;
 Its templed pits and decorated graves !
 The involution of the loathsome mass
 Whose dust they now in contempt brand as dirt ;
 Yet feed upon and dung it willingly for life !
 The living of a poor ensanguine soul,
 Purpled to apoplexy, brained to blood
 And wedded to eternal death ; made plain
 In sealing of the blood—the marriage tie,
 Of matter and the spirit of his life ;

In the "Elohim" of the living God !
His witnesses on earth : the highest form
Of animal existence—mortal help
Sustained with pain, and labor, groans and strife,
Enforced submission to metallic force,
The gold and silver brass and tin and steel,
That pave the ways its molten gods still lead,
Graven with painful care and worshiped every hour ;
In every deed, in all exchange of life.
Its sustenance, its living ; death must live :
God's life inspires, releases ! but this death,
Still holds to hell its pains and penalties,
Its slavery and subjection, lordship of its power ;
And swarming parasites, that seek to save,
By fear of death—their miserable souls—
Destroying all to live—and living, but to die ;
Eternally—Hell is their portion and the harmless void ;
The keys they keep the warders of the pit ;
As long revealed by him they crucified ;
And crucify to-day ; exalting high his cross
On the closed record of his conquering love :
His mercy's son, our Right : the King and Lord of all.
Give metal to the dead metallic soul !
Peace to its kind—ours is the living Rock
That walls the pit with its own life for aye :
And stands in Righteousness forever sure !
And well assured this soul can never die :
For Righteousness is strength, the power of God ;
That fills the void with just such things as those
Religion, la ! for Righteousness and Truth ;
Which calls them whorish, beasts, the evil thing !
The wilderness its dwelling, nations its living throne :
As waters to the earth—its sustenance—
So to the power of evil these give life :

The strife of blood—war of eternal death.
Such was and is, the Revelation high
Of Heaven's all crystal life ; the Christ of God,
Of the beloved Disciple, Peace ! on earth,
Proclaimed in every age all climes her law !
Rejoicing shout, the allelulia ! of all praise and bliss,
For which the "Elohim" here still, conquering lives :
Even in the jaws of death and hell—the grave.

Shall God's abounding and triumphant life
Be thus abused forever. Subject to those molten gods,
Whose heat is blank obstruction ; leaden death :
Through the eternal ages as here now ;
Wasted, a pulseless thing upon the void
In herb and tree abused, in flesh and blood
Of shameless prostitution living guilt
A leper evermore ! gorilla ; dog !
Through Bethlehem's daughter, of her own desire !
Oh ; not of her desire : Mercy, forgive !
Our God ! Thy heavens record not this mad blasphemy :
It is this brutal seal betrays her soul ;
Her knowledge and her love of God's pure life !
The fear of wrong in aught she gives to breathe
The heavenly flame of his exultant light :
So quick so vigilant against all guilt !
The Je-, that moves the crystal soul of heaven
To lead, instruct, and to condemn mankind
As sots and slaves, the murdering mechanics
They are in thought and deed, in purpose and desire
Perceiving and conceiving, doing wrong
Poor fishers ! rising from the womb of want
The aching void : and dragging still the deep
Unsalted and unseasoned sauce of death ;
The turmoil of desire and frenzied guilt,
For living and for life, throughout the night,

And livelong day : while others feast and live
On the green herbage of the living earth,
And bring away their baskets full of store.
Speak but the word to woman : say she shall conceive
The pure and good ; the lordship of the heavens :
And lo ! His image shall before thee rise,
Clothed as thou art ; but moving as a Son
Of the Eternal ever-living One :
With patience and of earnest truth inspired,
To bow the heavens and make the earth attent.
Yet, is she the paid prostitute of lust ?
Avaunt ! thou Hell-hound : ere his scorching breath ;
As lightning, touch and shrivel thy poor soul :
Murderer, adulterer, at one wretched stroke,
Polluter and defamer in a breath, a syllable
The judgment just, the punishment in kind.

Nor shall he longer stoop, to stand condemned
Held to eternal death by boasted power
Of the poor shadowy idols of a day.
Whose worthless souls can only live by theft
And prostitution of all forms of help—
All living principle to dogma, law ;
The condemnation of devouring hate
That it may feed its altars, sacrifice and live
Still to devour, and call devouring life :
Death and the pit, hell and the grave their heaven ;
Confusion, strife and chaos, darkness, night ;
Their paradise and wedding to destroy :
Thus rest upon destruction ; all their promises,
Futile and fleeting as the happiness
Whose surfeit is this death ; a ghostly crown,
False as their fears : upon their carcasses
So proved in the high heavens, as now on earth
Upon their battle-fields ; the blood-gouts of the grave ;

Yea ; in our death : This struggle of God's life
 In man to break their bondage and be free.
 Free from this taxing, tithing, murderous wrong,
 That can no more be pooh, pooh, poohed away,
 With solemn prattle and the accusing lie ;
 Of idleness in life : As in old Egypt where the bellied
 god

Claimed all their care : Jehu ! move on,
 The earth is ours : work ; we must eat to live.
 And feeding of this selfishness of lust,—
 Idolatry of guilt, is civilizing power,
 Progress ! profaning now in all the earth
 His long sabbathic year, given to approve
 The magic of invention, alchemy of death ;
 Science of ghostly meteors ; falling stars ;
 Astronomy of earth, the crucible
 Of parasitic waste ; outcast of heaven
 Thrown naked on the void ; the wilderness of Sin
 The prototype of Sinai's curse of flame
 When Israel there and in the land profaned,
 Their day of high probation ; closed in blood ;
 Egypt enslaved ; Canaan a desert still.
 The people sold to traffic, Syrian pride ;
 The mummerly of a lie : their worship gold !
 The flooring of the heavens, metallic dross
 More senseless than the dust ; dead, dead, dead, dead.
 Their molten gods still graven to supply
 The calf and lamb of Egypt, Shechem's power :
 Without a spark of life or saving wealth ;
 Save as supplanter of all heavenly good.
 The hire of murderers ; the robber's dole ;
 His Equity and justice, Truth and Love,
 The honor and the worship of his soul ;
 The solid symbol of a living death,

That molten may be purified for aye,
A gilding for the trappings of the dead :
Endurance all its praise ; metallic strength
The facile slave of skillful cunning, care ;
Used to enslave, enchain, the living soul.
Like fear before the mount where Elam's worshipers
Bowed low before their God ! who from the bush pro-
claimed

The madness of all hiding from his power.
His Justice, Judgment, searching as the flame,
The blaze of Truth impenetrating all
Jehovah's hiding, strength ; His glittering sword—
The dazzling shield of dread Omnipotence !
Immortal life ! the glory of the heavens :
That searcheth to the heart for the fair pearl
Of his eternal right, in every soul :
A quiet endurance, purifying love.
Jehovah, Judge, and King ; the leader of all life
The Father of the Spirits of all flesh—the Just :
Whom yet they had known alone as Syrian Lord
Almighty in the earth ; the centre of their trust ;
The Shepherd, Patriarch, head of all the race,
Of whom alone,—peaceful possession and all right could
come.

The fruit of Order, Industry, Obedience, Unity ;
Division of all labor, tribe sustaining tribe.

And why this Sabbath—seventh day's rest ; while pause
The order of the heavens : sun, moon, and stars ?
A week—six days of ordered change : a month—
The quarterings of the changes of the moon.
A year—twelve months ; two weeks, with every day,
Its work appointed and all well fulfilled ;
Repeating o'er the mustering of the spheres :
The separation of their kindred elements,

Of reconstructive force, confounded, marred ;
In chaos mingled—evil with the good,
Each to its place to mingle with its kind ;
In one harmonious whole, as at the first,
Whose balance is His light, the power of Truth :
And sense of Right supreme in living strength.

Twelve Fathers, from the Lord to Lamech's son,
Twelve Patriarchs, the nine of Nineveh,
And three of Israel ; Sarah's brother, sons ;
When Elam gave from Sinai's kindling height
To son and daughter of the Midianite,
And Israel's numbered, but divided tribes,
From Leah, Rachel, Bilhah, Zilpah sprung ;
With but one sister, Dinah, Shechem's bride ;
The murderer of the race who sought her hand,
By her cruel brothers slaughtered in their blood :
Of their own Sire accursed ; of the Lord held,
Unto their Altar for the first-born slain
Of Egypt, in their passover of guilt.

Two thousand years the man and woman strove
Ere to the wife's position she attained,
Two thousand years he with his brother warred,
To bitterness of death and waste of all,
Till flesh and blood became their daily food ;
For Lordship Noah held condemned on earth :
Yet warred for to this hour, with the same dire results ;
The waste of all to their own flesh and blood !
The sacrifice and glory of their shame.

Two thousand years, the Patriarchal race,
Their sons to circumcision held and gave
Their daughters equal right of choice and love
Till Miriam Hobab's suit refused and died
With Aaron, in the wilderness of Sin.
Two thousand years the son and daughter sought

To perfect life; even to this final hour;
She by conception; he by force and law:
Her task accomplished now two thousand years;
His twice condemned in Midian and in Rome:
So long doth Mercy wait upon his seed;
Condemned in Adam, Noah, Christ; her son—
The Elamite again? Ah, then, forevermore,
For Equity in him to Justice gives the rein
And through Eternal Truth, Right shall prevail
THE LORD, OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS, again for aye.

There, before Lebanon, where the north and south,
The east and west, together met to prove
The power of Equity the wealth of Love;
When Elam from dark Misriam's waters brought
The son and daughter of his followers, the seed
Of Eber and of Abraham, in their turn, to try
The errant right and reconstructive power
Which drove the father from his throne on earth;
And holds the nations to old Babel's reign
Like Lucifer in chaos, giving earth and man,
The sphere of Equity now waiting light,
To fire and sword, destroying wrath of war:
The abomination of the void and plain
Of slimy Shinar and the mooning dream
Of a tower reaching to the heavens; as yet,
The inverted pillar of tried Sodom's fate,
In the dead sea; the shadow of the earth,
Herself the shade and dream of chaos; dead,
Divided on the void; starred, planeted for use;
When sense of Right, the lord of Equity,
Returns again to earth and Justice reigns:
Cleaving the backward course of the Red Sea,
And giving Jordan's waters free access
Into the tidal wave that from the south and east

Seeks its old channels; and again to heal
 Divisions in the earth and make them one
 The Right and left—the father, mother—God:
 Elohim of the Truth and Right of heaven;
 With Life invisible, for aye, between;
 Save, in the immaculate Light of conquering Love.
 So shall the waters, Mercy's healing soul,
 Again the high circumference fill on earth,
 And give the shadow of their cloud by day,
 While moving eastward to the healing sun,
 And fiery pillared night shall cease to rule
 On either plane of earth save as a shade,
 Attenuated to a spectral haze,
 And moon and stars be counted from the deep;
 And planets, marshaled in their proper spheres,
 Make way for the expanding earth, whose heart
 Shall melt away; to hearing, sight, redeemed:
 And Mercy's waters find their rest once more
 In purifying Light and living Truth;
 The Right of Righteousness, the Lord of all.

For this the heavens now wait: nor is the blood,
 The soul of men and nations of the earth;
 Mechanic force and reconstructive power,
 Once thought of in the growth of heavenly Love:
 Save as abusers, past and gone for aye;
 Their purpose well fulfilled, as proof of guilt:
 Their life absorbed—our crystal souls redeemed,
 To Life and Light, before the Eternal Throne:
 Sun, moon, and stars, and starring planets lost
 Absorbed with these in heaven's pure crystal light,
 Or cast as vapors, hazing on the void,
 One soul one Spirit moving now in all—
 God's Life, and Light, Eternal in the spheres;
 Of Truth, of Right, of Justice in the heavens:

Our Equity and Mercy lost in these,
Their souls embodied in the crystal stream
Of liquid gladness sparkling into life.

So rise our heavens from chaos; the infernal fire
Of clashing force, the friction of invention, rage of death;
The wrath of man, confusion of the spheres:
The Lucifer of heaven; the power of hell;
The Lion of the jungle, Dragon of the waste:
The Devil, Satan, Desolation's shade:
The lying wonder of the deep and void;
Hypocrisy and guilt reveals on earth.

Thus were the heavens and earth, the incremated mass
Of the revolted sphere of Equity.
Thrust out upon the void; fallen, separated:
Kind from its living kind; torn, marred, and scorched;
And scattered on the abyss,—in darkness lost:
Buried in lurid flame and smoke—the pit their grave;
And not a bed of rest—but restless war
Our Kings still play with in their mimic hate
And boastful rage of mortal impotence.

And now from Jezreel, this mad Jehu!
Is given a place their garden to redeem;
From whorish Jezebel; strange power of lust,
O'er the maternal instinct, mercy's soul!
As once in Israel, and on Calvary's height
Triumphant o'er the mercy-seat of God,
In king and people, by their priesthood led:
Daughter of Ethbaal of far Sidon King—
The borders of the deep, beneath the mount;
Where Misriam's waters lave the clefted height
Of Lebanon the throne of Mercy saved
From fire of hell, in the last wild assault;
And outburst of oppressive rage and hate:
Before the flood had cooled its mastering soul

To sober thought : as fell proud Lucifer
 Of strange invention caught—Hypocrisy—
 Laborious and long-robed. As fallen pride of power
 Hath tamed High Judah and Imperial Rome :
 Who twice the Nazarene ; the lowly son
 Of labor and of love, have crucified :
 Nay ; daily now : the Doge infallible !
 In Rome as in Venetia's channeled pomp,
 And Jesus crowned in mockery and with blood ;
 While known and boasted Saviour of mankind :
 But without understanding : And again ;
 For aye ;—a poor pariah ! under bonds
 Of priestly arrogance, and savage hate
 Held to gross ignorance, daily scourged and crucified
 Mock and reviled, as bearing still his cross,
 Flaunted before and worshiped of the crowd.
 He labors up the seven-topped hill of care ;
 As in Damascus and Jerusalem,
 The leper and the dog are sacred still,
 All yet to him invisible : and when remonstrance comes,
 Is met with the same taunt, Jehu ! move on ;
 Ye are idle, ignorant ; what good can come
 From Nazareth the vile : Search—search and see.
 And while the inquisition still goes on
 The heavens take up their rule—and earth appalled
 A drunkard : reels and staggers in her blood :
 Her horse, his rider and the nations fallen :
 The beast and the false prophet swept away
 Mars and the moon their sullen souls receive
 To fresh encounter ; fiercer fields of blood :
 Until, at length subdued, they rest in peace
 Between the seething void and heavens redeemed
 A dull metallic mass of molten death.

We have seen how from the heavens this mortal right

Outcast hath fallen ; a brutal, sottish thing.
And soon on earth his murderous power hath place
A parasite adulterer ; wasting to devour,
Not for another day ! his week hath sped
The Sabbath of God's rest profaned with blood.
Now to our crystal life once more restored.
We test the manhood of this impious race ;
Self-worshiping idolaters, their life a jest :
Or grave or gay their purpose to enjoy
And catch the attention of the gazing crowd
As heroes or buffoons ; it matters not, if pleased :
Or masters tyrants ; if the game is pelf,—
Brutes ; if for power they strive, of sense bereft.
Yet, upon such as these, the heavens now wait :
Yes ; wait indeed : their purpose once for all ;
To prove to all God's life must still remain
Inscrutable to all material sense :
Omnipotent, Immortal, pure and good
As resting upon Truth and Right Light, Love ;
Justice and Equity its order, law—
La ! Life moves not by that dead, lying curse
Conditions are for slaves : Life moves on principle
Justice and Equity its living way
On earth and in the heavens : it stands secure
In high Integrity—the strength of Right ;
Unyielding and transparent Truth : the sympathy of love ;
Untarnished by the touch of death and hell—
Its touch doth quench and make impossible—
A mockery and a Scorn ; a Say—than ! thus hath been.
A shadow and a dream ; the fear of guilt.
Unsullied of corruption : rising pure
From the foul bed of lust, this loathsome grave,
And mocking at the crash of falling power
The ponderous rush of force that takes the breath

Of brained Invention, cunning Impotence
 That worketh but obstruction—giving life—
 Motion, perception sense of moving things
 Pulsing and throbbing ; spilt like feverish blood ;
 Wake to importance, bid the battle rage,
 The passive suffering of material things ;
 Massing and torturing the unyielding Rock
 With hiss of vapor, fierce metallic heat
 That fears the void ; in vain, all, all in vain ;
 These answer but to living warmth and light.
 At touch of the near Sunlight—Mercy's crystal life—
 Now moves again redeemed before our eyes ;
 As to the silent promptings of God's love—
 Immaculate, Invisible, Obedient, Free :
 Not a sensation ; but that touch of power
 As passionless as light, as pure as Life—
 Unsearchable as thought, that searcheth all :
 Impelling and emancipating passive things
 From war and death ; the touch of mortal thrall.

Well therefore doth God rest, through the Seventh day,
 The week of weeks now passing o'er this frame ;
 Well hath he sanctified and blessed the work
 Of this first day of Life's restoring might ;
 The patience of the crystal souls that burn
 To see again his throne and shout released
 Their welcome allelulia ; jubilant and blessed
 And resonant throughout the heavens ; all space.
 And doubly blessed in this high proof of all
 Their former faith made good even for a time :
 Till war shall cease and death shall strive no more.
 Well done ! shall be their welcome and reward :
 With all renewed ; Immortal Life revived
 The Eternal round resumed—glad play of boundless love.
 But what of Man and Woman, Lord and God ;

The "Elohim" of the Ever-living One !
In heaven and earth, upon the void : In all ?
On this broad, shadowy terrene ; beneath the firmament,
Of starry hosts : the living Sun—a shade
A mere reflection ; like this idle dream ?
Nay ; wise Invention will inquire of man,
Which is the real and which the shadowy power ?
Hath asked and jeered because no answer came.
We strike for Truth and Right unquestioning ;
And bear upon our shield the crystal heart ;
The reflex of His active Life for aye :
Dream on ! we speak of things we feel and know :
See, handle, worship ! as the Christ of God.
Eating and drinking of his living soul
Ascending and descending breathing in our hearts
Obedient to his law high Equity ;
Refusing not the coat another claims
Returning not the stroke of its award :
But meek and patient in all loving Truth.
Doth not his Sun awake for us ? His lightnings well avenge !
On molten gods ; the souls of man and beast :
The dragon of the deep—the spirit of his power.

Repeated, we repeat again, and bid, Behold
In this the origin and purpose high
Of all these generations—incremated souls
Yield to approve their cause—in sight of sun and stars,
This separation of the heavens and earth—
Fish, reptile, bird and beast, the man and brute.
This cerementing of our crystal life
In waste of ashes and the dust of death
From the cold, darksome, and consuming grave,
The sad resilience of the watery waste ;
Rising from which, it breathes again renewed :
When the metallic vomit is belched forth ;

Fills up the rifts and chasms of the rock :
 Quenches the rack of fire and all subdues
 By sufferance of wrong and proof of guilt
 Staying the carnival of strife and waste
 Of death and hell ; the lewdness, violence, wantonness of
 lust

That void-like makes its progeny a prey
 Even to and from the womb of craving waste.
 The burning heart and belted zones thrown off
 Bands of Satanic power in moving forms
 That all may see and know its soul revealed
 Devouring purpose in the infernal fire :
 The Jezebel and Ethbaal of the void !
 The Jesuitry ; Hypocrisy of flesh and blood.
 Now quenched in prurience of its oozing life !
 Henceforth a soulless shadow ; visionary shade ;
 Ghostly and impotent as church and state
 The lie and desolation of the void.
 The masonry and waste of hidden guilt ;
 From hell and Babel to this latter hour,
 Of mortal dissolution, unrepentant death :
 Of moving Mars and solitary Moon, whose fall ;
 No more suspended waits—already sounds
 The lullaby, the reveille, of expectant sense
 The gasp, the grasp, infallible for life !
 Alas ; already gone, exhausted, dead.
 Its débris floating dangerous and far
 As oil upon the waters, waiting touch of flame !
 And stilling all effervescence of guilt
 Corruption—rottenness—till melting peace
 Absorbed, as of the sand and moving dust
 By the quiet wasting fever of its blood ;
 The fretting leprosy of powerless waste ;
 That can no more move human hearts to die,

To sacrifice, be sacrificed for aye !
Give their life-blood for shadows of a day—
To brazen altars of their murderous thirst
Of life in death—of waters on the waste—
The wilderness of Sin—and strike and crucify the rock for
blood.

The Rock of man's salvation—wrath and curse of these—
The fire-brands of the pit and void for aye.
More vigilant than fire already sounds,
The opposing note of preparation high :
The touch of living light ; of spirit, power !
The "still, small voice" of the Omnipotent,
Is near once more ; echoes, from heart to heart :
Is felt and heard and stirs the answering heavens
From centre to circumference, irrepressible !
Answered again in word and deed sublime ;
With Ha-le-lu-jah of his measured praise :
That moves the earth and bids the deep be still,
All turmoil cease—all rest forevermore,
In quiet assurance of his love and power
Whose words the accomplished purpose of his life.
This is that blessing which his rest hath given ;
Our jubilee of joy, in confidence of help,
In every hour of need, in hell and grave :
The quiet repose, of which the awakening rock,
Now seeming dead, yet quickening into life,
Before us stands the earnest, évidence,
Grateful assurance, in his light we live !
The prisoners of hope, of joy, and Love.

So have the waiting stars arranged their work
For high instruction of his quickening light,
Whose living reflex riseth in the sun ;
Pursuing every shadow to its place ;
The banded seraphim, the guardian hosts

Of higher Justice—whose light shadows rest
 On the injustice of that farthest shade, first ghost,
 Of planetary influence, in Herschel named :
 And the proud fire of hell ; whose base is wickedness,
 In Mercury sphered deep in the lower shades
 Of Hades and the night where fear prevails,
 Under the shadow of the moving heavens ;
 Whose eddies hold her in their steady grasp
 Clenched like the coiling serpent-rod of power ;
 With Saturn's pomp for planetary soul :
 The gilded Venus ; boastful Jupiter
 Are next in order with their golden sheen
 The glittering mass of all his fabled might,
 Whose arrogance assailed the heavens with flame,
 The borrowed light of their transparent life,
 Housed in the densest massing of his coils.
 Not to be crushed nor flamed away of aught ;
 But as the water's edge the moving winds
 Hide to subdue, expel, metallic death,
 Red Mars then follows from the asteroids,
 Dropped naked, seeking to return to earth
 And glimpses of the moon which fired his soul ;
 Held separate in this region of the dead
 As metal and its vapors ; flesh and blood,
 In beast and man, their understanding kind,
 The spirit of his life debased in this embrace,
 And furtive union with corruption's waste ;
 The leprosy of guilt, unlicensed of desire,
 Under the baleful influence of the moon
 A stepdame whose authority doth paralyze :
 Like falsehood and hypocrisy, the errant right
 Of a condemned, expelled, usurping paramour ;
 In that same Mars ; emasculated, drained
 Of all adhesive power and stripped of every good

All vestal covering of enduring life :
By imposition, falling force, compelled
To unrepentant sad return from levity,
The wantonness of waste, the shame of wrong ;
The hungry, savage instinct of desire
Chilled to mortality upon the void ;
A scheming murderer robbed of will and power :
Outcast of heaven and earth, a rueful spectacle
Returning to drain out the lees of guilt,
Embrace a mooning shadow as his bride,
The visionary queen of darkness and the night ;
Herself a parasite ; dependent shade,
Of ghostly power, the sport of fools and knaves :
And with her banished evermore from earth ;
Nor found in firmament nor field of heaven ;
But floating, like an ooze beneath, upon the void,
And clinging to the soul of leaden death.
That rests between the expanding, moving heavens
And mortal void beneath ; spread far and wide
And holding to the chariot of God's light
Whose lightning clears the way of the wide spheres
That move upon the wings of Truth and Right
With balanced progress swifter than the winds ;
Observant, measuring all the fields of space
And holding all to the pure ecstasy
Of swift Omniscience and the flashing thought
Of boundless good and everlasting praise,
The couriers and outriders of his power,
The cherubim of joy and seraphim of Light,
Whose quick reflex and gladdening energy
Rejoice even here the shadows of the grave,
And move the domed and kindling spheres of death
With answering praise of sweet-awakening hope
Exulting in the light of sure return ;

The day already dawned, the night dispelled ;
 The way made plain, the last triumphant bound
 Of kindling energy, assured success ;
 The triumph of God's life before us spread,
 Measured and balanced of exultant hosts
 That wait and follow with their glad acclaim,
 Released to active duty, joy of Light ;
 The Truth of Life ; Omnipotence of Right ;
 The rest and blessing of God's Righteousness !
 The abounding help of ever-perfect Love ;
 Want, waste, and darkness banished evermore ;
 The night confined to realms of molten death,
 Now resting in metallic strength restored
 To Life's united purpose : God and good.
 The joy of active being, ecstasy of bliss :
 The perfect adaptation, rectitude
 Of spirit, soul, and body in their spheres :
 Flashing in light : rejoicing in their strength :
 Excelling in accord, Integrity, of Truth :
 The sympathy of all ; the light and love of Heaven :
 The moving Throne of the Celestial King :
 The day-star of the heavens, reflected in all space.
 Oh ; Earth and Vestals such his conquering love :
 Stars, Planets, waiting hosts ; He comes ! He comes !
 Oh ; death, and Leprosy, and wrong, and guilt ;
 Satan and Lucifers convicted lie ;
 Be welcome to thy waste ! the mortal void.
 The comet and the nebulae they throne :
 All shadowy changing things their glory give,
 To mark thy desolation, light thy moving grave ;
 The lamps and candles of thy sacred Tomb.
 Their dead all gone—their dust and ashes saved
 Thou only lost ! with these, thy sorry train.
 The pride, the pomp, the circumstance of war ;

All vanished : visions of a troubled dream.
The loathsome things the fever of thy blood
Kaleidoscoped in fear ; the microcosm little world of earth.
On which they were emblazoned passed away :
The fiery dragon armed and capped for war,
The trailing serpent and the lizard brood ;
The clear-eyed bloated asp and crocodile
That chilled thy hotter blood with cold disgust.
The glory of thy soul, Leviathans strength !
Scattering the finny tribes of restless fear,
That multiplied they swallowed at their will,
Till winged of fear to plow the higher depths
Renewing there the war of murderous want :
Even in the sunlight, sight of heaven and good ;
Abandoned of sweet Mercy, left to instinct death.
The smooth Behemoth with his ivory plows,
First stirrer of the rooted weeds of earth ;
And impish lordling man ; the cunning knave,
Who lurked for opportunity, or from his vantage hurled
The swift rebounding rock ; which made him feared ;
Or stood erect and scanned each passing form
For mastery or death ; subjection or destruction of its
power

The hunter of the broad terrene who spreads
The murderous war of blood 'mong flocks and herds
And feathered tribes ; and his own kind till now ;
Defying heaven ; with principle at war ;
A blank idolater : thy image thou grim King !
Of mortal terrors, reconstructive power.
And woman ! loved and hated in a breath :
God's life made subject to the changing moon ;
In passion of desire for living good !
The fond maternal instinct, prostitute,
Of every moving thing ; or winged, erect or prone ;

Stepping or trailing, burrowing in the ground :
 No touch so loathsome and no form so vile,
 As to be shunned or scorned of the pure soul.
 Of Mercy's pleading, suffering, saving life !
 Still in the woman prostituted ; sun and stars of heaven ;
 Lord God of earth : Truth, and eternal Right :
 And Life, our living God : even in thy sight !
 Till weeping Mercy unto Judgment yields
 And sun and stars grow black with wrath and dread.
 Of the still voice that moves again the heavens !
 When waiting Equity's long-suffering son
 Crowned and Immortal takes his mother's place
 Upon the right of the Eternal Throne !
 And Truth doth veil her face and Justice weeps
 As arming her avenging son for war
 She trembling yields her sword and saith 'Tis done :
 Arrest hath passed away ;—Let Light prevail on earth as
 in the heavens

Renew the crystal sphere of Equity ;
 Give shadows to the void—Let Truth be heard for aye.

Oh, Woman ; Mercy's daughter, giving birth
 And power to God's "Elohim" in the earth
 Instructing, leading, training human life
 With understanding love ; drawn from the font
 Of Truth and suffering ; not for thine own wrong
 Thy seals withdrawn from Judgment in the earth,
 Thou art bound again thyself to suffering :
 But thine own Son now leads the avenging hosts
 On earth where Justice arms thy Right for aye
 In Equity to Rule ! and bind or loose the dead :
 Eternal in the heavens ! where now he is called to reign.
 Fear then no more nor blanch before the vile ;
 Our mother thou art crowned forevermore !
 Return—return—with us from pit and grave ;

Thou art our life, lead, lead, we follow still
But spare not : for thy son no longer saves :
He rules with Justice in thy stead once more
And prostitution and abuse are past.
And suffering—nay, why weep—Haste, haste, away.
God's Justice is our guide—Hence, hence, we wait :
Quick—seal again the womb—and steel our hearts to war,
Thy circumcision now prevails on earth :
Behold ! we pause to tell thy sufferings o'er.

Accursed Spirit, Be forever damned :
Behold the record in the heavens ! for earth
Hath vanished from our sight ; sun, moon, and stars,
All, all, are gone ; a vision of the night.
Mars, and the Son he doth inspire on earth ;
To hate, and murder, even his mother's help ;
Companion of his toils—a brother born :
And make a trade of war : a Babel—Rome of earth.
Fallen, lost, together : Buried in the waste.
Hater of Equity ; abuser of God's life ;
Inflamer of the vile and tempter of the just ;
Betrayed of the weak and murderer of the good ;
Thy time is come : And Justice bids thee hence !
Beyond the boundaries of her higher range :
Lest arrows of her light dissolve thy perjured soul
And leave thee to the worm that never dies !
The eternal death thou hast brought within her sphere ;
By high permission to this final hour
And finished work. Thy condemnation just
And justified ; in heaven, earth, hell ; the abyss.
Poor devil ?—leader of the fabled hosts
Of demon forms in vampire, cockatrice—
The dreams of old mythologies, imbued
With visionary purple, Dryads, Avatars :
The wishes and the phantom demigods

Of idle brains ; whipped to a froth and flooded of cold
blood

The serum of the void whose action is
The borean flitting reflex of the deep
That flashes on the night its fitful blaze
Kindling the leprous waste of falling shades
That mocks his scorn of life and living good,
And gives the lie to boastful impotence
In planetary spheres ; and winged and creeping things
The strutting waddling forms ; of fallen arrogance and
fear of death.

His sole creation—shadow of the night
And wasting driveling ignorance of life—
The murderer's stroke recoiling on himself.
Embodied on the earth in war and blood
In weed and grove, the festering cities' pomp
And insect swarms of foul malarious forms
That torment and destroy with pestilence the earth ;
The poisonous miasma, whose asthmatic touch
Is all that now remains to him of sense,
As aged, like the earth, he turns to his last shade ;
The shadow of the power he hath loved and must embrace.

The purpose of his life—brought home for aye
To rest—to prey upon his phantom soul
The fever of an hour ;—a color—touch, no more—
The artistic finish of a hero's dream—
Exhibited in sunlight—nevermore.
Its pantomime played out—its walls and trappings gone
Its candles gases wasted, calcium light
Calcined to ashes—swept away—emptied upon the void.
The nothingness he figures out for aye—
To find a new beginning without end.

Thus far the foul conspiracy of death ;

This damning wrong, destroying waste of force:
Obstruction, chaos, and the pit prevails.
And the heaped bodies of our crystal life,
Those walls of rock which gave us food and rest,
Who with their song of triumph checked his war
Rushing at death and choking out his fires
Ere the first utterance of their boastful rage
Had died away: or the first stroke of his conspiring hate,
Which was to crown his triumph and inflame
The kindling heavens even to the Throne of Truth
And life, which quickeneth all, was yet complete;
Had bound and held him captive with his band
Of fallen seraphs from the void returned,
Revenge and ruins hosts outcast for aye;
And Cherubim whose yearning bleeding heart
Go out to succor all with joy and love,
Unquestioning in their confidence—now sought
To shield his life, deliver it from death;
Aye; with their own so miserably betrayed!
And closing round, as host on conquering host;
Sheathing their swords of living flame retired:
Till the word gave its impulse to the heart,
Let there be light: and all again were free.
And the whole heavens, astonished and ashamed,
Of momentary tumult; silent and amazed,
Stood banded round as now: while the high seraphim
Approved of truth; from Jubilee to Jubilee,
To minister, in the intenser light before the Throne
That veils the glory of his power! and lead our hosts;
According to his Right, who all sustains
And is exultingly sustained of all,
Proceed to separate, to loose and heal,
His captives; and fair Equity, the mercy of God's life,
With Judgment sought the throne; to plead for all:

And being heard ; the high reproving hosts
 Of Justice as they stood, still waiting stand ;
 While Judgment leads in Equity, withdrew
 To wait their judgment, until these redeemed ;
 Her paradise restored in Truth and peace,
 Our day in its accomplished work fulfilled
 In the whole circuit of the circling heavens,
 The Jubilee shall sound again and all return :
 Cherub and seraphim with Judgment winged,
 Judged as they move in their accustomed spheres,
 Of Equity and Justice in the heavens :
 While from the irradiate ranks withdrawn, revealed
 Throned in the radiance of his living power
 The Omnipotent ! whose Right is Truth and Love :
 Shall choose again his ministers, and bid his light ;
 The inspiration witness of his life,
 Transparent purity once more prevail ;
 With but one shadow on the void for aye :
 The shadow of this wickedness—the curse
 Of dull material lordship, lust of power :—
 The war of death—the dread of hell and grave.
 So from the pit we rise ; for strife hath ceased
 Among the sons of Justice in the heavens.
 The bitterness of death hath passed away,
 The lees and fouler vapors now restrained,
 Till Mars and Moon—force and invention's shade
 Treachery and hate—once more united pass
 To their own place in Shinar's ample plain
 Where a poor ruin, their grand tower doth stand !
 That shadow on the void ; where the brained hosts
 Of bellied lust repose ; the slaves of want and strife
 Of vacancy and hate ; interminable death—
 The worm that never dies, their all of life.
 And bear it with them to resolve their fate

Forever and a day—this weary hour,
Of boastful shadows, arrogance of lust—
In wedded bliss. While the all-suffering earth,
Her leprosy of flesh and blood subdued ;
Shall rise to meet her vestals and find peace
And healing in their loved embrace, to wait
Through the brief twilight of the coming night,
Her paradise restored and Light renewed in Life :
The irradiance of his Throne who lives in all !
As pairing thus, she leads her planetary hosts
To meet the Sun, be clothed in living light.
Earth with the Asteroids, her matin band :
Jove to his Venus wed : Saturn to Mercury :
And Herschel to the progeny of Moon and Mars
Shall join his state : rounding the outer circle of our
sphere,

Extending far and wide its ample round
Moving between the heart of living Truth
And the reflected Justice of the void.
Sustaining the high Judgment of the heavens :
God's searching Light in endless circuit born !
Through the immensity of boundless space.
Holding as in an eddy the dead mass
Of ruin and confusion, chaos, hell, and grave :
Eternal death its hunting burying ground
Its Ossians, Fingals, Wodens, Thors, and all—
Its Bels and Belus the conspiring Knave
Its Nimrods, Esaus of the South and West
Lining the Red Sea between Sheba's Queen
And Pharaohs, murder nursing, daughter dead :
Upon Moriah's templed heights where fell
Proud Solomon and all his subject dames ;
Incestuous daughters of the mastering North :
Who know nor Love, nor Mercy in the rage

Of Jealousy their Idol—selfish murderous hate.
 Thus Chaos well dissolved all find their place
 According to their kind: the dead, with death and hell
 The living with the just; God's crystal life
 Rejoicing to reflect the light of Truth;
 In Equity and Righteousness from Eden's plains;
 In every form of beauty, love, and praise:
 But other names for duty and for joy—beatitude!
 While Justice from the void reflects her spheres;
 In regions of the dead, held to their separate state;
 And rolling in the restless whirl of night,
 Banished eternal to the farthest shades
 Of Hades and the pit—the bottomless Abyss
 The whirlpool of the spheres—the moving void,
 That follows in the wake of Life and Light
 And catcheth their reflection from the range
 Of Justice in the heavens—Warder of living Good.

So do we stand prepared till the last word hath passed:
 Not trumpet sounding; but clear, still, and deep
 Moving the earth and heavens, which sound the call;
 The reveille of Judgment! when the kindling spheres
 Again irradiated, illumed with light;
 There can be place no more for bellied wrong—
 No hidding, rest, return, for errant Right!
 Whose brained Invention—idle imagery—
 The visions of its state and power enthrall
 Misdread—to end in belts and satellites:
 In stars and garters—war and smoke and death.
 Their cities and their pomp a festering sore
 Which the earth buries with them—Moral leprosy,
 Corruption, rust—its slums a seething grave—
 Where God's Humanity—a loathsome worm!
 Breeds, revels, burns, and dies—is swept away,
 Of its own foul miasma, stench, inebriate filth—

Gilded and lost in trappings of its state
In the proud palace where they legislate
And prostitute to feed their base desires ;
Baying the moon 'neath spire and pinnacle
The dogs and idols of a little hour :
Whose trade is worry—license, war and state—
The chase of lewd indulgence vain desire
Urged to the waste of blood—the moving soul !
They stare and spill and boast and swear they save—
By war and legislation, talk, force, fraud ;
As in the pit : in phosphorescent light
Engrained—till in the garb of honesty,
Solemn conviction they do clothe themselves
Poor hypocrites ! in every form of guilt :
Which they emblazon, as the planets clear
Reflected in their dogmas, habits, laws—
Binding their worthless generations here
As in the heavens emblazoned 'mong the stars
Who keep their silent course meek as on earth
In bodies of this death—eternal shame.
The suffering Christ hath walked abroad till now ;
Held in arrest that all may see and know
Feel by experience, understand and fear ;
This strife of open wrong unveiled iniquity—
Of murderous guilt, despotic sense of dread,
The hungry belly in its fear maintains ;
With helplessness and want, that quietly feed its maw
And bide their time, dependent on God's life ;
Until these crazed imbeciles with their pomp of power ;
The shadow of their guilt and fear of death,
Their sustenance withdrawn—their slaves rebelled,
Rage, in their maniac dread and vengeful hate ;
And play the devil in the howling waste.
Their own creation, their sole refuge here :

Like Satan on the void ; famed Lucifer !
 In Mars and Moon, the shadows of his power
 The ghosts of what he was in hell and heaven ;
 Ere his despotic power held sway on earth,
 And made of it a pit and wilderness
 Of scoria and of ashes reptile dread.
 Contending with the rock, that spurned the insolence
 Of dull metallic force and leaden death ;
 And thrust it out to learn in its own sphere,
 With Justice on the void, the impotence of hate ;
 The feebleness of whining guilt and waste,
 In soulless matter, being without life,
 Whose fall is but the crash of weight and helplessness.

'Tis this hypocrisy, again renewed,
 In Mercy's life, the waters of the deep ;
 A living soul in sunlight of the heavens,
 We strive with here and now ; in the arrest on earth
 Of Cain the murderer's judgment in the right
 Of self-defense against aggressive power,
 Which Equity condemns and holds to death :
 As in that night of terror,— judgment which abased
 Infernal power on earth and gave the pit,
 To Misriam's waters ; when the fire had swept
 From Lebanon to Ararat and left but one—
 One Lord, one Eden, in the further west ;
 Before the mount, where none durst pass nor stay,
 Who feared before the judgment of the spheres ;
 And gave his grandson respite from the death
 His hand inflicted on a brother's soul ;
 In right of self-defense against the east,
 Outcasts of Eden, in his banishment.
 Whose sons had fled in fear and left him room
 To multiply his offspring and improve,
 His purposed life in death of all his kind :

That reign of violence which prevails till now
From Grove to City of the murderer's strength,
Oppressing and enslaving peaceful aims ;
And prostituting still God's life on earth,
In Mercy's daughters given us to reveal
The heights from which we have fallen, the living power
Of self-sustaining help, even in this grave ;
And to condemn all saintly impotence,
And sacrifice of blood, to save the dead :
Yea ; glorying in the deed ! holding the Christ accursed,
Pierced by consent for all, nailed bleeding on the tree :
Whereas he died protesting 'gainst the curse
Of violence and of kingly power on earth ;
Refusing by the sword—the power of hell for aye—
To save his own or people's life from death—
Save ; desolating scourge ! abominable lie !
The Kingdoms of the earth so worship thee and die,
Here taken in the act, as in the heavens—
And crazed in hopeless dread—yet leaning still
On the same blatant boast, self-willed idolatry
Of law and judgment of a priestly power,
Of parasites ; long dead and damned in heaven,
And passed before our sight night after night—
True ; clothed as stars ; but in a borrowed light
Or gilded reflex of their molten death—
That held the world a hell and wilderness
Six days till Mercy triumphed in her son
The lord and father of our added one
Who from Moriah, Hor, Sinai's height
Symbolled the earth and heavens the tabernacle,
Sun of Moon and Stars, and Planets of the void ;
In the Arabian wilderness of Sin ;
Where Midian's priesthood ministered in blood ?
To Elam's shepherd king : the lord and judge

Of the first patriarchate—who made good
The promise of his sires to Abram's seed ;
Against rebellious Egypt's No ; and On.

So doth the nervous soul cling to the hairy scalp
That streams upon the void ; in vapor lost :
Sad symbol of the moonstruck pate—whose brain
The miserable heart among the nebulæ
Dissects in vain ; as if for life from death—
Searching, unraveling the coils of wrong
For flaw to justify pretense of suit—
Prolonged arrest of judgment ; for the heart,
That breathes God's life cannot be wholly lost,
To sense of Justice and redeeming Right—
'Tis but the scheming feverish head that bends
And panders to the belly and its lust ;
Whose grossness chokes the heart corrupts the blood,
That can be wholly damned—go out a driveling ghost
A heartless shade to range the void distraught,
In hopeless idiocy ; and acting o'er
Its dismal career of aching strife,
Toying with imagery of head and rack,
Of crown and sceptre ; mitre, stole, and robe ;
Purple no more and fearing to be white—
The symbol of God's light ; lest it should strike again ;
Dispel its dream of power and perjured right ;
With rod of high authority in mimic pomp
To blazon forth its shame and impotence ;
Oh ; Misery of wrong and wickedness ;
Whose glory, power, and terror was this hell !
In sight of all upon the void for aye
The bottomless abyss—his On and No—!
Philistia—Jehu and Jerusalem—Rome ;
His Nineveh and Babel, Babylon and Tyre,
His old Sidonian refuge ; whence the Right

Of Equity and Truth was sent into the shades
In the Concisions triumph long cut off;
Hurtling in darkness in confusion lost:
Subjectless, fallen, unwived, unchurched, unthroned;
A dream on desolation's dreamy waste
Urging forever the o'ermastering shout
Jehu! move on; till kindling in the light
It mutters lost—and seeks again the cooling of the void.
We bid the nations all, Behold their king!
And say, For this we wait: till flesh and blood;
This fretting leprosy hath filled the cup
With its foul excrement, the dregs of all,
And fed the elder fish and fowls of heaven
With this more tender relict of their strife
Before they die—devourers and devoured
Forever pass away! pledging grim death in the foul,
 feverish draught
Of blood,—fulfilling the last woe! and like a dream,
A vision of the night—this Curse itself—
Like Chaos and like hell shall pass away:
Death and the grave be shadows like their Lord.
Old Ba-al, our errant Right,—a living wrong,
Whose wasteful fabrications and cruel seed,
In beast and brute, false prophet and the pit,
Together and forever find their home
With waiting kindred, and immortalize
The freezing void—the ever-open grave—
Of cold mortality, of nothingness, unchanged.
For this last separation now we wait
For this reunion of the triune spheres
And shadows of the deep which fly before
And follow, like the night, the shadows of a shade.
We pray indeed with willing hand and soul
That death may be no more, enslaving all;

Feeding his craving hunger, brute desire,
 With every fruit of life—the beautiful and good,—
 Destroying those we love, the just and true,
 And giving fools and knaves, whose sense is lost,
 The idolatrous and vile : murderers, adulterers, thieves,
 Robbers, and drunkards, gamblers, to waste
 The wealth and power of peoples with their life,
 On wolves and vultures, sloth, and fox and owl ;
 The dismal shark that hounding scents his prey,—
 All that is rash and cruel, presumptuous, vile,
 O'ermastering, tyrannous, obstructive in this blood,
 To rule and ruin in the false pretense
 Of strength, enlargement, progress ; that the lie
 Notorious as impudence, the cheek of brass,
 The blind idolatry of falling force
 Made visible, and blocked of impotence
 Forever thus condemned ; our quiet inquiring life,
 At last, with quick resentment may arise,
 And being purged forever from this shame
 And murderous worship of a brutal sense
 Of sacrificial power—the smoke of blood—
 Seek the old paths of Truth and Righteousness.
 As in the heavens before Ambition fired
 Boastful invention and put wrong for right,
 Hatred for love, a lie for living Truth !
 By violence to emancipate our life
 And give enlargement by obstruction, death,
 Bruising and wounds, strangling, confusion, strife,—
 Prolonged, increased, through all their generations to this
 hour.
 And being healed, healed, healed forevermore
 Of this infirmity of legal power ;
 Standing as men in the Integrity
 Of heart and life—Crystal Intelligence,—

Dependent and in justice pledged to meet our God ;
Fearless in Truth and Equity, eternal Right ;
Sustained alike of all, in heaven and earth,
Of every principle and power of life,
Of manhood, Godheads, strength ; angelic force
Of saving impulse and subduing love,—
The attraction, might of Right, all living good,
That now restrained impatient waits his word,
The judgment of the just, in high arrest ;
Longing to be released and justify their souls
By the quick expurgation of this blot,
So long endured and shielded from their wrath ;
Their sufferance already well repaid,
By kindling sense of quick observant power,
And rising now to confidence and love
By this revealing of Omnipotence
Enduring impotence, the power of wrong
In passive Majesty, the might of Truth !
Nor staying violence, nor avenging wrong,
That both may be condemned in their results,
And wrong forsaken, violence reprov'd,
By force of their own deeds, all may repent
And seek again the guidance of his light
To save their erring souls from judgment and the void,
In burning condemnation that would justify
The rashness of the unjust and bring iniquity
Home to the pure and good, by the blind zeal
Of an impatient, uninstructed haste.
Now shall all life, the passive and inspired,
With patience wait on God, who knoweth all,
Whose patience is the stay and shield of life,
Which seeks alone the good, from all iniquity,—
The triumph of the true and just, whose word
Waits on Omniscient, Omnipresent, Truth,

The utterance of Omnipotence in all,—
 Unslumbering and attent, as knowing Truth
 Alone can save, and fearless of his own.
 Therefore his life is clothed in frailest mould
 Of sparkling Crystal, stainless, pure, and good,
 Rejoicing in the reflex of his love,
 And loving first his purity and truth,
 Who is the fountain of all excellence,
 And yet invisible as great and good :
 His only praise the joy and life of all,
 And therefore freely hazarding his all,
 With absolute abandon for his life,
 Which can alone appreciate Truth and Right ;
 Sublime in Justice as in Equity !
 Thus guarded in his Right, and holding all his sons
 To the same Justice, Equity, and Truth,
 At their own peril before the Eternal Throne,
 Sustained upon the action of their life,
 The work of their own hands and help of all,
 Making the wielding of his life depend
 On perfect purity—Integrity in all—
 Transparent as the light in which they move,
 Enduring as his peace. What, then, have we to gain
 From strife of blood ? Destroying life to feed
 Corruption, death, darkness, everlasting night,—
 The sport of violence, and the crueller touch
 Of vulgar Masonry's inventive hate,
 And foul insensate lust, whose very eye's inflamed
 With the red ruin of its seething life
 Kindled of chaos—finding peace alone,
 In the dissolving grave ; resolving all :
 And giving back our life to Truth and Light.
 Emancipated purified of love—
 Unchangeable sustained of all, even as we now behold,

In the uplifted firmament of heaven
Where answering to the sunlight of his love,
Kindling rejoiced—we gave our life to all.
Though, just released from hell's infernal strife,
Calcined to ashes, petrified to stone
Pressed and immured—a solid wall of rock
Withstanding the full force of fire and flood—
Heat cold the bitterness of guilt and death.
Pounded to dust; manipulated into every form of fence
For this beleaguered lie—giving its seed, its body, soul,
its all

To be devoured of maw and bellied hate.
Destroyed of fire and sword—murder, arrest—
Yet standing now redeemed from leprous pit,
The belly of the foul destroyer's lust,
And living grave upon its cratered sides;
Walled of the life we breathe, again redeemed;
Stained with impurities of blood and wrack;
Brained and bewildered; only half escaped
From death of chaos—still upon the void—
And seeking to sustain our souls in peace.
Where manhood is assailed—is taxed and tithed
Of devils—yet endure till these condemned—
Of their own deeds, fall like a withered leaf
And burying their relics, weep o'er their deceased.
Sternly restraining all aggressive power—
And coming back ourselves to living sense
Intelligence of understanding life
By quiet example of self-sustenance
Of order and of love the rule of heaven—
Seek the return of all to living Truth—
The beauty and the peace, the joy of good—
Thus triumphing o'er evil; giving light
Causing the blind to see, the deaf to hear

The dumb to speak, the dead arise and walk
 Sustaining their own life in peace and truth,—
 As in the heavens—thus moving in our sight
 And ordering all their spheres to rest and bliss
 The fruit of living action pure intent—
 Riding exultant on the tempest's blast
 Or basking in the incidence of light
 Still calm assured sustaining peace and good—
 Holding aggressive power and force to hell
 To die exhausted of its feverish strife—
 Breathing in all the balanced atmosphere
 Of self-sustaining life—the firmament of heaven,
 And over all triumphant in our God :
 The pure and good, the Equitable Just !
 Inhabiting Eternity—the praise of Life
 And answering to the infinite throughout
 By joyful giving of his all to all ;
 Sustaining his own life and seeking no return,
 Of any who will use and not abuse :
 But of the abuser be he high or low,
 Inflexible as just, exacting all his own
 And what remaineth ? neither head nor tail
 The hairy scalp of man or beast on earth ;
 Nor flashing comet's nebulous light in heaven.
 Nor dust, nor ashes, spark, nor remainder
 Of a life-giving power in heaven or earth.
 But all is naked and unclothed—all dead ;
 All empty cold—remorseless as the grave ;
 From which his life with healing power redeems.
 Gives motion and direction from the heart
 To living heart in all ; or great or small ;
 All greatness resting in the increase of life.—
 The one in many if the union's just
 And all at one among themselves in truth ;

The purpose self-sustaining, Right in all.
Upholding each and all in Righteousness
Truth Equity—the love of peace and good—
The knowledge worship of the Lord our God
Who rising from the incremated mass, creates
Renews, upholds, sustains; the purity and strength
Of heavenly life in all: His crystal dome
The glorious body of his living Truth
Reflected in the sunlight of the heavens
Surrounding all on earth, preparing all—
According to their strength; even as before
The Everlasting Throne; the glory of his strength! in
whom

We have triumphed over death and rise from hell
The seething womb of chaos from which came
By dissolution, impotence of power,—
This planetary system; red with feverish blood
Of violence and excess! Corrupt and vicious as it is
impure,

Murderous, unjust; even in the light of heaven:
Therefore dissolved again, for helplessness,
Which thus revealeth death restored to life,
Strife to enduring peace, darkness to light
With choice of living good and peace to all:
Condemning none who seek to see His face.

Thus through all generations to this hour,
Obedient to his word, life welcome rests—
From strife of fire and blood upon the earth,
With rainbow promise in the parting clouds;
Its office to give healing, hearing, sight,
Unto the maimed of this incarnate death;
As, with his lightnings armed, we keep the way
Of his Humanity, the tree of life—
Whose branchings fill the paradise of God

As evil doth the earth, as night the void :
 From the false impulse of our errant Right :
 Preparing all to pause and understand,
 This high arrest of Judgment which gives place
 To the destroyer's power, in mockery of his rage ;
 His helpless impotence, save to destroy—
 Mislead, indulge the license of an hour ;
 To his own condemnation, overthrow—
 Jehu ! move on—unveil thy wickedness
 And bind the earth with bands of iron steel
 As in those outer planets of the night ;
 Proud belted Jupiter and Saturn's vapory sons :
 Far Herschel looming dimly visible—
 Inpatient Mars, unsatellited and unzoned for aye
 Naked returning to his place and bride—
 Bartering metallic dower for souls condemned.
 No worshiper of gold, nor graven images—
 But seeking anxiously for life and strength,
 The wasted energy of baffled guilt
 And reconstructive power to stay his fall ;
 Already gathering impetus, against the power
 Of centripetal force ; mocking restraint
 And moving destiny beyond all self-control
 Or guidance evermore, except the instinctive force
 His all of life—which leads him to his negative the moon.

Now we behold ; our crystal life triumphant in the
 earth.

The last divorce, of soul and body in this Mars and Moon,
 The substance from the essence of all power ;
 The spring of life which gives the spirit breath,
 The moving thought reality and power,
 Thus waiting to be healed and lead again ;
 To the reunion of the grounding strength
 Of Equity's loved sphere our Paradise restored.

The order of the heaven and earth complete
In perfect hearing and our sight restored
To higher radiance of Immortal life,
In the eternal day of Truth and Love
Of Righteousness and peace ; ecstatic bliss !
With God our Right and Truth our living Light
Forever ; and forever, ever, ever—more.

Eight thousand years have Mercy, Truth, and Love
Met, and inspired the living in the earth,
Revealed the loathsome forms of moving guilt,
Flashing conviction and quick ruling fear ;
Till animal and man of Mercy taught,
Through suffering of their kind, assume the lead
As planters of its Eden ; helpers of Truth and Life ;
The latter to be crowned in Righteousness and Peace,
Her Lord and God ; thus blessing and so blessed :
Ruling in Equity in Earth and Heaven !
Like the Almighty ; his own priest and minister ;
Standing between the living and the dead !
So Justice in the heavens thus walls the void :
So Equity doth ground them on its wrack ;
Molten, Metallic, Sottish, senseless things :
Puts all to use ; inspires to heal and save ;
The watchers, and the weary, and the dead !
Who sleep until the heavens fulfill their round.—
The appointed day, week, month, or year, of praise ;
Fulfills God's purpose in this just arrest
Of Judgment in the sphere of Equity
Till Mercy shall exhaust all means of life
And living good, the careless to restore
Or lift the faithful dead ; fallen in their might,
From the mephitic vapors of the pit :
Sustaining her with life ; even to the last extreme—
Of mortal passion ; fear of guilt and death !

When force doth bury, darkness long prevail ;
 Or the infernal lie of whispering doubt ;
 Invention of the damned ! prevails, persuades ;
 To question of his word—turning aside from Right :
 To base submission for expected good.
 From indolence of death, impatience of desire or ignorance of life ;

Betraying or enslaving aught that breathes :
 Or sacrificing flesh and blood to death
 The waste of rottenness and strife of hate :
 To save a soul that is not self-sustained
 And therefore hath no place in heaven nor earth
 In sight or hearing of God's life and truth ;
 But stands condemned—a mortal dead for aye !
 A wasting thing, abhorred—abominable—
 A desolater of the desert—void—
 The bottomless abyss of shame and guilt.

Well therefore hath the Almighty given this pause
 To his beleaguered life to see and separate
 The evil from the good—The living from the dead
 And choose whom they will serve forevermore.
 The day of priestly plotting and imperial state
 Hath passed away—so let our masters pause
 And know their Jehu ! is condemned for aye
 And not the Jesus of God's waiting life—
 He seeks to damn and bury and so reign.

Our crystal life triumphant ! Moon and Mars
 Outcast—and waiting for the prey of death—
 The order of the heavens and earth complete
 For union and return : unfolding all
 As well prepared and true ; its purpose good ;
 To test the generations of mankind
 Of their own deeds, as yet, condemned to death ;
 Their hearts consenting to the evil still,

As on that Sabbath eve—this day of rest
Through which the order of the heavens unchanged
Since the last flood, gives seed and harvest time
To generations yet unchanged in heart :
Dragon and reptile, fish, fowl, beast, and brute,
As yet like Cain, all murderers ! sacrificial hosts
Of their own hearts condemned : without integrity
Seeking atonement with the living God
Whose throne in heaven is Truth, on earth the peace,
Of Righteousness and love ; unsought of all !
As yet but ONE approved, a living seed :
The first begotten of the dead to life :
A perfect understanding of our day.
He gave his life as our example then ;
Was spurned and crucified and to this hour,
Holds all condemned to the accursed tree :
The craving of desire, Invention lust of blood.
His blood, not life, the atonement of our God !
The crowning sin and shadow of the night ;
Of judgment condemnation like the fall—
Of Lucifer when of God's lightnings caught
Heaven's saving sphere was hurled upon the void
A molten mass of mingled elements
A chaos in the shadow of the night—
The fall of Lebanon where Mercy bade the Judge
Hurl back into the pit, the rebel brood of hell
And Misriam's waters quenched their coal for aye.

So from this hour hath night and darkness reigned
O'er falling nations wedded to this death.—
His life condemned, condemns and holds accursed !
As touching of the tree of paradise
The zenith of the heavens, with blackness, shame !
The acme of the guilt of this Sabbath year :
The prostitution of the woman's blood

The murder of the man ; Mechanic skill.
 In flocks and herds upon their altars slain ;—
 Bird, beast, and brute : a living holocaust !
 To war and brutal lust ; the powers of death and hell.
 Even on the sunlight of God's love returned
 And blazing from the void, upon the kindled earth :
 That burns until the lowest hells revealed
 An outcast on the void ; with her grim King and Queen
 The belly and the grave of vaunted death !
 The terror of the groundlings of the Pit.
 Who feareth death's the son of man indeed,—
 In Equity debased among the dead :
 In Justice and of Right ; now ruling King and Lord !
 Exalted to the Heavens and crowned a living Son :
 Reigning Eternal in the circling spheres ;
 Ordering the heavens and leading all to Light—
 Of Everlasting Truth ! the Father ; Lord of all :
 The Husbandman of Life—Her Saviour ; King.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FALL OF ADAM.

OUR pause is action—we are sufferers—
And throw aside the insignia of our strife ;
Even to the flesh and blood, that weds our souls
To rottenness, corruption, death—this hell.
We seek another body—higher life !
This never was and never can be ours ;
The froth and scum of cold mortality—
The seething void—a momentary thing.
Our eyes are opened—Let His voice be heard ;
The heavens now move again and all is clear :
The last sad issue of this mortal night,
Yet waits—Nay urgeth on the final close
The burial of its dead—fitly in their own blood
A bitter close ! well fitted to the hour,
That to Eternity adds this closed day ;
This episode of death, of blood, and strife ;
Which here brings home to individual life,
The lesson of the spheres ; The sight and touch
Of that more closely touching each than all.
Of which the understanding in the lump
Is all too vast and general to instruct
In the importance of the all to One
To whom each failure is a bleeding wound
Eternal shame, a grief, reproach, remorse.
So that his life in all is freely hazarded
To uphold the last aright whate'er his state,

In impotence of guilt or strength of power,
The guilelessness of right and truth imparts.

Therefore this individual proof as in the heavens
The proof to all, the experience which unfolds
The evil of this mad idolatry,
The selfishness of hate the greed of gain ;
This brained invention, working woe and death ;
The head against the heart ; baseless pretense,
Untried imagination, against truth and right ;
Which, hating all instruction God hath given
To prove its worthlessness and know the end
Of all assumption, dignity, and power
Not resting on the principles of life ;
The Truth and Justice, Right, and Equity
Of the sphered heavens and the tried rock of earth,
Is bitterness and death ; the idol of a dream ;
Whose worship is, of helpless rolling things,
The block and stone that cannot rest nor save,
But fallen is outcast of all life and good.
Willful, refused of God who serveth all,
A willing minister where good is sought,
With life and power to triumph freely given ;
Inherent in the Right : all else is guilt and shame,
Confusion, overthrow, and Godless change ;
From bad to worse, blank, helplessness, the pit.
When countenance withdrawn, the Eternal leaves
All to approve the issue of their choice ;
And taste its fruits as in our garden home.
After their kind, and know and seek the good.

So all have proved and hitherto returned
Convinced of evil, wrong, iniquity ;
Their utter desolation, waste of good.
All save this stubborn Right, power to destroy !
So impotent ; its very touch is death !

Falling and strife, destruction, senselessness ;
The nothingness of being without quickening power
The knowledge of the principles of life
To inspire, to lead and order all aright,
In Righteousness, and peace,^f the Truth of God.

He gives this brained invention, willful wrong
This fire of hell, destroying to devour,
This fallen Lucifer, embodied death,
The substance of his life an hour to prove,
Even in our sight, the fruit he lives upon
Is dust and ashes ! and his mad career
Confusion and obstruction, hell, the grave,
The void, the wilderness, all emptiness ;
Mortality, eternal death ! no more.
The power of immolation, law of force,
The mastery of iniquity, the strife of wrong—
Of aught save Equity, Truth, Justice, Right.
The ordering of our being, life, and love,
By equal providence, for all who have the sense
To shun and hold condemned, as wrong and dead.
This thought of reconstruction ; lustier life :
A sensual existence a metallic bloom ;
The sodden soul of madness and despair
Fused and confounded in the torturing rage
Of its consuming fire—this power of hell !
The exhaustion of excess, the unconscious sleep
Of an unconscious being without life or love ;
Hurled dead and restless on the void of space
And waking to corruption, darkness, pit, and grave.
The cruelty of injustice, sense of shame,
Oppression of iniquity, the wrong of guilt :
All sense of Justice lost, all living power
Of Mercy to redeem, forever gone ;
Save by submission to this self-same life

The power of God ! healing subduing all :
 By sacrifice and shame, tears and the sweat of blood,
 The accursed tree ? No ; this is all a dream,
 A monstrous dream of horror and reproach
 Of passion, torture, bitterness of death
 Of failure, disappointment, helplessness,
 Of fear harassing guilt, the uncertain rack
 Of dread and terrible suspense ! of sacrifice
 As unavailing as 'tis cruel, condemned :
 And unappeased resentment, reflex of all those :
 The frenzy, fury of this madness, hate ;
 This helplessness and blasphemy of death,
 Devouring fire, the acid rust of waste,
 Against God's life ! the immutable and good.

Fools, Knaves ! This is not life but living death !
 Perversity of rage, oppression, murder, gloom :
 Senseless idolatry the incompetence
 Of baffled pride ; caught in its boastful lie !
 Waiting upon his humors who is grave and hell ;
 This lordly Hate ! which from her heavenly sphere
 God's Mercy, life ; gives sense enough to know
 The witness of his word and self-condemned
 Seek to his helpmeet : but, with blind despite
 Of dull brutality ; he seeks but to debase
 And prostitute, and lord it over life
 And living good ; the liberty we breathe
 In Righteousness and Truth, exalted love
 Emancipation from all frame-work, death !
 In her embodied Truth, transparent Right,
 Efficient Justice, Equity sublimed
 To perfect action, perfect loving light ;
 The good sustaining all, a living God :
 And giving life for life in Equal love
 In active, goodness, self-approving joy,

The spirit of all life in the free heavens :
Omniscient, Omnipresent, quick, supreme,
Ommipotent and quickening all with power
The power of action, Love ; the strength of Right.

For without living Right and heart of Truth
All is confusion, and dismay, remorse,
The chaos and the hell we have left behind
The inhuming rock the grave on which we breathe ;
Mere bubbles of corruption on the stagnant pool,
Which burst and leave a worm, worms, swarming life,
The craving of the pit, devouring change,
Unchangeable in death, which lives but to devour ;
The antipodes of life, as fire of light,
The breath of liberty and perfect Truth,
Free access to all bliss, all healing joy
That moves aright in all without a thought,
A possibility or power of wrong
Which is as death ; the entering wedge of guilt
And known by the dread shadow of its power ;
Which Justice shows to all by the clear touch
Of the refracted light from her far throne,
Poised in the empyrean watch-towers of the heavens
And kindling in the depths, stars, planets, moon and
earth :

All that in Hades doth follow the swift car
Of ever-living, ever-rising Truth,
Self-poised eternal, giving light to all.
But only by reflection to the deep
That seethes and storms beneath and yields again its dead,
When Justice doth in Equity prevail
To lift their souls above the infernal strife,
That in the pit from which we have escaped
With impress of this death, confounds and tortures all
Bewildering here and giving foretaste now,

Of the undying worm that preys within its depths,
 Corrupting to devour, destroying death and hell
 And liberating all who seek return ;
 That we may loathe this brained and bellied frame ;
 This vain imagination, sordid lust,
 The war and waste by which this death doth live
 On suffering and blood, the quickening soul,
 And find it resting on a specious lie ;
 A lapse of sad forgetfulness, a selfish love of power
 Unjust, iniquitous : obstruction of God's light,
 Which liberates and is the higher soul of all :
 The body of all life, all liberty, all good !
 Revealing life and death ; the truth which breathes alone
 In perfect liberty, the free access
 Of joy and fear, of peace and bliss to all :
 Forbidding power or right to intervene
 Between the Almighty and the life he gives,
 His proper gift, his Kingdom in the heavens !
 By tithe or offering, gift or sacrifice,
 The worship of the dead ; by aught we know,
 Save the angelic union of two souls
 Where one is incomplete, the marriage of the spheres :
 Which lasteth through eternity and perfects all ;
 By living access of a purer soul
 In her who is our helpmeet and our life
 Our measure and conceiver, perfecter
 All unbegotten ; nor of man begot :
 The very God revealed from heaven to earth
 As in the incarnate Word ; in man the residue
 Of the all-broken body of the Christ ;
 Our God's Humanity, the eternal son !
 The Right of Equity, the crystal life of heaven,
 Her virgin heart restored ; in him they crucified ;
 Who from the heart to living heart recalls,

Renews this higher union for the perfecting
Of Truth and Life in all its strength and joy !
Therefore his office, Leader, Saviour King ;
“THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,” whose way is life.

Not as the Kings of earth whose way is war
Its ensign death ; its living, strife and blood ;
The soul and body of this life its prey :
Whose priesthoods live by tithes and sacrifice
Nor know the way of life ; which, self-sustained
Is servant unto all, quick and inscrutable
Even as its God whose deeds his life approve ;
Who lives to perfect all ; leads, not restrains :
Nor burdens with a tithe nor offering,
Save fellowship of good, his living light,
The soul and body of all heavenly joy ;
Active, serene, the image of his love !
Loathing the lust of power all sensual things ;
Destroying death, obstruction, and the pit ;
And, purifying all, wings with a higher sense !
The spirit of his life which orders all ;
And holds, all robbery, tithes and force accursed
Save to the Giver ; and he giveth all ;
Their music to the spheres, this sense of life.

This is his power, by this we see and know
The Earth we worship, move upon and own,
As giving life, inheritance and power,
The body of this death ! a mortal thing,
The mother of corruption, and the worm !
The gnawing of desire, Eternal death.
Its touch mortality, its withering breath
Mould, ashes, frost of eld, rust, foul decay
And utter desolation, all a grave !
The rottenness of death fallen from the warmth and light ;
And buried from all heart of life for aye.

Behold the beggared power of death and hell
 Begotten of this wrong ; sustained, aye ; even in us,
 Of all unrighteousness, hypocrisy,
 Of lies and robbery, theft and murderous strife
 In letters, genealogies, divisions, hate
 Castes, kinghoods, priesthoods, nationalities ;
 Corruption, prostitution of God's life ;
 Slavery, obstruction, mastery, sacrifice :
 One long-accursed war against all good !
 In every form of envy, malice, mad malignity,
 Fear, ghostly terror, idiot impotence :
 Such as in death, alone are known on earth ;
 Where principle, yet in arrest of judgment buried burns
 In vain to be avenged ; is in abeyance lost.
 Truth, Right, where are they ? Justice, aye is blind !
 Iniquity doth rule for Equity, brute force
 For leading Love, and lies for living power !
 The gospel of the heavens. This death perverteth all
 To ministers of lust, a mess of pottage for a bellied worm !
 A wand of shame and horror, leprous tongue
 That prates of honor and philanthropy
 And in God's sunlight peoples earth from hell !
 Yea, bids rejoice in the consuming grave ;
 The only hope of refuge left the soul,
 From this infernal war's insensate rage ;
 This mortal worship of material sense
 Idolatry of such conditioned things
 As blocks and stones, the mouthings of the wind,
 The ravings of this death, which can but fall and rot.
 Proud matter, all inert, what is thy boasted power ?
 Unquickened of God's life ! a millstone's deadly weight
 Falling and crushing all it overtakes :
 But harmless on the void, a festering sore
 Feeding corruption's parasites, of which we are, no more.

God in the woman for a little hour
Waits on the devil, rising in the man ;
As wakes the drunkard from his mad carouse,
In frenzy of defeat ; confusion, hell of guilt !
Prostration of all power : a tortured soul abased.
Of its own lie and boastful impotence :
A dog returning to its vomit ; a washed sow
Passed through the fire and flood, to wallow in the mire
And prostitute the life thus given to save !
Which waits abashed upon the brutish sot
And at his bidding comes and goes ; a minister
Of gentleness and peace, of purifying love
And watchful sufferance, waiting to approve
And bless, in him, a son redeemed from death :
Death, everlasting strife, the undying worm ;
Confusion, chaos, war of fire and flood ;
Obstruction of the rock that walls the pit,
Revenge of blood, the wasting of the grave.
Oh ! mercy, love and truth, unworthily bestowed ;
Where wrong, unrighteously prevails and sense
Of animal existence giveth law
And braves it over life in man and beast :
Lettered invention holding woman naught,
A soulless thing, for fondling given and lust !
Used and contemned, fettered, enslaved, abused ;
A herd of hungry breeders of a kind
In whom the clod and reptile beast and brute prevails
Savage and insecure ! cunning to prostitute,
Ingenious to debase, idolatrous of self ;
A cruel and jealous lord, a hypocrite :
Polluted and profane, a murderer of God's life ;
The leecherous, ashes dust of a dead sphere !
Consumed of its own lust, the hell and grave we dread :
Yet answering to God's light with soul and frame ;

Sense, eyes to see and hearts to feel this curse
And worthlessness, barbarity ; to bid it reign on earth.

O, Soul of blood ! How bloody and debased ?
How monstrous and unclean thy deadly touch !
Oh, Crystal Spring of life, sweet mercy's soul
Thou wo-man of our race ! yes ; sufferer for all ;
The very Christ of God ! How madly crucified
How tortured and profaned—Great God forgive !
In blind insensibility 'tis done,
The jaws of death and hell, a horrid dream :
Awake us ; let us see thy heavens all moved again
With horror, indignation of our deed.
Thy chained lightnings burning to avenge
This cruel ingratitude, this senseless wrong ;
Thy stern arrest of judgment doth reveal ;
Yea, blazon in the sunlight of the heavens !
That we may see and know from whence we have fallen
How terribly debased : how maniac is this rage
This war of blood ; this hell on earth sustained ;
Crowned, sworded, mitered ; boastful of its shame ;
The froth of ashes impotence of guilt.

Oh, woman ; God ; at length thy day is come
No more to heal but judge : star, planet, sun ;
This sottish thing that lords it o'er thy life.
This soul of chaos red with foul desire,
The fire of hell yet pulsing in its heart ;
Nor man nor devil ; none descript, abhorred ;
A mass of loathed corruption, rotting in the sun
In stench and bitterness and seeking gold to bless !
The paving of the heavens, in which its worm was nursed
And crawled to vile existence, hungry to devour.
Six days the heavens have ruled and separated
The dull metallic soul from Crystal life ;
Destroyed its reptile and its fishy brood

The monsters of the deep the ponderous beast
Whose Carcass was the labor of its life
A burden and a curse : enslaving, dead.
Six days a brained invention hath upheld
The image of this weight in church and state
Lettered and vain : a dead impassive thing !
Taxing and tithing for this bellied death ;
Its promise emptiness, its life a lie,
Formless and void the vapor of a cloud !
That leaves no furrow on the walled rock
And hath no place of rest ; an idle dream,
A drunkenness of blood, a sacrificial power ;
Obstructive, murderous, oppressive vile ;
Unknowing principle or power of life !
And prostituting all ; enslaving to debase
Corrupting to destroy, deflowering all,
By their insensate lust the power of hell !
Holding the earth a wilderness, they feed the grave,
The hungry grave ; and glorify their dead !
With pyramidal pomp an empty boast ;
Proclaiming impotence of saving power !
The waste of life the insolence of guilt ;
Unconscious of its shame ; the slavery of death !
A foul conditioned thing their only law
They relegate and call religion, God ;
To fetter life with shadows of the grave,
They dig by law—for Justice, Equity,
Truth, Right, the love of heaven, salvation of mankind ;
They mouth in their hypocrisy to fill the maw
And cater for the belly ; all they know of good :
Boastful, unprincipled ; as wandering stars ;
They feed the dead,—know only to devour.

Let there be Light, Jehovah ! now we wait
And keep thy Sabbath ; knowing well the fruit

Of our own works is death. Now let oppression cease
 Wrong, wickedness and guilt, iniquity,
 Prevail no more ; nor fear of death enslave.
 This is not life but death : we owe the dead
 A carcass ; this ensanguine blood,
 That burns the bruised heart of mercy's life ;
 And feeds the brain with vapor, moody thought ;
 Is but the soul of death : give all their own,
 The Crystal fount is ours ; let the oppressed go free,
 The weary, over-laden, be released ;
 Let Justice have her own, the scalp and crown
 With nervous apprehension guilt so guards ;
 The guerdon of invention violence takes away
 As trophies of her right and righteousness ;
 All that remains to her of spoil or praise,
 Through her brief reign of fear and shame ; this death !
 Arrest of judgment for an hour a day,
 That men may know her features taste her fruits
 And shun forevermore her murderous touch.

God's gift is life ; which is impossible,
 Without the Justice of Eternal Truth ;
 The Equity and Righteousness of Right,
 Whose knowledge, and whose leading, needs no law,
 But are themselves supreme in heaven and earth :
 The power of God, omnipotent to save.
 All else is violence, force, obstruction, impotence ;
 Therefore these falling spheres, the nation's fall ;
 The wasting of the kindreds of the earth,
 This chaos and the deep, this mortal void ;
 Filled with the stellar hosts of night and death
 As helpless and as impotent as laws !
 The blocks and stones of all idolatry
 Conditions of the dead, as dead as they.
 Blind as unjust, iniquitous as vile ;

Mortal and cruel and hungry as the void ;
Their fit appointed home where death prevails
And feeds his kindred on their flesh and blood ;
Corruption and decay the froth of guilt.
Grim murder and adultery are there ;
The statesmen, lawgivers, all needy knaves,
The robber and the thief whose needs are law,
They teach their hands by violence to sustain.
Their baseless fabrications like their lives, a dream !
Dead while they live, without a principle
Of saving knowledge or a sense of right ;
By leading, cultivation, to redeem
Their life from death, their souls from grave and hell :
But boast them of the murders they have done,
The nations overthrown, the kings they have slain ;
The life they have abased, to prostituting guilt.
Arming the suicidal hand, against the heart
They know can never die, but waiteth change
Enlargement, strength, emancipation, life ;
The liberty of light, the power of love.

The molten heart belched forth, the vapory zone
Thrice broken, kindled, cast upon the void ;
Repeating there the dull metallic round,
Of ring, and satellite, and condensing sphere :
The emancipated Earth now breathes released
In the pure atmosphere of mercy's life ;
That kindled by the sunlight of the heavens
Gives warmth and sweet relenting to the Rock
Tried in the fire of hell, inured to death !
And bids its quickening life again renew,
In leaf and blossom and the luscious fruit
Of joyous strength, its power of healing good,
Enervate yet by the uncertain light
And baleful influence of the changing moon ;

Our last encumbering zone, though fallen away ;
 Yet waiting for the souls she calls her own ;
 Our dull metallic dead, the worshipers,
 Of gold and indolence, of parasitic power,
 Of sensual lust, the smell of the rank blood,
 The smoke of sacrifice, the chance of change ;
 Returning, like the moon, in the same round
 Of purposeless existence, wasting power ;
 Her life a vapor and her atmosphere
 The pit's foul breath, fit refuge of the ghosts
 Of warrior kings, and nobles of the earth !
 Whose life is lust, the shadow of their power,
 Oppression and dismay, their rule the grave ;
 A wasting and destruction, arrogance of strength,
 In beggared life and borrowed plumes, the chivalry of
 death !

Exacting tithes of all by lethal force,
 Constructive right, of legislative wrong,
 The world's idolatry, a mortal lie !
 The mockery of all principle, of truth and God ;
 Curse of the earth and ruin of mankind ;
 Wasting her kindreds, peoples, root and branch !
 Inviting choice of good or evil life or death to all
 And giving all their choice, till doubt is dead ;
 The serpent's head, bruised now forevermore,
 In heaven and earth ; in hell the deep, the void,
 Where reptile, fish, beast, bird, all pass away ;
 And fallen infallibility is bound
 By its own lie to perish now for aye.

Mars and the Moon—war and inventive power
 The parasites of lust ; yet, for a time prevail ;
 The Whippers-in of all the vapory hosts.
 Forsaken of his vestals, now he waits
 Her fearful, wished embrace ; only delayed,

Till this arrest of judgment is removed ;
Till the first sound of active change again
Shall move the spheres and bid prepare for light :
The light of Truth,—direct from the veiled throne
Whose reflex now the kindling sun reveals.
When fearing to be outcast, left alone,
She will forego her baleful hold on earth,
And bear with her all she can know of life,
The salt of Ocean, bitterness of death,
With outcast souls of men unto her spouse ;
Of whom they have been and are the worshipers.
Old ocean now supreme since the fourth day
When light and gladness stirred her atmosphere
Triumphant from the flood of Misriam's tide ;
Our Mercy's life yet sullied and bereaved
Of the tried silver and pure gold she loves
To build upon in heaven her blessed abode :
For brazen, leaden death of molten gods
Mixed, mortal, of infernal heat yet moved :
But of God's lightnings kept from further peril,
And clothing now her life in poisonous green ;
The sullen seething scum of rust, decay,
Of baser metals and the cankerous blood
Of blear-eyed leprosy, concentrate hate :
Whose Venom barbs the sting of impotence ;
Repulsed Satanic rage, that trails upon the ground
Too fearful to put forth foot fin or wing,
To float or to impel its lengthened sac :
Or hand of help to feed or save its soul
Lest maiming follow and its stingless life
Lost in embittered bitterness succumb
To waiting hate ; the death it fears and bears ;
In the fanged lightnings of the hissing tongue,
Proclaiming and unable to avenge,

Its utter helplessness: and with the spite of wounds
 Inflict upon the foe an equal punishment
 The pains of death. The throne of power denied
 It is his right to grovel in the dust; inspire,
 The horror—of infernal dread and reign
 By life's antithesis—eternal death!
 A loathing and a curse forevermore.
 A sceptreless, unmitred, swordless, stingless thing
 A scorn, a hatred, outcast, fallen, dead!
 Harmless and buried in its speckled pride:
 Of many-hued hypocrisy and servile change:
 Unrighteousness—a lie; the death of Truth and Right.

The Ocean ruling and the herb and tree
 Covering the earth with verdure whose perfume
 Doth load the atmosphere with living fire
 The mingled vapors of the night dissolved
 And rising purified to cloud our sphere
 With mystic shade; till of the light dissolved
 To tears; it falls in showers to bless the earth—
 To permeate the mass of passive rock—
 To stir his captives to awake—release,
 Lift up unkindling crystals to proclaim
 Chaos and night overthrown; the day restored:
 Or dead, to crawl a worm—creep forth a nameless
 thing

And swell its bulk; or fret with crested plume
 And feed on ire of dragon, reptile dread—
 Go forth to conquer and destroy; with rage,
 Of hunger and of death; to seek true life;
 Consume its slain—from which the breath hath fled!
 Its sac, a bellied and devouring pit;
 That, like the hell of Chaos, sacks its dead;
 And finds but ashes—dust it cannot harm:
 To satisfy the purple, blood of death.

And now a tamer yet gigantic brood,
Well satisfied with lordship of the main,
Soon plowed the deep—until its life took wing :
Then browsed the forest glades—cooled of the atmosphere,
Of the convex terrene, toward the poles,
While under the blue Zenith in the line
Of the now empty channel of the flood,
Twisted and broken ; choked, in débris lost,
The lighter subterranean fires oppressed
Of cōwding vapors gathering nursed their strength ;
And heaping ridge on ridge, and cone on cone ;
Seeking escape from surveillance of the deep,
Entrenched themselves in vale and bottom, gave
The doubtful warmth and insecure vitality
Of flesh and blood ; a higher sense of life,
A clearness purity, inspiring strength,
Lifted above the vapors of the vale,
And giving health and vigor to the frame ;
That loathing garbage of devouring death
Would lick the dust, and from the grass aspired
To the sweet germ, the solid seed and fruit
Of herb and tree—the passive life of heaven—
To nurse the finer fibre of the woof
Of nervous impulse and instinctive force
Now bellied in the brain of moody thought
Perverse reflection—doubling subtlety
Of morbid doubt—and dawning sense of guilt—
That strains the strings of life from scalp to nail
Knotted in hoof and brain, denied escape ;
Save in the trailing fibre of the hair ;
A nerveless waste and tossed upon the wind
Not answering to the Spirit of God's life—
That wasted thus, doth prey upon itself,

Is racked within, and blind, a prey to fear ;
 And insolence of lust ; that wastes, imbrutes desire,
 And wakes a sounding harp all ear to every touch
 Of motion and of life recorded in our sight :
 That data of intelligence, reflective power ;
 Comparison, induction ; storing of the food,
 From incident ; from action and effect ;
 Laborious gathered of mechanic skill,
 That giveth evidence of Truth and Right
 Moving straight forward to light, life all good ;
 Inspiring purpose giving end and aim—
 The quiet resistless force of balanced power ;
 A living will : a spirit ordering all—
 With warmth and love and pointing us direct
 To the quick inner soul which lendeth thus
 The understanding heart to Knowledge, Truth—
 And gives it utterance, in thought and speech,
 The force of reason and the power of Right ;
 The living Word: the One, Sole, absolute, Immortal
 Good !

An Omnipresent God ; Omnipotent to save.
 Our Life, our Light, our Joy unsearchable,
 Eternal in the heavens : 'The one and all :
 A Merciful, a Just, and Righteous Lord !
 Inspiring Life and Love ; the sympathy,
 The bliss of being—the abounding joy :
 This power of happiness, of sharing all !
 The sense of suffering, understanding life
 Instinct of Equity—eternal Right :
 Leading in Justice to the blessed abode
 Of Truth established in the heavens and clear—
 Immutable as Just ! in Judgment giving light ;
 To walk in golden paths of peace and good
 The silvery gladness of the living spheres !

And its antithesis—The embodied lie
That works this world of woe and living death !
Darkness, confusion, and eternal dread.

Thus rose mankind in either hemisphere
Coeval the sixth day : and thus, necessity ;
The stern instructress of the mortal soul
Gave her first lesson in the way of peace :
Forethought, security, provision Trust
Which through the woman, God's embodied life ;
Maternal instinct power of living good,
Made them the Lords of Eden's fair domain—
Taught them to till the ground for seed and fruit ;
And draw their living, as their life from thence,—
Even from the dust, the body of this death,
Broken and pounded of the rage and hate
Which fires the uncertain soul to feed and spill
Its feverish blood ; beget and train its life
To murder and destroy like the devouring pit :
Whose light, with moon and stars illumed his night
And led him through the encroaching forest's shade
Repelling its rank growth and giving space
For healthier life ; bearing its fruit and seed
With herbage and the flower, the star of earth :
To give his soul a nearer sense of good ;
Of beauty and of love—the wealth of life :
Of joy and peace prospective happiness ;
In spring-time's glad return the sweets of love.
The joyous birth and yearly resurrection of our dead,
From cold mortality's encroaching grasp !
Whose dwelling is the void ; the bottomless abyss ;
Eternal as the heavens. Its dismal night
Stirred of those fallen bodies from its dream ;
Of long forgetfulness and hungry dread ;
Awakened to the touch of misery's fang,

And the dull gnawing of the undying worm ;
 Our life in jaws of death ; the grim devourer's maw !
 Thus is man made to stand, full in the sight of all
 Familiar with the living and the dead
 The labor of a day between him and the grave,
 Release or bondage new, as he prefers
 The confirmation of deliberate choice !
 With clear intelligence of that to come
 Compulsive restitution ; bending, breaking force—
 A duller hell—Sense of eternal death.

Thus man was led and formed by labor of desire
 And to this end ; the judgment of his life !
 And, in their separate hemispheres prevailed,
 The man and woman—His the stormy north—
 Hers the refreshing south—fair Teman's sunlit plains !
 Her eaves long buried in Pacific waste ;
 The warring heart laid on against the north ;
 Moored fast to Lebanon and the Arabic rock
 From where the pillared Hercules repels,
 The Atlantic wave ; to India's Ocean and the Persian
 Gulf.

Along the salted depths of Misriam's tide
 And the Red Sea its outlet nevermore.
 Thus brought together by their kindred hands
 Was Eden planted ; every pleasant tree
 And good for food they gathered round them there,
 And in the midst, standing unique, alone ;
 In God-like branchings of immortal love,
 The Tree of Life ; which gave them daughter, son ;
 The power of generation from the embrace,
 Of Mercy and of Right ; thus reconciled
 She willing to give life the sealing right on him
 Whose soul is to be tried and of its deeds,
 The fruit of its own impulse ; judged for aye :

Adjudged to life or death : rightful inheritance
Of life and good in her ; in him of death and hate
As rising from this chaos, pit, and grave
Of mingled elements he seeks his native heaven
Or manifests his training in the hungry void
A Parasite and Tither of God's life
In ignorance of all and faithless to all good
Save that he holds in hand and can control.
Thus their own seed, for whom all is prepared,
Is their peculiar care ; by the consent
Of male and female, Lord and God restored,
To test in him returning sense of Right
By her example warmed to living Truth
Or dominance of wrong and damning guilt.
In her unchanging love, no wrong can move ;
No prostitution, guilt contaminate :
As resting in God's Truth assured of good ;
And only good, defying evil's power.
As in the pit, she strove with dragon rage
Slimy hypocrisy and bastard wrong ;
In every form repeated on the earth,
To hardened guilt condemned presumption—death ;
The rage of terror, madness of despair—
In her unshaken confidence, man is but blind
Not murderous in intent ; his purpose good ;
His wrong an error ; madness of affright :
The willfulness of ignorance not hate ;
Confusion, not perversity ; incompetence, not guilt ;
The indolence, unhappiness of death ;
Whose fall is sheer destruction,—ruins crash !
Kindling the fire of hell, whose light reveals
The terrors of the night ; the loathsomeness :
Of the consuming grave ; the horrors of the dead :
The utter helplessness of lifeless things.

Wake him with kindness ; the maternal touch
Of sweet renewing life ! with watchful care,
Feed and instruct him till he knows his wants ;
Then teach him to supply and learn again,
Entire dependence on the Truth of God
The confidence of Righteousness—the right divine
In the sustaining power of perfect rectitude
Integrity of heart : Faith in the principles
Of living good ; that wings the bird and gives the fish
and fowl

To float and flutter—beasts to bear their weight
And man to comprehend ; believe and live.
For God whose life on no condition waits
But shapeth all to the appointed end ;
In Judgment and of Right, as Truth declares
The purpose and the issue of the day,
The work and its accomplishment fulfills.

His the mechanic power—constructive Right
That forms, but knows not yet inspiring love ;
That power invisible, upholding all
That giveth life its self-sustaining rest,
The peace of confidence, the faith of hope—
Immortal Love and everlasting Life,
Immaculate ; Omnipotent ; and just as pure ;
Infallible as just—unfailing evermore,
Rejoicing in his life's, life-giving power ;
Resting on principles we know approve
As men on earth, as ministers in heaven,
Executors of Justice on the void ;
Or self-condemned and doomed ourselves to fall
As errant and perverse—and passive wait our day.
As here and now ; when—with a prescient care
A perfect knowledge and omniscient love—
The mercy, pity of a mother's heart

A father's glory—guiding hand and crown
Shall wake us to renewed activity and bliss,
Through perfect knowledge, perfect confidence,
Deliberate judgment, understanding choice ;
As between life and death :—preferring life and love
The power of God the bliss of heaven and good,
To the dead earth, destroying power of hell :
Yet seeking no release ; 'till all are healed
And one great shout of triumph kindles all !

For so the tree of knowledge indicates
In giving kindred feelings separate forms
Appointed spheres to all, the living and the dead :
Knowledge of good and evil—incompatibles—
Deadly antagonists at perpetual war :—
Involving us in strife ere pause of thought
Passive submission, or opposing force
Can ward or separate living place and power—
Irreconcilable as life and death :
As Mercy's waters with the fire of hell ;
As falsehood with the Truth ; as Right with Wrong,
Justice with Injustice ; as Iniquity
With Equity : the perfect law of Love ;
Which giveth Right, and Righteousness, and peace,
As Justice giveth Light in the pure heavens
The blaze of Truth revealing darkness—death—
Flashing conviction which resolveth all ;
As doth the lightning's flash metallic force
Judging at once—expelling from the heavens.

Thus, to incessant war in soul and life
In man our errant Right—Inventive power—
Mechanic skill,—the father of this death !
The evil one God's mercy giveth seed
Unto the utmost to redeem her own ;
Made woe to him in Woman, God's pure life ;

Whose being heritage his wrong doth hold
In bondage terror of destruction till
This wrong is judged ; this high arrest of judgment is
removed :

And Right and Light, the order of the heavens
Once more restore the sphere of Equity ;—
Until her Cherubim, whose life is love ;
In woman well revealed have way again—
Uprising from the rock in which they have withstood
The rage of death and hell, again sustain
With softer light the healing power of good
The truth of God ! eternal in the spheres ;
And with their lives redeem the fallen Seraphim
Outcast of Justice who in death uphold ;
The false usurper's power misleading all,
That he alone may fall with lust and death—
The Invention, curse of this infernal state.

Thus from the dust of Chaos heaven and earth,
The starry firmament and watery waste,
Rose up created from its ashes, blood ;—
Renewed again to life and living good
The sight and touch self-sustenance of heaven,
Expectant hearing of the living word
Yet subject to mortality, eternal death ;
And constant change : conditions of the void.
So from the fire and from the deep at once
Came forth the living soul, the purple tide
Of pulsing life that heaves and warms the heart
And grew, was fashioned to its own desire,
By touch and energy of saving strength ;
Drawn from the bodies of our wailing dead
By Mercy's healing life the soul of earth :
Poured out, an ocean held to salt and waste,
According to the worship, wish of every soul

And answering to the light and good of heaven
With providence, self-sustenance, direction, love :
Until the moving heavens again restore
The wonted channel of the binding deep ;
Healed, purified, to Truth and Right once more
The energy of life the Love of God ;
And give its shadow and restoring warmth,
From the sun's living rays, to man and beast—
And from circumference to the balanced poles :
Holding the flitting shadow of the night
To earth's periphery carred, a harmless shade,
In constant flight—flying before the day ; pursuing and
pursued,
Unknowing rest or cooling of the night :
A morning cloud before the constant light,
Till thrown upon the hazy void for aye ;
An outcast buried, 'neath the expanding heavens
That move again now healed, their dead restored,
In their unhalting course to purge all space ;
And, in their wake, hold death to his domain,
Eternal night the shadow of the grave ;—
All empty now ; its lighted cenotaphs
The waiting stars released, restored again
Unto their blessed abodes ; their crystal life
With welcome triumph crowned ; its warfare past.
All shadow, grief, forever left behind
With death and hell ; upon the cold abyss
Of lurking mortal dread ! a whirlpool evermore
Evolving and involved in shadows, cursing ; cursed :—
And empty as the breath that moves them now,
A waste,—all waste ;—impotency and hate ;
Thus buried hiding, hid ; denied escape
Chased, hunted, like the night ; even now, before the day.
But yet between the continents together laid,

From south and north, from east and west redeemed ;
 The man and woman strive :—she in the South,
 Yet baffled and withdrawn from her besotted son :
 While in the leprous North the lust of power,
 Subdues all sense and she doth serve her lord
 A willing slave, giving her hapless seed
 To servitude and death—the waste of war—
 That scattered to the east and west as now :
 From Atlas and the Lebanon in deadly strife
 Toward the west ; while in the farther east
 High Sheba's Queen o'er Araby the blessed,
 Prevails and holds her captives, not as spoil ;
 But to the healing of her saving love
 With milk of kine and herbs of binding power
 Cleansing their leprosy and leading forth
 O'er Eden's ample plains toward the north
 And at her touch and by her sister's skill,
 Now moved to pity and to love once more,
 A Garden bloomed and spread o'er hill and dale
 From Lebanon to Ararat ; whose lofty steppes,
 Guarded the east ; where Justice took her seat
 As in the heavens and held from all return
 The outcasts of the west and warring heart ;
 Who sought her waters and found rest and peace.
 While Equity beleaguered before Lebanon strove
 Repelling northern war and Misriam's thriftless waste—
 Of life and good ; by indolence and lust
 Of gross desire ; indulgence, levity of thought and deed :
 Holding her own until the murderer
 Is judged for aye, the liar and adulterer condemned,—
 And outcast as accursed of heaven and earth—
 To this appointed end, God's life hath been approved
 Here, now, forever in the heavens and earth.

But once again a leaden darkness clouds

The dim metallic firmament, obscuring all
Arresting the free light and like a pall
Resting on atmosphere and living soul
Dense and oppressive; till the quickening light
Releasing Mercy's life, flashed from the heavens
Contending with the fire and smoke of earth
The dull metallic vapors of the pit
With quick seraphic heat kindled again
In self-defense and hurling back resolved,
The moving sublimates in molten death.
But passive, lifeless, careless of assault;
When the aggressive clouds subdued were still,
Slept on, nor yet awoke their thundering strength.
Till on a day the fires of earth and heaven
Now, kindling in their rage, the earth and firmament;
A mass of solid flame, was shaken rent
Even to the trembling centre—Lebanon fell—
The heavens were still but from the earth arose
The smoke of darkness and devouring fire
The hiss of mortal strife—the roar and rush
Of crystal strength, the quenching water's power,
Our Mercy was avenged in Equity
And all was still on earth—save where metallic rage
Spread its devouring fire and claimed its own
The passive life of death—revenging on itself
With sullen rage, the fury of defeat;
And seeking to destroy all life from earth.
And ravished Eden fell, and ruin spread
Her black and dismal reign from the now sea-girt range
Of Atlas to far Ararat; save where the war and toil
Of Lebanon, had cleared the forest waste;
And rocky Araby stood in her strength:
With the great sea behind her on the west,
Where towered the farther heights of Lebanon's pride;

Laid low forever ; swallowed of the deep.
 Thus Atlas ; seat of Right and Righteousness :
 Was set apart on earth,—a living gulf between
 Her settled shores and warring Lebanon :
 Where Mercy still in Equity contends,
 Circled of ruin's circumcising power
 Against the grasping sons of hate and fear
 Her waters flowing yet to the Red Sea ;
 But backward to the west from east and north.
 And Ararat in Justice stands secure
 Her living waters falling to the gulf
 Nor lingering yet on Shinar's slimy plain
 As in the waste of space unfruitful lost.
 But giving to the earth refreshing strength,
 Prosperity, through all their living course
 In Euphrates upon whose banks were spread
 All saved of Eden's Gardened wealth and love
 Its happy inmates seeking rest from war ;
 Their happiness in duty well fulfilled,
 Training their offspring with parental care ;
 Of purity and peace, against the indolence
 And lust of lordship in the man on earth.
 The insolence barbarity of power
 So well chastised in Lebanon and the west
 Though to them yet unknown—They dreamed the fire
 The mad result and ruin of its war !
 And so it was but of the heavens now judged.
 Soon to be flooded from the earth for aye ;
 In its more horrid form of molten waste.
 But knowing not of this they were more diligent
 And careful in the training of their life
 The living tree whose hapless fruit on earth ;
 As yet, the enemy of life and peace,
 Devours the living with the passive dead

Its soul condemned as fire of hell for aye !
Held to eternal death upon the void :
A sacrifice accursed to war and waste.
Offspring of Chaos and confusion hate !
Abaddon ! now destroyed forevermore.

Behold God's work, the purpose end of life !
And is it that for which our kings do war,
Our Priesthoods labor ; lead mankind to strive :
And promise resurrection of the dead ?
Well if they do. But what were mound and pyramid ;
What Palace, Temple : What our Church and State ?
Blood is the living soul : How do they save ?
In battle-fields ; in cloisters of their guilt !
Their bread reduced to wafers ; wine denied to man.
The poor tithed to a penny ; and their lands
Pre-empted and entailed of gilded dust ;
Or buried in the ruins of a masonry ;
Allured and tempted but to drink their blood.
A city of the Garden of our God—dead walls !
A fretting leprosy—a festering sore—
Rank with the prostitution of God's life !
And drunk with blood of siege and carnival :
Of sack and ruin ; revelry of death—
The Grave and hell from which we rise to light ;
And is it this, God blesseth here and now ?
An Eden ; blooming on the dreary void ?
Sustaining life upon the pit and grave :
The ruin of a sphere of blood consumed !
The fire of hell : the ashes of the abyss.

Behold the shades of buried mound and pyramid
In Mercury and Venus—waiting there prepared,
To pave the way of heaven, and living good :
Of Palace and of Temple in ringed Saturn, Jupiter,
The Satellited shadows of the pit and grave ;

Long separated in heaven and now on earth :
Behold our Church and State in Mars and Moon !
Unclothed, dependent ; by-words in the heavens !—
Symbols of fruitless change ; of cunning fence of power,
That builds like Truth and Right—builds ay for aye,
In goodness life and light so it pretends ;
The spirit, soul and body of the heavens ;
But is a lie—a blank idolatry—
Infernal worship of a selfish hate.

All being thus prepared the end in view.
We turn assured to view the word and work
Which led the woman's seed, the sons of God,
To this assured triumph by the power
Of mercy and of love, endurance, sacrifice,
And suffering ; oh ! the cross and crown of thorns
Upon the bleeding brow is not a tithe
Of her endurance in the fire and flood !
Their eyes to open and instruct mankind,
The saved of Mercy's life, in understanding, light,
The knowledge of the evil and the good,
That all may see and choose, and live or die,
According to their worship and its fruits,
The labor of their hands for life or death.

God now withdraws, and of him or his truth,
All we can know is the reflected light
Of that high sun, his chosen ministry,
The Seraphim of Justice ; for the day
Chosen to rule in judgment in the sphere
Of Equity ; the paradise of God, the place of rest,
Of healing and repose in the pure heavens,
Where perfect balance of all life prevails
In perfect order, without waste or fear
Of hunger, thirst, heat, cold, or chance of change,
Of aught save happiness and joy and bliss,

Life serving life with life ; one principle,
The Truth of God, ruling in all ; one power,
His love, constraining all to worship, and obey
In every living thing, his equal, with authority to claim
The utmost service of his life and power ;
In all that's good to succor and sustain,
Even with the life, which else must rise and curse,
Even to his face the injustice which enslaves
The quick and pure, to the inert, corrupt ;
And bid him go, a recreant, and of Justice learn
That all are equal in the eyes of him
Who thus sustaineth all : and Right is Wrong
The moment it asserts superiority, or claim of life,
At the expense of any ; to abase God's Equity in aught.
He hath authority to lead power to destroy
Every destroyer, who profanes God's life,
By arming for destruction, living to-devour,
But at the proper peril of his own life, the woe of death,
The Judgment of the void which knows no jubilee,
Nor change of service, nor of life, but holds
Him outcast lost for aye ; an errant thing
To whom repentance and return is past
The knowledge and obedience of God's Right ;
In Equity and love, the peace of Righteousness,
Eternal Justice, Truth Immutable,
Are vanished things, one sense absorbing all
The sense of suffering old idolatry—
Supreme, and holding to eternal death.

Now, we pursue the lesson of the night ;
Dismal to all, in which the heavens reproved
Are dark, as in this day, now closing o'er the earth
A day of darkness and of gloominess,
Of clouds, thick darkness, terror, error, strife,
A day to be remembered, neither day nor night,

Dark, medieval on earth, and night in heaven,
 But in the evening-time it shall be light,
 That all may see and know and live again,
 And bid the Immortal day dawn in our sight ;
 Our understanding and our faith prevail ;
 No more by suffering, but the power of 'Truth,
 The patient perseverance, waiting of our life,
 Enlightened and obedient now in all ;
 The crack-brained evil and the living good,
 That crazed of fear ; this, now, undoubting clear,
 Fully assured, expectant, waiting for
 The touch that tells the hour of coming change,
 Of blessing, and of high reward, of life,
 When the award of Judgment, being passed ;
 His word shall move to action, truth and peace,
 Our Jubilee shall sound again, and the irradiate heavens
 Burst on our sight restored, illumed anew,
 Clothed in the living light of Righteousness and Love,
 "The peace of God," which passeth all we know,—
 All understanding sense of moving thing,
 His goodness hath endowed to see and live.
 To know and understand the death we fear,
 The lie we worship, fire and lust of blood ;
 Destroying wrath imputed to our God,
 Of ignorance and death, of shame and guilt,
 The beast and the false prophet who deceive ;
 This haughty Lucifer, our errant right,
 Who giveth law and ruleth by this death,
 Thus judged before our eyes ! The end desired
 Of Mercy's suffering through this weary day
 Of long probation ; this Sabbathic week
 Of suffering, rest, from judgment of the heavens,
 Until "her seed shall bruise the serpent's head,"
 Is thus fulfilled, and to her proper sphere

The woman is restored in heaven and earth,
The sphere of Equity, of peace, and Truth ;
The reign of righteousness, the power of God.

A river out of Eden watereth thus
The Garden of the Lord, our conquering Right,
By high submission, active goodness crowned,
Its life and verdure spreading over all,
From thence it was divided and became,
Four heads now joined again in all the earth.
The first "Pison," the opening of the mouth
For high instructive leading of our sons,
In understanding of the way of life,
While compassing this far and suffering land
Of ancient "Havilah," where there is gold,
The purity of truth, Integrity of heart—
Bdellium and the Onyx, tried and treasured things ;
The second "Gihon," sighing of the heart,
Which wholly compasseth the unhappy land
Of lustful Cush and careless Ethiopie,
Meek natures, simple, long, long-suffering son.
The third "Hiddekel," sharp-sounding war
Of Aram kindled, eastward to pursue
Unresting Asshur from fair Nineveh,
To further Ind the confines of the earth.
The order of the nine, the square of three,
The fourth the Euphrates, whose fruitful source
From Ararat hath way, where Justice taught
High Elam in the ways of truth and right ;
To honor in his Queen, his wife espoused,
And give her equal worship and estate,
With refuge and the right of fair defense to all
Against all wrong, even of the king and law :
Which gives assurance and prosperity
To water, as a river, all the earth.

And the "Elohim" took the man their son,
And put him in the garden they had made,
"To keep and dress it," as a man instructing him,
In good and evil, in the narrow way
Of duty and of life; to separate these,—
As life and death her mortal enemy,
Deadly antagonists in perpetual strife!
And hold him to, and know alone the good.

Thus in the midst the tree of life,—the tree
Of knowledge, of the good and evil stood,
Planted in man's betrothal to God's life;
The daughter of the Eve of the seventh day,
Whose morn shall soon again illumine the earth
With expectation of fulfilled desire,
In husband, lord, restored in the wished son
Her wistful haste had strangled in his birth
Begotten in rebellion, born a murderer.

Thus Adam is installed the husbandman
Of Life in woman on the outcast earth,
The Zion of our God, on which his eye
Hath been attent for good six thousand years,
Careful of the "Elohim" he exalteth to
The image of "JEHOVAH," Judge and King;
Leading, instructing, and sustaining all,
Even the unjust, to prove their life or death,
By sense of Equity, or love of wrong,
At pleading Mercy's call, whose life's the sacrifice;
She giving them the bodies of her dead,
In fruit of herb and tree for sustenance,
With the dominion over life to verify
Their faith in faithlessness to Truth and Right,
Condemned in eating flesh of fish, fowl, bird,
Of beast and creeping thing, even to their own,
As life-devourers, suckers of the blood;

From which he kept the garden of his care,
As from Malaria foul disease and death ;
All evil in its every form, of parricide ;
Abusing thus their liberty to eat,
Of every tree committed to their care,
And of the tree of life, his own reserved
For a maturer knowledge of the good
And evil of existence without life or right.
As in this reign of death, since Lucifer
Misled of the destroying fire of wrath,
Put forth his impotent, presumptuous hand
With lying promise to expand, exalt,
Where his blind zeal could only bind with death,
The subtle hands of doubt and fear and hate,
Estranging life from life, obstructing light,
Give heaven and earth to darkness, reduce all
To dust and ashes, subject to the grave,
The waste of desolation evermore ;
The triumph of the shivering mortal void ;
Chaos and hell confusion and the pit :
To which God's life expels the infernal powers
Of wrath and darkness to eternal night,

Therefore it is that of the accursed tree
Of this destroying knowledge, mingled power
Of good and evil—violence and love,
Man is forbid to eat ; touch, taste, or serve himself :
For in the day of eating he must bring
The evil into contact with the good
Hatred with love—destruction with God's life !
Death and mortality with living power ;
The Immortality and light of heaven :
And being mortal, moved of power divine—
The living Light ! himself should surely die :
And evil—darkness, must prevail for aye.

And so it was, and is ; until the heeded word,
 In truth and righteousness shall make him free,
 In Justice and in Judgment with the Just :
 In this first resurrection ; when the dawn
 Shall usher in the third Millennial morn—
 Twice ten, with God's Sabbathic rest between ;
 The involution, resilience of wrong—
 As tabled in the heavens, revealed on earth—
 Repeated weeks of judgment and release
 For the loved Rachel willingly embraced :
 By law perverted into Leah's shame
 And a mixed offspring of reproof and hate ;
 Reuben and Simeon cursed of Levi's pridè,
 And Judah's self-condemned, destroying rule—
 Joseph of Benjamin reproved and dead ;
 While the ignoble, servile sons of lust
 Impotence, hatred ; live their bastard day
 In slavery and oppression ; wrongs of blood—
 By Egypt's river and the Syrian brook
 Burning their brick and wood in bondage still :
 Of Calvary's crown of thorns condemned in vain.
 The base deliberate murder of God's Right !
 Which toileth pleadeth for its murderers still :
 Misled of bland hypocrisy, the Insolence of power ;
 Insanity of violence ; fear and force
 Of Roman arrogance and priestly hate,
 Accursed idolatry—Satanic power—
 Thus openly revealed on earth as in the heavens ;
 Its sacrifice presented of the priestly Jew
 And of the Gentile willingly received
 As evidence of lordship from the first
 The passion of his soul—that made him murderer.
 And gave him this Salvation as its curse !
 , Perverted ; feeding yet, his murderous hate

His national antipathies—playing Lord and God ;
I will be served—My image stand *Suprême* !
Behold the curse yet resting on his soul,
In strife and blood to condemnation held
In heaven and earth in hell and in the void.
Eternal death pursues his insolence
Who thus by ministry of death not life
The cross exalteth ; makes the victor's crown,
Of piercing thorns and dyes his robe in blood.
And with the damned hypocrisy of hell
Holds up submission to his murderous hand
As high obedience to the will of God !
Who writes his condemnation in this guilt :
The Son attesting with his blood the seal,
Of arrogance ! the heavens have set upon,
The murderer's soul ; and blazon in our sight ;
In star and planet and this wasted Earth,
Their maniac rage predominates an hour
Now closed forever ! as revealed in blood ;
Immured in helplessness of its own wrath,
That beggeth, curseth, for a life accursed ;
And seeks to kindle war once more, in vain.
The murderers of the Christ ! their rage prolonged
Unto this hour 'gainst those for whom he died,
The meek and lowly whom on earth he blessed :
The man the victim at the close of even ;
At dawn the kindreds of the earth were slain ;
The avengers in the noonday urge the strife
Now in the eve again their net is spread
O'er peoples as their prey : that they may reign—
And so sustain a sacrificial host—
Who live by robbery and murder still
The powers of death and hell—Consenting to
Nay ; burning to make good with brazen front

The slavery and the destruction of mankind
In soul and body ; sacrificing thus
To murderous law and dogma, blank idolatry
Of "beast and the false prophet" doomed to die ;
When Truth shall lead and principle prevail,
With "Kings and Captains" mighty of the earth.

Aye ; Mercy's blood redeems us : and her son
So suffers in our sight from that dark hour
Which to the heavens revealed, instead of jubilee,
This mortal death, material insolence
To Justice given and judgment of the Just,
Nor did the Christ pray for his murderer ;
The priestly hypocrite, who urged the deed
On crucial impotence of deadly guilt ;
Warring against the life which shows it dead :
A block, a millstone lifted but to crush ;
And wash its hands in blood of base consent ;
Then turning ; bid, behold a miracle of love
In holding pure ; when guilt doth yet remain !
Dares to remain : till damned and outcast now ;
Clothed truly, in the purple of its guilt !
The crimson of the blood it freely wastes,
And seeks to spill and subject to its lust :
Spilt ! would to God, it could be washed away
Forever from the earth with the foul cell
It makes its habitation here ; the froth and stench
Of blank corruption : Mother of the worm !
Yet even here ; against this Jezebel ;
Of murder and of waste ! repulsive as the pit ;
God's life prevails ; yea, triumphs and proclaims
The reprobate intent, basely conceived :
More basely fails, and finds its place prepared ;
Even where it hatched its brood it dies accursed,
Its palace and its temple now its tomb !

As in the heavens—upon the void we see,
In shadow of the night, its masonry makes good.
In convent, monastery ; groined aisle and nave,
Of grim hypocrisy ; and darker crime !
Where vital crimson's into purple wrought
Even to the sight and touch of vulgar sense ;
That solemn lifts its head and holds it damned !
Yet is young life lured to the crucial test ;
More fiendish than the accursed tree hath framed !
And the Infallible builds on this lure—
Its own damnation ; its eternal doom !
From first to last decreed : accomplished now
In sight of heaven and earth ; the morbid glare
Of candle and of incense ; sun and moonlight shade ;
Great God : now let thy crystal life strike home, avenge ;
The suffering of this last, most monstrous wrong :
In reptiles, beasts in human shape ; the worm,
To hearing, sight and understanding grown
In serpent, dog and ape—The man is gone,
A fallen seraph ; branching thus in death
To test its power give its Invention way
And hold it damned forever—beyond reach
Of mercy ; sympathy ; Held to the void !
A thing accursed and never—nevermore ;
To see nor feel the warmth nor light of heaven.

'Twas thus in Eden when the lordly north
A leper warred with the yet conquering south
And Lebanon fell ; the pit was quenched for aye ;
Under the waters of our Misriam's life
Which Israel's Miriam led to fall again ;
But fall to conquer in the Eternal son :
God's Right ! forever sealed of Truth and Life.
And rising now to lead the fallen spheres
The broken body of his life in heaven

Back to the place and Oneness of its frame
 Confusion healed ; and Chaos, Babel, Babylon,
 Seven-altared Moab and seven-hilled Rome condemned
 Already in her Vatican ; premonished now
 Of that which shall be—Let her victims cease ;
 The sacrifice is past—the sacrament remains—
 The bread and wine of peace ! assured good.
 Infallibility's an unwashed lie !
 The blindness, ignorance, insolence of death.
 Return and let our sacrificial host
 Once more let sweat atone for crimson blood.
 And bid the saving labor of the hand
 Bring sure salvation to God's life in earth
 This soul and body to the pit condemned
 From whence it rose—A nobler frame remains :
 To be made good—awaits the moving heavens.
 Not human skill nor providence nor help
 The help of man but saves this mortal soul
 To see its own damnation—take effect
 And know its place from henceforth evermore .
 Another spirit now prevails on earth
 The fiery baptism of saving light.
 Not the consuming rage of death and hell
 The flood hath quenched so long, long, long ago.
 As suffering counts its ages—'twas but yesterday
 Nay ; in the dawn of this immortal day
 Of record now between the earth and heavens
 Forever and this day—a point in space
 A mortal pause to test vitality,
 Of good and evil—matter, spirit, Life
 Established now in Truth and Righteousness
 God's Right—no son of shame ! forevermore :
 Licentious union ; mastery of death ;—
 But true and good a Nazarite indeed !

Loved—aye; adored: even as a Nazarene:
For promise of the good he now hath wrought.

But for the Victims priesthood blindly led
And by whose blindness they perpetuate
The accursed rites of death from day to day—
As flies the shadow round our circling ball,
Confounding all distinctions; while they join,
The revel of the murderers and prolong,
The sufferings of the crucified: in the full light
Of that avenging Sun! whose seraphim;
Now burn to quench the rage and bleach the bones
Of this, thrice damned, hypocrisy of guilt:
Whose triple crown, in lord and priest and king;—
Aramic pride, Midian assumption, and the blood-stained
hate

Of black Egyptian darkness; vengeful arrogance
Of Levi and of Amram's bitter seed;
Lawgivers of mankind! for the first-born,
Of Egypt and of Israel; for the suffering* Christ
Held to the death of Hor and Pishah's height;
The Altar of Moriah—templar sacrifice
Of high Jerusalem, in her blood gone down;
But not forever like this race condemned
To waste of desolation—evermore—
The triumph of the shivering mortal void;
Chaos and hell, confusion and the pit,
From which God's life expels the infernal power
Of wrath and darkness to eternal night—
Now closing over Rome—our Church and State—
For whom red Mars and Moon impatient wait.
For Pishah's sign prevails in all the earth
And brotherhoods and castes shall be no more.
Nation nor kindred, kingdom nor idolatry
Of statesmanship, nor law of human force;

Ephesian legislation—Roman guilt.

But principle and Life: The Equity and Truth
Of Heaven, on earth shall reign till all renewed

In Justice and in Judgment's quenchless light

That Truth embodied in the eternal spheres

The Truth of Love, of Justice and of Right

Mortality itself immortalized

Quickened of Mercy and in Equity

Judged and at one with life forevermore.

In peace of Righteousness and Light of Love

The Knowledge of all Goodness, Truth of Right—

The Three in one: God's Life Omnipotent;

Omniscient: kindling, and inspiring all.

Suffering in Equity, in Justice crowned;

In matter and in spirit, Love and Light

The Omnipresent God forever blessed—

Ah; How we linger on the grand result!

'Tis thus, expelled from Heaven this mortal Right

When force hath failed by cunning and by fraud;

Sustains its impotence; maintains its wrong!

By falsehood and hypocrisy! and leads mankind

To glory in the shame and ruin of their race:

And crying out 'gainst violence perpetrate,

With their own hands the violence they condemn;

Yet threaten from the heavens, when these again shall
rule!

Seek to appease with murder and with blood,

The God of Peace and Truth, of Equity,

Of Mercy and of Justice, Life and Love?

No; But to feed the lust of selfish hate

Which burns against all excellence all truth;

And fears God's light, as kindling for it now

A deeper hell from which there's no escape.

To this infernal power they sacrifice!

For this they strive and give their goods and life !
Training their seed to murder ! forcing them,
In all their generations, yet to pass
Through fire and water stained with blood of life ;
To appease this Moloch ! whom, they prostitute
Their sons and daughters to uphold and feed,
In their own persons ; and as kings and lords
Make themselves vile before a prostrate world,
As graven images of lust and death !
Which, worshiping : Men perish in their blood ;
As Tongues and Kindred Nations, Peoples, Tribes,
What name or sacrifice can save the souls
So blindly thus, insensate, perverse, lost ?
Madly conspiring to debase God's life
And image, in the bodies their desire ;
The habit of their life hath framed to bow
To this Idolatry of Shame and Fear !
Whose lewdness in the palace and the grove ;
From Eden to this hour of bloated pride :
Hath mocked the brute with apish impudence ;
And brutalized mankind, to feast on blood.

Behold them now, as rising from the deep
In fish and fowl, devourers of their kind !
Spawning and hatching, living to devour
And be devoured ; destroying life to live !
And in the mammal tribes of earth and deep,
As rising in intelligence, removed from death ;
A moment just to breathe and feel their shame,
Their eyes are opened to the living light :
And without shame or fear, repelling sense of wrong,
They play the leper with a savage rage,
Till of the man, the sac alone remains !
The flesh is wasted and the serous blood
Preys on the bone and muscle ; and he moves

A living Grave ! at length cries out Unclean !
 Unclean ; yet clinging to desire of life :
 Dead : but, yet shrinking from the fear of death !
 He feeds and burrowing in the ground breathes on :
 A loathing—and more helpless than the worm.
 He covereth the proud lip, that curls no more in scorn !
 And, leprous to the vitals ! Meeting face to face
 The fell destroyer, the fallen Lucifer
 In his own brother man—his son and sire
 He spurns his slothful offspring and disclaims
 The poor Lazar ! for being what he is,—
 What he—not God—hath made him, for God's life
 Is prostituted thus to bring his shame,
 Home to the soul that leads him thus astray !
 His sense is wounded and he turns aside,
 With proud contempt ; nor suffereth his dogs—
 His offspring too—and lying near his heart,
 To lick his sores ; nor spares him of the crumbs,
 (He hath stolen, not produced : aye, and from these !)
 On which he feeds his servants, while he feasts
 Upon the young and tender of his kind—
 Their lives stolen, murdered, too—to serve his lust.
 Made beasts, devourers,—living thus devoured ;
 Through his offense made helpless—what they are.
 Unfit for food of worms ? and turns him from his gate ?
 His gate ! a moment to proclaim him damned.
 While with his lords his wives and concubines,
 Those more unclean—the implements of lust—
 He sits him down, poor death's-head ! pleased to hold
 High carnival upon the fat and strong,
 The sharers of the feast, on whom he preys :
 And drinks his wine from the polluted cup
 Of temple and of Altar, mingling in their shame
 The crimson blood—the life of their own souls !

“Mene — tekel — Upharsin” — So the WORD comes home.

For such we suffer ; and for such our dead—
Behold their cross ! yet die ; nor say, It is enough ;
Till this infernal rage is well condemned.
This cross and broken body their reward—
And worshiped—yes ; because it feeds this soul ;
With whoredom and debasement well avenged ;
In exposition of this mad offense !
That vaunting holds its symbol yet before our eyes
In the accursed tree—our glory and their shame,
That, self-condemned, they may go out for aye ;
For Equity ; living herself by sufferance, suffereth all.
Therefore in Mercy Justice yet sustains
Her suffering seed—the meek of all the earth :
Who with the fruits of labor and of love,
From the impassive body of our life—
The unsuffering earth, are well content and wait
The appointed hour of recognition—bliss !
The knowledge and the power of living Truth—
Eternal Right : the life and good of heaven,
’Twas there they met in Lebanon where her range
Beckoned to Atlas, stretching westward o’er
The branching archipelago whose inland sea
To west and northward laved her fruitful base,
Crowned by the spreading Cedar’s fragrant shade :
And, in the east and south, the Nile’s broad estuary
Beat on her rockbound coasts and covering clothed,
With kindlier soil the desert’s barren shores :
Where Palm and Fig, the orange and the vine,
Rejoiced in the broad olive’s peaceful shade,
Whose limbs were yet unscarred by resting foot,
Of the industrious beater : where the sycamore
Gave shelter to the vale and in the chosen glades

The almond and the pomegranate, together bloomed
— secure.

Here Asia's fiery steeds and brawny Bulls
Of Europe, led and drove their female herds ;
Encroaching upon Sheba's fair domain.
Where first the wild ass learned to spurn his load
And the meek camel bowed until her spine
Was arched into a hunch, and the white teeth
Would gleam in fierce protest against the increase
Of her oppressive burden. Here too, first came
Baalzephous northern lord a fugitive
Alone or with his bride, who with him fled
To escape the hateful lust of a loathed mastery
That, like the leader of the herd, on force relied
Nor sought another bond ; but fed desire
With license, till his lust consumed his frame.
A tiller of the ground or keeper of the range
Of brook or tree, led planted by his hand
By use and cultivation justly, held his own
With all that it sustained watered and fed :
Well for the Husbandman :—It made the lord
The leper and the adulterer, he was and is.
And, chiefly, were they rangers of the glades
Each with his female herd, feeding his young ;
And fiercely jealous, driving forth their males,
To herd with beasts less savage than themselves
And force or steal a helpmeet for their care
Of the weaned young, unbroken to the yoke ;
Who bowed before one father as their lord :
Their keeper husband, in their turn, and judge.

Thus as their males matured, they would escape
Each with a mate if possible, and seek
A distant glade where he might live secure
Plant his own garden home, be husband lord :

And when pursued would stand on his defense,
Till murder and concision filled the earth.

Thus fat and strong, in heyday of their strength
Became corrupt ; the woman was enslaved
And held to labor to sustain her lord—
And gloried in her shame, his brutal bulk :
Herself thus brutalized to loathing of her life !—
And so, she too would fly, escape, go forth
With the impatient, forward of her sons
Nay ; train them for this purpose and to save
Virility and manhood to their blood.

Thus of their fugitives the earth was filled
Westward and to the south. For from the east,
Upon the tardier shoulders of earth's ball
Toward the north ; the breathing place of strife
For blood, the broth of hell, hath been prepared ;
And, when the ecliptic circle is complete,
The balanced orb shall move again direct
Toward the healing sun ; the channels of the deep
All opened, and restored to life and Truth.
Then shall the healing waters north and south
Again divide and separate as of old
Pharaoh's proud daughter, who is of the north,
From Sheba's queen the Ethiope of the south ;
And the conceiver, Truth of woman's life,
Be all approved in either hemisphere,
And Solomon's false seal be swept away,
And prostitution of the evil cease :
And brained Invention and the hairy scalp
Of animal desire, condemned find place
No more in moonlit shadows on the void ;
The dreamy moody soul of idle thought
Outcast shall join the nebulæ of the waste :
Moonless and starless there forevermore.

Sunlight absorbing, joining, healing all ;
Our crystal bodies then renewed, inspired ;
All heart ! shall move forever in the spheres ;
Rejoicing all with Light and Good and Peace.

But first must pass away the evil thought
And lewd desire, enslavers of the soul !
The beast and hypocrite with Mars and Moon
Mastery and lordship of mankind from earth
The vile debasers of God's suffering life
In woman given, to give the dead their choice.
So the loved one of Eden from the South
In pity of the leper sought to save ;
And taught his son in Chastity of Truth,
In right of Equity and love of peace
To judge between the evil and the good
And choose a fitting mate of his own kind ;
Even as the herds and flocks and beasts of earth
Are mated and sustain their several tribes,
Warring with want, oppression, evil, doom ;
While their poor instinct can a life sustain.

And she betrothed her daughter to his son,
All that remained to them of life and good,
In their old age for none had come or gone ;
Since that dark day of cloud and fire and smoke
That seemed to isolate and clothe the earth
In primal gloom and loneliness of night.
Hers was the heritage and his the toil
In giving to his life fair trial to sustain
And test its high supremacy for good ;
She equal, helpmeet, he her sealing Lord,
Whose soul was to be tried on earth as in the heavens ;
And purified from selfishness of lust and hate.
She loved her Lord ; desire o'erpowered her soul ;
He coveted the heritage—her love :

And therefore, without naming of desire
Or giving purpose, outline to their thought
They came together as the beasts of earth ;
Debasing knowledge life and every good
To mere existence, flesh and blood of shame :
Not husbandman and weigher of God's life
Wedded in equal Justice ordered Right—
But unrestrained desire, ambition's selfishness.
The base Idolatry which still prevails !
Misled their inexperience, drove them forth
As murderers and adulterers ; whoredom's seed !
Thus without training or provision sought,
With bastard brood of instinct not of life ;
Armed with contemptuous heel and goring horn,
To overrun their Eden with brute force ;
And in old age thrust out their Lord and God
The givers and sustainers of their life ;
Nay ; healers, saviours ! For the leper healed
Assists the woman : and sustains her rule
In paths of peace and duty, equal love
Training their sons in Equity to prove
By labor and sustaining of the better soul
Of mate and Mother in the higher aims
Of sweet obedience confidence of love.
They yet remembered loved their loftier strain
Of Crystal purity, Immortal Truth :
The disobedient banishing with blame,
Taming the herds and flocks to feed their youth
With butter, cheese of kine ; before the fire and flood
This blackness ; rush of waters had laid waste
The rocky Araby ; or judgment plowed
The Red Sea's channel to the open straits,
Of the far Indian Ocean ; where the river flowed
From the Egyptian lake, and Lebanon's inland sea

Clear, calm, and full, refreshing all with life!
 From the fair Ethiopia's fertile plains
 From Eden and the farther North and West
 Where milk and honey fruits and fragrant gums
 Followed their course with gladness life from death.
 And from the South the happy daughters brought
 Their healing stores to meet subdue the war
 Of hate, of leprosy, of fear and death;
 From the volcanic slopes and more uncertain climes
 Of frozen Europe, Asia's northern steppes;
 And thirsty plains where vagrant seething life
 Without a change—wasted of chronic war
 Of pestilence disease; and fatal superstition formal death
 Intensely wearied of a conscious dream
 Of endless misconception—mad desire
 Inchoate aspirations; formless brood
 Of giant energy; material force
 Can neither wield nor fathom: clothed awhile,
 In the huge forms which their own instincts gave;
 Waking from horrid dreams of war and strife
 And burning to devour as in the pit:
 A burden to themselves; which quickly passed away
 Mocked of our crystal life whose combined energy
 With measured song played round their hapless weight
 And saw it fall in its own helplessness:
 While kindling in the sunbeam these yet play
 Increasing strength—kindling and answering to the spark-
 ling stars.
 With a diffusive daylight; marvelous life
 Breathing in lightnings, tossed of roving winds
 Sleeping in snowdrifts on the wintry waste:
 Hugging a sepulture of barren rock;
 It wakes to life and light and wafts away;
 To heal the salted deep be kindled in the heavens.

So the swift round of seasons pass away
From Chaos to the void ; from separation of the elements

Mingled, devoured of mortal heat and strife ;
In starry hosts and mooning, burning heart ;
Wrapped in the blackness of eternal night
Till the outcasting of the molten core .
Repeated thrice upon the crowded waste
Revealed the planetary spheres—and earth
Exhausted and yet kindling ; thus renewed ;
To hearing, sight, life, light, the joy of heaven :
In all save this proof spirit of her life
Which fretting wars between our firmament
The depths of watery, atmospheric light
And death and darkness of the cryptic ball,
Whose cells, and domes, and spires disturb the night ;
With shadows, and with thought of grave and hell,
That awes and stirs their blood in its alarms !
Mocked of the deviltry that in it burns,
And mimics in its masonry their gloom !
And false defense of murder and of strife ;
It walls and groins confining to its doom.
O'er which our healed are massed in clouds to fall
As the sweet dews of heaven—refreshing rain—
Or hoar-frost's chilling, rending, cold, embrace :
Which through and from the fifth day, fills with moving
forms

The concave firmament and basined deep.
And gives them food and light—the opportunity
And means to prove their worth for life or death :
The abodes of heaven or vapors of the void.

Thus doth God's Justice in the aërial firmament
Give Equity and Right their day on earth
In Mercy and in Judgment to approve

Or to condemn their souls involved in war
 As seeking Truth and Light or aiding still
 Condemned Invention and Mechanic skill
 Whose weird and weary phosphorescent soul
 Their waking dream beholds wasting their force
 In rage of feverish blood and froth of flesh
 Pinned, jointed, harnessed to defend and save
 A worthless and destroying soul from death
 And lift it from the deep its living grave ;
 From which its wakeful mocking prey took wing
 Or choked with arrowy swarming forms his life ;
 As minnows of the deep on which he fed—
 His gross rotundity and mortal might :
 Falling as from the heavens, of its own weight :
 His living and his help escaped with life.
 His Soul a wandering ghost ; a disembodied shade,
 The frozen North reveals in bristling spears
 Of fancied light that moving strike and hiss
 Like adders' tongues against imagined foes
 Hurling the fearful shadows of the night
 With yet more empty terrors on the void ;
 That breaks the circle of his mooning power
 The balefire of his being : centred in one desire
 A hoped escape ! more hopeless than the grave :
 Which swalloweth all his soul can know of sense
 The glare, the grossness, emptiness of lust
 A spider's worthless web—a crazed and weary brain ;
 Answering no more to its own imagery !—
 The purpose of invention to sustain
 Its broken Idol, the poor self, a dream !
 A vision of the night, vanished passed away.
 'Twas thus they met on Lebanon ; life and death
 Brute force and pure desire ; the principle
 And purpose of intelligence, quick thought,

That like our crystal life in heaven, surveyeth all
Measures its action and so speeds God's word
Kindling and flashing to its yea and nay,
As North or South—a negative release
Or succor and sound strength, the sustenance
Of saving help, is needed to prevail
Against insidious waste or active force.
The frozen North, lumpish and cold as hoar-frost or
decay;

Living by suction like the leech : The South
In God's pure Equity and warmth of light
Training her simple sons, improvident
And listless in the fervor of their blood :
Black as the brooding night from which they rose,
Careless of all save shade indulgent ease ;
To share the labor and to taste the joys
Of hearing and obedience to her love,
Who giveth life ; our substance to inspire
With matchless momentary bliss ! the equipoise
Of perfect being and immortal rest :
Not sleep ; nor pause of death ; but perfect life
The harmony of motion ; the eternal song
Of the rapt spheres that constant move aright ;
In Equity and Justice, Truth and Love :
Nor will, desire ; nor thought of aught, save these ;
Whose cherubim and seraphim keep watch and ward
Constant as sunlight ; clear as falling dews
Around the throne of Life and Truth—the Right—
Integrity of Righteousness which trieth all
And giveth light and joy, the effect of these,
To all the living whose rejoicing is
In the transmission of this joy to all ;
The reflex of his Light embodied life ;
The perfect motion, the pure ecstasy,

Of Equity and Truth abounding love in all.
Which the deluding purpose of man's Right—
A narrow selfishness ! the pit, the grave :
Destroys, devours, confines, emasculates
To misty nebulæ or wandering stars
Nerveless and trailing, heartless on the void ;
Or confined in the swift involving womb
Of planetary system without life :
Hazing and mooning in the light of heaven ;
Yea in God's sunlight living to devour.

So they met ; the woman and the man
Confiding life and this mechanic form,
Existing in obstruction ; building upon
The body of this death ; Its puppet life
Headed and heeled, hinged-jointed, hanging on
The silver-corded spine ; fed from the golden bowl,—
The fatness of the belly and its lusts :
The eager heart in its impulsive throbs
The measure and the fullness of its life,
Whose nervous harp-strings, quiver to the touch
And fever of its blood unknowing rest ;
Or joy or peace of life or love, or hope
Of immortality or nothingness, save through
The open gates of death ; the yawning void.
For hell hath passed away and the poor, hungry grave
Is weary of its flesh and blood ; the froth
Of Chaos and confusion, simmering—
A fretting sore,—on the fair bosom of the peaceful earth,
Our paradise, already half restored.

She saw his sons, browbeat and worn with toil,
Driven forth with age and of disease consumed,
To till the ground and gather for their lord,
And for the paramours his lust preserved
With jealous care, the fruit of herb and tree.

Thus were their youth debased and separate burned,
With an intense unnatural desire,
That sought in prostitution to appease
Its loathsome appetite. And many fled,
But only to repeat the foul excess ;
Till rank disease and leprosy prevailed.
She brought him healing as we have said and seen,
In milk of kine and fruit of herb and tree
Prepared unto her hand in fertile glades,
By waters of the south and west refreshed
She gave her life and trained her daughters, sons,
To taste the health of chaste desire to know the round
Of ready duty, sweet parental care ;
New to his breast, and healing to his soul ;
But soon they were deserted or had others brought
To share their life's one joy ! The knowledge care of life.
Quickly her sons too turned aside, rebelled
By their example and betrayed their trust ;
The choice divine of a chaste preference,
And God-like impulse of paternal love.
And so confusion came and strife and hate,
Embittered life, and rage of lust and death ;
Famine and pestilence, riot and disease ;
The darkness that precedes the dawning light
Of the advancing day—the seventh, its eve now past ;
With premonition of a kindling heat
That made the forests droop ; a film of mist,
Pervade the atmosphere obscure its light ;
And an unhealthy damp, the mildew's breath
Rest with the touch of death on herb and tree.
Again her subterranean fires disquiet the earth,
And watchful lightnings answer from the cloud
With challenge and reply of coming war ;
Yet new to flesh and blood ; the breath of life.

But a deep sympathy with living Truth,
 A sense of Justice the calm pure reflex
 Of crystal life ; which, resting in the heart,
 Gives back the incidence of living light
 With quick assurance of a power divine ;
 The spirit of all Truth : the word of Life,
 Fulfilling all things and in all fulfilled.
 Led forth a nobler pair, as we have seen ;
 From the impure vicinity of lust,
 And muttering wrath and the unwonted play
 Of the avenging lightnings of the just
 Who from that sun behold, and prompt the stroke
 Of our quick watchful hosts against the shade
 Of threatening evil ; the metallic power
 Of dull inflamed desire ; that rising from the pit,
 Seeks to ascend on high ; to escape or to corrupt,
 Our purer atmosphere, life-giving light,
 With their uncertain glare and stolid heat.
 These with their household sought high Ararat,
 Where white-robed Justice sits enthroned on earth ;
 Above the clouds and storms of this weird war
 Of death and hell—to human souls confined,
 And the brute instincts of their flesh and blood :
 The dread uncertainty of mortal wrong
 Which in iniquity yet wraps its power :
 Upholding force for right ; refusing to be taught,
 By stern experience, the quick chastisement
 Of death and dissolution, sure decay :—
 Destruction and subjection to the power
 Of Moloch whom they worship in the fire
 Of their destroying rage in field and deep.

They sought the higher ranges of the mount
 Above the forest shade, where they could watch
 The turmoil of the plain ; changing its tides

With the inconstant moon: that seems to lead
The hosts of heaven, but in reality
Is an intruder mocking with the glare
Of borrowed light ; their steady watchful rays,
The reflex of God's Truth that lights our sun.
To these by pure desire of life were born
A son and daughter, Righteousness and Right.
He in integrity of heart was raised
And earnest Truth omnipotent on high:
Became conversant with the way of life
In reptile bird and beast and creeping thing ;
Clothed each according too its heart's desire,
By force of habit—instinct ; following its kind
In motion life and living ; treading in their steps
As clean or unclean—cruel or merciful :
According to their living and their life.
For on these rested all of taste or choice
The leading of desire—embodied form,
That from this leading instinct names the head,
Mechanical appliance of hand, foot and wing,
Devouring beak and maw of touch and taste,
The fitness and discernment of the heart :
Sweetness of beauty, peacefulness of love,
The cleanness, crystal purity of Truth ;
Integrity of Right, balanced in Equity,
In the full quickening soul of every form ;
The water, atmosphere, the light of heaven—
Man groweth from desire ; matures from constant use
The joyous heart of youth finds life in all ;
But subject to the gross rebellious blood—
Lustful and cruel—fierce as the fires of hell
From which it hath escaped to war on earth :
The soul and base of motion, feeling, life ;
The animal desire that burns to brutalize

And to enslave to belly and to brain,
 The dull invention, craving helplessness,
 The beastly appetites of grosser sense !
 That lords it over all ; sweeping the nervous chords.
 Till weariness and death bring wished release ;
 And bids it from that counterpart of him,
 Of whom this frothy forms the negative,
 Inspire with instinct all it can resolve.
 Of positive existence—self-sustaining power ;
 Of independence—here its weakness rests ;
 'Tis all dependence—want—salvation, help its cry !
 But disobedience—wrong, forbids this help
 And as a reason shows this waste of life
 This prostitution of all Truth, Right, Love !
 To feed what cannot of itself exist
 But preys upon itself ; devours ; obstructs to live
 And being thus dependent—of necessity—
 Obedience is salvation—For the higher power
 That bids all grow and flourish even in death
 Will not be mocked and wounded of this sore ;
 But cuts it off with all who use its sting—
 The poison of all life—the leprosy of death.
 Truth is enduring and Immaculate !
 And Right her Son Eternal in the heavens :
 The moving soul is Justice, Equity
 The light of life embodied here and there—
 Inspiring every crystal form of Life
 That hearing, seeing is attent to principles
 Framed in those terms sustaining ordering all
 And self-sustained Omnipotent ; divine !
 In every faculty of Being, Life ;
 Immortal and revealing all we know
 Of Thought or sense—of Independence, Immortality !
 Deliverance from this slavery of death.

Hearing and seeing this in all around,
Those called "Elohim" living witnesses
Of Living Truth ; the ordering of God's Right :
Themselves instructed ; taught their willing Son
By this mortality and beastly waste
To know the enduring—reverence the good
Nor touch the "Tree of life," until their daughter
 grown
Endowed by quick intelligence of thought
To know all Righteousness, that thus revealed
Ariseth constant as the sun and star
Giving sustaining life in every form—
And shun as death—the whisperings of all doubts
In that which she conceives—For how conceive aright
While yet herself in doubt ? With what integrity
Give understanding life to that which she conceives ?
Or lead it in the paths of Truth and light.
Thus Eve became a murderess in her son
And Adam's Silence sealed the outrageous birth
In coveting possession of her dower ;
The lordship independence of the man—
Without the Truthful labor, love of Right
On which possession—Life itself depends !
From day to day from hour to hour through all Eternity ;
God and his worshipers this life sustain
By momentary impulse quickening help :
How then dare man in indolence repose
And hope to live in heaven or earth or hell ?
The Justice of the void repels all life—
That is not self-sustaining—Holds accursed !
As upon Hor and Horeb here on earth—
The molten calf of indolence and lust.

Therefore is Adam, this now added one
To Lucifer, he worships thus on earth

A fugitive and vagabond condemned
 Of his own heart already—hid away
 From sentence of the Judgment his own soul hath passed
 On the accursed deed ! betrayal of God's life—
 Conceived in doubt and sealed a living lie ;
 A murder and idolatry of selfish wrong.
 Iniquity enduring to this end ; now sped !
 Expulsion, condemnation, evermore.

Thus the rebellious soul of heedless youth
 Involves again old age in misery—
 Hurls down the triumph gratitude and praise
 Of life-long labor well sustained of love ;
 The sweet experience of dependent faith :
 And proof of life begins anew in all ;
 Under the father's curse, unheeding tears
 And suffering of a mother for a doubt conceived.
 A murderer born ; the Tree of life profaned !

Behold it here : From leprosy redeemed
 His eyes now opened and his ears attent
 The Father labored led of his just spouse
 To fill their Garden-home with providence
 Of every healing herb and living tree
 " Whose Seed is in itself ;" sustaining its own life ;
 In simple Equity with healing care
 Removed thus far from evil and from shame
 And healed within himself—Convinced of wrong ;
 By foul disease ; wasting of flesh and blood.
 Betrayed in his own Seed ; despised, defied.
 Mocked in his life, robbed of his Love and Truth,
 His heritage laid open to the waste
 Of Murder ; Indolence : The careless brood
 Of base desire, incompetence and Lust,
 His heart was sad ; his soul within him burned
 With sense of wrong of his own blood thus spread.

Of labor wasted—principle despised
And Life and Good, on ordered life that wait ;
Thus heedless for a shadow cast away :
A birth Consumed to ashes in his heart.
A darkness and a gloom o'er Eden spread
The shadow of ingratitude, of evil thus gone forth
From his own bowels confounding all his life—
Hypocrisy had triumphed—power of hell
Invention ! Mocked God's Mercy, Life and Truth,
They saw their son and daughter in their shame ;
Cursed the hypocrisy of vile desire !
Declaring the result to which it leads :
And to the Mount retired in fear and grief.

CHAPTER VIII.

PHASES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

'Twas then that waxing bold the infernal fires
Challenged the waiting hosts that in the firmament,
The heaven of earth, prepare unseen the way
Of Truth and Right and keep the Tree of Life
From the corruption of the pit's foul breath ;
By liberating all to breathe the light—
The emancipation of God's life—and loathe
The shadow of this evil—cruel metallic bands
Encircling in their glittering folds the spheres
Of planetary being—Like the lingering Moon ;
Spreading the baleful influence of their Shade
The Upas of all life—the breath of death—
O'er herb and tree : Corrupting in its fountains the red
blood.

Drawn from perennial springs of Mercy's life
Itself corrupted of metallic death—
In the mixed rock as yet of rust devoured—
And flushed to give its strength—refresh the earth
To dust and ashes ground from bitter depths,
Of hidden strife—Consumption of the grave
Forcing obstruction on our coral bands
Yet for a moment ; when all shall be free.
Ah ; How we pray for Judgment's high release !
When Justice to the line ; and to the plummet laid
God's Righteousness shall rule forever—evermore.

So now we watch and wait ; and welcome war ;
Of power restrained, of hope so long deferred :

Impatient of the wrong ! And lo ; It comes.
In high sympathy ; with suffering humanity in all its chords,
The earth already trembles ! See that northern cloud :
Hark ; to the rush of wings ! Oh, Misery of death !
'Tis but a change of posts, not the alarm,
The coming breath of life ; that moves the heavens.
There White-robed Justice sits in Equity,
Now on thy watch-tower's height, High Ararat !
'Tis ours to keep our Ward in death and life.
Our God we wait attent : Come, but thy word !
 'Tis but the fretting of infernal rage—
The bursting of a bubble : See, our hosts
Disband already to their separate wards—
Nay ; Still it is attention ! and their circling ranks
Pause terrible ; to bid destruction rave—
And give the fiend his own. Behold the glare
Of his destroying fire, whose light is death !
The bitterness of ashes and the waste
Of howling desolation ; answering to the void.
Lo, where it spreads ! Quick ; let us stir our ward,
For Lebanon to her centre shakes the earth ;
But, Mercy holds her own and will not yield.
Where Misriam's waters lave the solid base ;
Even in the glare and Vortex of the Strife !
Her throne is fixed and—Ha ; the mountain parts :
Our hosts deploy toward the north and east,
Her Hold's secure—but Atlas is exposed !
No ; No, Hell fears the reflex of that watchful host,
And to the pit the Infernal powers descend :
Their smoke ariseth and the heavens ablaze
Hurl back the foul oblation of their lust.
Now, the fierce whirlwind of our charging hosts
Disperse the flames, and give the woods their prey.
Oh ; Earth, Earth ; Earth ; Thy hearing is in Vain !

The ears ye give are stopped ; the eyes are blind :
 Nor man, nor beast, will see and understand,
 Hear or obey his word ; until the end's upon them :
 Then afright and panic is their stay ! " Awake ; ye dead,
 And God will give you life." Behold,
 The West of Eden goeth down again
 To chaos and to hell—the night of death—
 Seethes, like the pit ! destruction hath its own ;
 And widowed Mercy weeps her offspring fallen.
 Yet doth she claim this mountain as her own,
 And here again the rage of death is stayed :
 Here she will sit and Circumcise the earth
 Until its utmost bounds yield to her sway.
 Now Ararat ; her fugitives are thine !
 Keep well thy charge : The day will come again
 When from the north and west, and farther south ;
 Even as this rushing flame, her life shall come
 Inquiring after Truth ; and seeking Peace ;
 Her Right is with us—Understanding hence

As yet, a child goeth forth to lead their search
 And give them the desired repose and life.
 Aye ; life and living light shall come again,
 The Equity of heaven : which for to-day,
 As Mercy ; stands reproved, yet confident :
 And gives the generations of her life
 Unmurmuring to the pit—death and the grave—
 That all may be restored : Her triumph sure ;
 Beyond seductive reach of flattery, power,
 Or lie of liberty, religion, law,
 Iniquity of hell : to bind God's love,
 And let the wicked riot o'er his life.
 Obedience is our law—bliss our reward—
 Immortal life ; the glory of his Throne !
 Eternal in the heavens secured to all :

The Omnipotent, Himself—our Minister !
An Omnipresent God sustaining all :
The belly of this hell seeks to devour.

Behold ; it comes ! a breathless tongue of fire,
Leaping and raging—nothing to restrain—
The fierceness of its wrath ; the earth its prey.
Yet here we sit secure : and when those breathing hosts ;
That urge it on—obedient to command,
Have done Obeisance ! and withdraw their force,
The groveling, fearful thing, will lick the dust ;
A serpent, as it is : and hissing disappear ;
Before the touch—the cool refreshing touch ;
Of these frail, fragile snow-flakes of the heights,
That now make haste to give their souls to death
In rippling streams on earth, and from the heavens,
Falling like dew upon the herb : their joy.
To cool and to refresh, this fevered life
Now raging to devour, with constant death ;
To bring their daily offering, to a thing
That goeth out as smoke ;—polluting vapor,
Which our crystal life ; whose blood it would devour !
Hurls back indignant—with the lightning's flash
To its more fit abode—the darkness of the pit,
Whose blank obscurity it shares with death,
The gaunt and lying spectre of the void !

Aye ; this is wickedness ! Invention's power :
And, even so ; from heaven at first it fell !
Our witnesses remain in sight of all,
These planetary spheres, each with its rings and globe,
Repeated symbols of the sodden heart,
And its entombing cycles ; the sole sign
Of death on death : endurance without end—
Eternal suffering—smoke, vapor stone ;
The body of its being, and the soul

Confusion, impotence, an empty boast :
 The utter helplessness, the bitterness of Being in itself,
 Without the principle which giveth power
 Enjoyment to God's life,—enduring peace and light;
 In Truth and deed : and which, upheld in Equity
 The Righteousness of right—in Being, Life ;
 Is just and Good : the very God we love.
 But in Iniquity and selfishness—the Idolatry,
 That rules mankind on earth—Is wickedness and death.
 Bombastuous, empty thing ! whose end we see
 Thus blazoning forth their shame upon the void
 In sunlight of the heavens—as moons and stars ;
 The tombs of Equity's unrighted sphere ;
 A witness and a warning to all life,
 In firmament and void—death's planetary realm,
 Of his Omnipotence—Infinitude !
 Who giveth liberty and space to all
 To every purpose, will and sense of right ;
 And seeketh not a body for himself
 But gives his glory and his power to all,
 Who will obey his life and high behest ;
 His purpose, that all Being shall be blessed !
 Its worship his reward ; the obedience of the deed
 Their bliss perennial ; His eternal joy :
 The glory of the spheres—the life of heaven—
 Immortal and unchanging—ever new—
 Expectant, young,—dependent on the will
 And by consent of all—alone, made possible.
 Therefore ; his care, in thus exposing wickedness
 This brazen impudence, devouring guilt ;
 Last miserable tag ! of beings bannered all :
 So flaunting, and so proud, before the winds of heaven,
 The motion of its life, its light, its praise
 Obedient service of his ministry—

It would yet hold dependent on its fall
The force of weight—falling forever—fallen,
From where and whence—none knoweth:
Yet their life—depending on this death,
Confusion, terror, and dismay of wrong—
They seek within itself—the living power—
Atoms in atoms—emptiness: the void:
And living atoms; would possess the whole!
Each for his puerile being, sottish sense
To play the insect, reptile, beast and brute;
Classed logically, leper, dog, and ape!
The famed gorilla master lord of all;
As in Jerusalem and Damascus, under Lebanon
And beyond Ararat, in the farther east
Where apes are worshiped, elephants adored;
And Juggernaut's a warning still led forth,
Leaving to the far west the serpent's house.
Thou first of Continents, Columbia: Hail!
Guardian of the Pacific holding back
The Débris of the East: whose Judgment passed,
From East to West, between the Husband wife;
The sister and the brother, now returns
To prey upon itself and nations dead,
Whilst thine upheld between the North and South;
The man and woman, youth experienced age;
The mother and the daughter, father, son;
The just relations of man's life restores.

What hath possession wrought? From Sinai's height:
Where the first Patriarchate was resigned
Of the High Elamite, Jehovah; Lord;
As standing for the Justice of the Heavens
Between the North and South; establishing
The law and Judgment of the Lord and God
The Equity of Mercy, Truth of Love

Between the nations tabernacled there
 In sons and daughters—brothers, sisters met
 For Amram, Jochebed already dead ;
 All question of the lordship is resigned,
 And Moses outcast of the East received
 And wedded to her daughter Sheba's Queen
 Returning from far Ararat to bless
 Her sons redeemed from Misriam's wasting tide ;
 In Zipporah the Hagar, Esther of her day.
 But Aaron Miriam against Hobab set
 With Syrian pride refused, the desert son
 Of Jethro in return : And in the wilderness
 Sought to establish traffic and sustain
 Their lives of golden calves—the molten images
 Of death ; to which their souls, so far redeemed
 With blood already, were again condemned :
 For all that generation sanctioning
 The brotherhood of nations—pride of race
 Whose common soul through beast and reptile flows
 Through leper dog and ape ; the serpent brood,
 Who claimed it first in Eden, to its source
 The seething of the pit, resilience of the abyss :
 The chaos of confusion, towered on Shinar's plain ;
 Chased by the Red Sea to the seething " Nile"
 Eyeless and dead ; and, by Moriah's height,
 Passed before Lebanon to Babylon back,
 Returning thence to Rome—undoing all.
 A murderer of her brother, in poor Cain accursed
 Of Adam's secret purpose in his blood ;
 A murderer of the nations cursed again in Rome
 The Purpled circumciser of the earth
 Changer of times and laws herself unchanged
 Even as the changing moon ; yet monolithed,
 In Cleopatra, Egypt—Jezebel

And Babylon—Babel—"Babylon the Great ;"
While in the "old paths" yet, the earth moves on,
The Heavens still ruling : Equity supreme
And Justice keeping rule from sunlit Ararat—

To Israel, helpers of the God of Truth
Is the possession of the earth for aye ;
Through labor ; sweat of blood, secured and blessed,
And he their leader, " Lord ;" whose son hath now,
Conceived the foul design to rob
His Sister and God's life ! of chastity, estate ;
Love, purity and truth ; enduring good :
Of council on the mercy-seat of Equity ;
Returns to Judge and to condemn his own.
Even as from Heaven God's Truth expelled his son
Mechanic Right ; who ruled, as now on earth,
The sphere of Equity and Saving help
The Medes' abode, in mansions of the blessed !

He hath told them the results of base and foul desire
Of indolence and lust and now by sacrifice
Foreshadows what they shall become, remain ;
By following the instincts of the beast
Serving the grossness of a soul condemned
And passed upon the void, that man himself may see
And Justify the Judgment of the heavens :
Till time shall be no more ; nor power of change,
But the Eternal heavens resume their sway.
He clothes them in the skins of hapless flocks
They worship as their gods ; in following desire,
He makes them eat, the loathsome flesh and blood
To which they gave obedience, stand enslaved ;
Refusing to obey the Word of Life.
Degraded thus and loathing their own souls
He sends them from his presence—drives them forth,
To herd with beasts and brutalize the earth

By war and savage instinct of their wants
 Untaught to till the soil and nurse the herb and tree
 The passive life by which in heaven they live—
 That gives them ways to walk in homes and rest :
 For succor of his Seraphim, God's warring hosts.
 And passing on themselves to Lebanon
 Saw all the ruin wickedness had wrought :
 Returning by the promptings of God's Life ;
 In time to challenge Cain and soothe his blood,
 By the approval of his brother's choice ;
 Who trained the beast to service, led it forth
 To clothe his mother, sisters, shame and Guilt.

Possession, Riches ; Right, the prey of la !
 A simple interjection, powerless in itself,
 Without obedience and consent of all—
 Save by the stroke of murder, as in Cain,
 The force of hell—this monstrous pretense ;
 Of kingly judgment priestly sacrifice,
 Whose discedence is Abel suffering under Cain,
 The Christ a sacrifice to beast and brute
 Who feed on their own souls—the flesh and blood ;
 As in the pit the infernal hosts are fed.
 Boastful possession—right of self-defense
 The powerful and the weak the prey of strength ;
 Of cunning and invention, every evil power.
 Till now two weeks are numbered in the heavens
 One since told o'er on earth—all to-day ;
 The Sabbath rest of Judgment ; and their walk
 All well fulfilled : establishing, they say,
 The beast the father of the man—'Tis well :
 The heavens are justified, his soul condemned—
 Of his own mouth and deed ! what more remains ?
 Permissive power of Equity and Right
 And stern repressive judgment of the wrong ;

In Truth and Justice outcast evermore.
No more a vain pretense, deception, the foul lie
Of empty arrogance ; thrice-damned hypocrisy ;
Presumption, ignorance ; hate, superstition, lust ;
Self-worship—baseless, base Idolatry
The saviour of itself ; its worthless souls—
Unjust, unrighteous as iniquitous ;
And to the simple now conformed—a lie :
Since death and wickedness have had their day
Of service and accord to prove virility
Before the virgin principles of life
And fail and fall, condemned, accursed for aye
Building on prostitution as of old !
And sacrifice and rage as in the heavens,
When this proud Lucifer first sought the crown :
And Cain by murder claimed his heritage.
We see before us dead—a planetary host ;
The murderer, the victim of his lust,
The prey of his own offspring—after its own kind.

The leper healed—the sexual war now closed
By closing of the womb on further strife—
Though Saxons with their angles first prevail ;
Embodying brute and ape, the insensate lewd result
From the stained fountain and the base of guilt
In seed of outcast Cain, who seek to square their wrong.
God's Truth and Justice, Equity and Right
Demanding Mercy shall be heard for all—
Even to the bitter dregs of Mars and Moon,
And the last pleading syllable of hate ;
Till, as we have seen, the rock itself gives way
And death and hell, as in the Lebanon,
Withdraw, in fear, before the kindling light
Of patient Truth ; whose audible Amen !
Is the conviction of the lightning's flash,

Enlightening to destroy all wickedness ;
To bind it now forever ! and hurl back
The beast and hypocrite with sex and lust
Invention numbers, genealogy—
All fiction, sufferance, wrong, iniquity,
Injustice, upon oath of law and death.

Letters and learning have fulfilled their work
And purpose ; of obscuring to this hour
The light of Truth : until the fallen heavens,
The broken rock and helplessness of war,
Proclaim together in our sight ; The baselessness
Of all soul power, without the Truth of Life
The Right of Equity, the Justice of the heavens ;
The principles, so long proclaimed on earth
As one and three—to seven, and ten, and twelve—
The male and female, evil with the good—
Till the dead sea—the ruin of excess !
Condemns forever, lust and wrath and hate—
Engraving on the understanding heart
Through eye and ear forever and this day,
The curse of brained Invention, rottenness of waste ;
The utter impotence of force and might !
By heat or violence to restrain his power—
The Power of Principle and Light of Life—
Or touch its secret with the vulgar arts
Of Reconstruction, Science, Law, Authority ;
Religion ; Imagery or proof of Might—
That toucheth to destroy : The power of Death :
The fond familiars men so idolize
And woman worships as her wished-for lord.

The lawgiver and brotherhoods cut off
Even in the plains of Moab ; before the tide,
Of Jordan's swollen flood hath yet been passed :
The nations perishing, the Jew condemned,

Ephraim enslaved, the tribes of Israel lost ;
The Gentile reconciled by pagan rite ;
And Druid sacrifice of human blood !
By Levi's wrath condemned on Calvary's height
The seal of his damnation evermore
As Rome now perisheth—Infallible !
The lie ; blazoned in purple on her garments stained
With blood of men and nations—this avenged
That writes her Mother of Man's Hierarchy
Jerusalem—The great Babylon condemned—
Of God and Man ! a prostituting power :
Confusion, and dispersion—death and hell
Waits on her steps, the nurse of war and strife
A spurious pa-pa-cy ! like Ammon, Moab ;
Their Mother the Dead Sea—a pillared waste—
Given up to salt—slime—pitch—and sulphurous hate,
A desolation—wilderness—the abode
Of Arab, Ishmaelite, Amalekite—
Refuge of Cush—the Esaus of the earth—
Priesthoods of death—whose place is the Abyss—
The seething void from henceforth—evermore.

The wish of wisdom is the sweet content,
The high assurance given to the wise :
The Eternal, All-enduring—must be good !
The Immortal—pure as light—faithful as Truth
The Omnipotent, divine,—The all in all,
This Life—our God ; Just as Invisible
Inscrutable—a terror to pretense—Hypocrisy—
And every covering of death and hell ;—
The gaudy trappings helplessness of war !
He hath permitted now six thousand years
The relict of the dragon, serpent asp
And saintly cockatrice—of Petra's rock—
This God—the lewd insult with nightly revelries,

The violent have defied—the proud revile
 The earnest pray to with their hand and life;
 And worship in the obedience of their deeds!
 Is not the trimmer priesthods would proclaim;
 But holds aloof from this apostasy,
 Of mad mechanic force—that seeks a Right
 Unknown to heaven unstable in the earth:
 Of building on destruction—Murdering to live—
 By endless reconstruction—on eternal death
 That the poor murderous soul may find its doom
 Written even in the furthest depths of thought;
 Material order! The first stage of power—
 As Impotence and waste of good and life—
 Its wood and iron but the spurious birth—
 Beginning of Corruption, which results
 In sexual intercourse of flesh and blood,
 The fire of hell and rottenness of death!
 Their gold and silver separated again
 For the foundations of the heavenly sphere
 Thus given to their lust and grand pretense
 Of saving life by living death—cruel waste
 Obstruction—slavery—oppression—Hate—
 The rage of disappointment senselessness of guilt—
 Blind importunity—that cannot save—be saved.
 Repels deliverance—hugs its patent toy
 The glitter of its guilt—Smoke—make believe—
 Extols and digs to save the gold thus left
 And pass it round for living and for life
 Their molten god; that cannot see nor hear!
 Nor feel the living sunlight—know God's life.
 The perfect image of eternal death—
 So separated for aye upon the void
 Between the abyss and the repose of heaven
 The equilibrium and purity of Light

Whose flashing touch is lightning of the heavens.
God is too earnest to sustain and guide—
To turn aside with shadows—But hath given
His Mercy and his Judgment power to lead
In Equity and Justice on the Void
His fallen outcast hosts: Restore their King;
The Right of Righteousness in living Truth—
With the Imperative command to all
“Let there be light!” Lest the high seraphim,
Warders of Justice in whose sphere they won,
Should see their shadow and dissolve its shade
And war and suffering lose its great reward
The Right of Equity—The Light of Truth—
And Crystal life—the Cherubim of God
The issue of his mercy; Saved in Equity
Without a Rock or anchor for the soul,
The living waters saving now the earth,
Should be dissolved or frozen on the void
In the cold grasp of grim mortality
And hopeless of escape—Their hearing sight
Dissolved in tears—resolved in icicles
Forever—without day,—of hope or fear—
Too pure for waste—too cold for touch of life
In aught save the Seraphic host’s return:
Then where this mortal Soul?—its lesson lost.
The undying worm; the gnawing of the void—
Unknown to crystal life—that stands between
The living and the dead—metallic lust
And the celestial powers of Heavenly Love
The Truth and Righteousness of Living Good:
The Eternal One; The Lord and God of all.
Whether laid out upon the void as dust
Or giving wings and warmth of heavenly light
To the Seraphic hosts of Justice Truth

The Immutable, Infallible—All-saving God.
 Whose Son, Eternal Right, is now our guide and King ;
 THE LORD OUR RIGHEOUSNESS, forevermore—
 No more Embodied in our flesh and blood
 But ruling as the Word and Work of God :
 Omnipotent to save—Immortal as his Life !
 Enduring and confirming evermore
 The Light of Truth—the order of our Right—
 Lawgiver, Priest and King ; The Lord our God
 Saviour on Earth Sustainer in the Heavens
 And woe to him—woe, woe, Eternal woe !
 Who trampleth on this Principle ; or dare profane
 The soul which gives it motion, living sense
 Damned as it is,—condemned—but not to death ;
 'Tis a condition, nothing more—and change
 A change of form, life, living will expel
 Its grosser humors ; from the rust of death
 And leave them like the sediment of salt
 Embittering—but preserving now the soul
 Of Mercy's life held stagnant as in death
 By the false poise of the rebellious heart
 Between Mars and the Moon—war and the void
 This last long day of weariness and strife
 Famine of Right supplanted—Strife of wrong,
 And guilt ; triumphant o'er exhausted strength
 A world now in its dotage of all power bereft
 To live or die—led as a dog and ape—
 Fearing the serpent of the Dragon sped.—
 And wasting all to give the leper life.
 The iron failing greed of gold prevails ;
 And milk, flesh, blood of flocks or herds of kine
 The breed is truly all—and fruit of herb and tree
 Fermented into wine and sugared to the taste
 By vulgar pharmacy—perverted skill

Makes man a flying shadow like the night
Which the next turn will change into a shade—
And not of shelter, nor of rest ; but fear !
For hiding is no more : the son and sun shall rule !
The healing Light and living Right prevail :
And water, blood ; the spring and soul of life,
In thought and touch shall now be purified
And all that dare pollute, obstruct, destroy ;
Seek to be worshiped of the eye or ear—
Served of the heart or hand ; give order, la !
Make life the impulsive power of mere machines,
He dares to put to labor—for his death
Not life—the living of a brute ; himself a prey
Of helplessness damnation—Waiting death ;
A shadow like himself—nor man, nor God—
A thing, of base idolatry and selfishness—
Abhorred of God's Humanity ! The Christ we love.

These are the images and power and hell
Called blocks and stones of old—till la ! inspired
Their templed impotence—with pillared strength
And brazen altar wholly given to blood—
And ashes of the pit ; its holiness,
A mockery and a dream—worship of death :
The indolence and lust of blood condemned !
That cannot save or help a living soul
Nor live upon the pittance of its toil
But seeks to give his crystal life to death,
The disembodied soul baptizing all ;
To the consuming fire, the mastery of the pit
Heartless, metallic, molten, lumps of lead—
The Amalekites ! who have made and hold the earth,
A wilderness till now ; mankind, Father and Son,
The mother with the daughter, the inheritors
Of life and good ; the Everlasting Sphere

Of Equity and Right, of Righteousness and Peace
 A field and fiend of strife, of blood—war government ;
 Of things that know no governor save will—
 The feeding of desire—the serfs ; of endless labor like
 the sot and ass—

Digging to bring their water from the pit
 Their bread from gates and bars the taxers' tithers' stores ;
 The dead they live to succor, serve till death ;
 Give helper and his help together to the grave ;
 As soulless things, who heed a master slain.
 So the old world with every change hath fallen
 The mount and vale alike—giving green leaf
 And moving thing together to the pit—
 Repeating like the nations the old song
 Of revelry, corruption—war and waste—

Till now, Earth's lord and god the witnesses
 Elohim of the spirit and the power
 Of the Invisible, Eternal One
 Who by his providence sustains the heavens
 Inspiring life and giving death the pit
 And man a grave within its mouth a day
 To worship and return, approved or be condemned,
 Of his own soul to lasting banishment.
 This understood, recorded in the heavens ;
 Forced on his soul by sense of coming death
 Dependence of old age—Instinct of loving life
 Which in his prime, redeemed his soul brought low ;
 Even to a living grave—the leper's doom.
 The two take counsel for their offspring sought,
 Of lord and God ; unseen and separated,
 By war and distance from their mountain home ;
 So to sustain their age and give them space
 To inquire of every star, whence, to what life,
 They should again be born ; and how awake to light

The sense of blessing and of good secure?
Or would they rest and rise again to bless
Their children's children?—such their waking dream,
And so they taught and wedded the young pair,
Took comfort in their life, although its flesh was grass,
Cut down like herb and tree that withereth;
Enduring for a season with continuance
In root and seed. With understanding blessed?
With instinct, surely to prolong their day,
And to what purpose? if not for return
Of knowledge and increasing good in all!
A sense of beauty and of joy and strength,
In fruit and flower, in leaf and branching form,
Stirring their pulsing blood to fitful thought
And strange impassioned action, the impress
Of growing fear of death, which hath destroyed
All counsel understanding of God's Word,
And made all slaves of want and trembling doubt
The shadow of damnation, which pursues
The guilt of violence, the lust of power;
Where all is impotence and wrong and dread,
Of gnawing hunger and devouring thirst,
The fire of hell and worm that never dies.
Dreading annihilation and the void—
Lost power of forecast, retrospection, thought,
Even more than jaws of death and fire of hell
We have outlived, though subject to their power,
That will not give us day nor breath, but holds
The soul their plaything; so they felt
Held to this torture of eternal death;
The cold and hungry void the changing moon—
It changeth not, but hath its space and time
For its own purpose, not by tyrant will,
A hostage led, but following round well pleased,

Changing her aspect as she goes, returns,
 To welcome and adieu, she knows not when nor where,
 But on his bosom resting, brother of her choice,
 Cruel and impassive as a fabled fate,
 Yet seeking her embrace, rejoicing to return
 Unto the rest he seeks with her as spouse ;
 Mortal necessity of lifeless things,
 To seek their counterpart, hold to their own ;
 Awakening from this dream to recognize
 The over-ruling providence which saves
 From imminent destruction, threatening chance
 Of crashing evil, grinding weight of force,
 Inflaming friction, fire and flood, collapse,
 Consumption, molten heat, the waste of ashes, dust,
 Smoke, vapor, rising, in congealing cold,
 And utter darkness, night,—eternal night,
 All working to one end, the union rest of all
 Save mad invention and continual change,
 The moon affects but soulless waits on one.

From such confusion and infernal strife,
 By weakness of the flesh and blood debarred,
 And of the sunlight's warmth, released to thought
 To hearing sight of quick intelligence,
 Inspired embodied man awoke to find
 A gleanings of his kind, and feed upon their dead,
 In various forms of craving, hungry life,
 That hunt and move according to desire,
 To appease the quickening and belligerent soul,
 Yet subject to the choler of the war
 Of chaos, hell, the shivering of the void !
 And armed and shameless moves to meet its wants
 And prey upon God's life in every form,
 In which 'tis clothed arising from the dead
 Forgetful of the good of heaven and peace,

And seeming thus forgot, left to the strife of guilt.
A degradation helpless and obscene,
Naked and houseless in the dread convexity
Of massed and mingled things from chaos hurled,
A ruin and a wreck ; a sphered prison-house
Of broken bodies, myriad crystal souls,
Waiting expectant an increase of bliss,
And hurled into this warfare unprepared
To wait release, entombed with guilt and death,
Their deadly foes. Hearing no word to cheer,
But that one high command, " Let there be light,"
While darkness yet remains, and still they move,
As in a living grave—wake to behold
A mockery of life, whose loathsome touch
Is desecration and consuming hate,
A curse of trembling wrong and darkness dread,
Which holds its life the sport of every breath
Of rage or love alike, wafted and swept away
Unshriven from the far-forgotten bourn
Of peace and truth of righteousness and life
They fear, because their fall from it hath been
In duty and in love and shorn of power,
To work their own salvation, outcast left
In darkness, fire of hell, this breathless suffering,
Scorched, marred, and when the touch of light returns,
Barred by eternal death from all return,
The way till now unseen, God are we tried in vain,
In mockery of thy life? Tis well! But not of thee,
And now nor wavering thought, nor wished return
Disturb us more ; we suffer but to triumph,
Die to save. Wait, that our death may give new life to all,
And conquer by submission, helping love,
But not for dogs and apes ; the beast shall die !
And the false prophet be cast out for aye ;

And Satan, wickedness himself be bound ;
 Till Equity in Judgment is restored,
 And Mercy, as on Lebanon, cease to plead ;
 For the rebellious who yet seek the pit,
 And bid confusion reign, that they may prey on death !
 The valley and the shadow which obstruct
 His quickening light, which, with the fearful eye
 Of dull mortality and heathen doubt,
 And strangers' troubled heart, we meet again,
 Like Abraham in the wilderness of Sin,
 And his unwilling seed not yet prepared
 On Sinai's wrathful heights. His Zion yet
 Unrecognized on Sepulchered Moriah. Threshing-floor
 Of the cruel Jebusite, whose lame and blind
 Was his defense, till David drove them thence,
 The helplessness of death the sure defense,
 Of every murderer, till now we know
 And understand the way prepared above,
 And burn to be released ; yea, at the word
 Our bodies heap again as dust against
 The fell devourers, be they priests or kings.
 It is our father's house they thus profane,
 And by the lie of fear, and mortal insolence,
 Unsympathizing impotence of guilt !
 Seek to withhold our title while they maim
 And play the devil to affright with death
 We covet now as our reward and life—
 Immortal now ! debased, devoured no more
 Of mortal strife ; the open cruelty and accursed lie
 Of wrath in heaven,—which burns alone for earth
 Against the horrid deed in Hor and Horeb sanctified
 By seeming virtue of a saving love—
 Which tortures and dissolves the brother, son ;
 And saviour of the race, The " Prince of Peace "

The Instructor and the leader of mankind
Of God's Humanity in love and truth
With open eyes led willingly to death
The path of Equity of Righteousness ;
Of every mortal trodden, though the pang,
Of suffering left behind, afflicts his soul :
The way of perfect peace of Light and Love ;
Which flattereth not the Levite nor his lord
The fawning Hypocrite who fans the rage
Of superstitious ignorance to uphold
The tyranny of Death—Devouring fire of strife,
The wrath of hell which desolates the earth
With scourge of war and scorpion's deadly sting,—
Of final condemnation ! which returns—
Hath taken hold and rests upon their head.

So the maternal Instinct well advised
This leprous blood whose feverish desire
Is only evil, devilish ; wasteful rage
Of bitter disappointment, vengeful hate
The gnawing rust and rottenness of guilt ;
Which driving forth her offspring like the beast
That ravens for its prey ; or bowed and maimed of toil
Holds it to task of labor and of shame
Of prostitution, want, the fear of death ;
Is but remorseless fire attempered to
The frailty of the flesh the froth of shame
That by Obstruction seeks to build and know
And serve itself of God's unwearied life
In this its last resort—or rather the first dawn
Of convalescence—natural reflection,
Quiet returning thought—Intelligence
Light and experience of a fatal wrong ;
Needed indulgence and the soothing care,
Of calm parental love,—the example of God's love

The leading and instruction of the heart—
 Restraint of appetite—pure taste, a fitting choice
 Of purpose and of life,—to still the pulsing blood
 And fevered brain—forced record of this death
 Disease of reason, doubt, Incompetence—
 That palsies the pure thought of crystal life ;
 The waiting expectation, true reflex
 And prompt obedience which makes every act
 The seal of life's first impulse—love divine !
 Unquestioned and secure ; the aim and end
 To stay or to release ; to lead and bless !
 Enlighten and secure all life and good
 The quick devotion of recovered sight
 To duty thus restored to liberty and peace ;
 Abundant recompense and high reward
 Of God-like action and reflected love
 Inspiring and uniting heart to heart
 Purpose and Principle of Life made One
 The witness of God's might, power, Truth, and Light in all.
 The knowledge and the love of Lord and God
 In Truth and Right omnipotent to save !
 Life-giving, equitable—one in all
 As purpose and result. Thus the united twain
 The healer and the healed in Ararat ;
 In gratitude, high hope of visible release ;
 First in the prompting of the heart to move
 And now in the high refuge of their choice ;
 Emancipation of the sons of God
 And in this grateful recognition blessed :
 Redeemed, assured ; and seeking now to bless
 With life and this fruition of its joy.

Therefore the counsel of all joy to life,
 In fitness of provision living good ;
 Dominion over every soul that breathes.

The planting of the garden, training of their son
To keep and dress its passive life and thus,
Instructed in the schooling of desire ;
The knowledge of the evil and the good :
The fruitlessness of wild excess : and the brained fruitful-
ness

Of lopping and restraint—of moderation, care ;
A patient waiting for the sure return,
Of blossom and of fruit ; the perfect round ;
Of full enjoyment and enduring life ;
How grateful to the waking of the dead.

And now with trained desire of progress comes,
The test of power to enjoy. “It is not good
For man,” this busy mechanic, endowed
With action and reflection sense of fitness, good ;
By labor and by suffering trained to live
Through his own helping hand as in the heavens
Among the myriad active workers there
“To be alone” without “an helpmeet” here.

A wedded pair in the one flesh and blood—
Like Truth and Justice, Equity and Right,
Mercy and Judgment—principles on high—
Their sympathies, their instincts, duties one
The training and preserving of this soul
To peace and Truth and Love established Good :
Or by their sufferance to judge aright
Nor lightly to condemn a living soul
Or drive it forth to herd with beast and creeping thing
As hitherto the lordly herds had ranged—

And so they trained the child of their old age
The daughter of their love ; their fairest one
The living understanding of their Life
Their evening flower called “Eve,” a shadowy thing—
To be companion of his hopes and fears

Approver and continuer of his life—
 His joys and sorrows, sharer of his toils
 The lightener and enlightener of his cares ;
 Instructing in their purpose and result :
 The lordship of the earth all living good,
 Inspiring patience, perseverance, love ;
 Undoing stubbornness, resentment, dread ;
 The barbarous, savage thought of murder, wrong,
 Of prostitution help enslaved to toil—
 As in the pit whose way had marred his life—
 By aiding to redeem it from that death,
 Give union and repose, peace, light and joy .
 By sure example, fruitfulness and love.
 Dispelling grossness of material sense
 Metallic cruelty—war of molten death—

But how restrain his leprous desire
 Whose touch was death unto her tender years.
 Not dreaming yet of evil, taught to bless :
 Should life in her be prostituted now
 Her heritage entailed with so much care,
 Given to the casual droppings of desire ;
 Or plotting mischief of a murderous soul :
 All would be overturned—the strife of blood,
 They fled from Lebanon to restrain and heal,
 Would be renewed in Ararat without fear.
 Entailing thus instead of Peace and Truth ;
 A life of suffering and an age of woe
 Judgment and condemnation of the Just :
 The sons of Mercy ; seraphim of light :
 For ignorance and doubt ; disease and death
 Without provision healthful sustenance—
 And war of hell ; even to devouring hate
 Prevail again on earth ; their Eden waste !

Therefore the son laboriously is trained

To know the difference of desire from life ;—
Taught by the suffering of beast and bird ;
Which giving way to impulse of desire,
Crowd out their kind like weeds upon the ground
Without restraint of foresight—thought of life,—
The living Good of heaven which orders all,
But, careless creatures of a year, a day ;
Covered of instinct and of instinct taught,
Simply to feed desire while life doth last ;
And seek a shelter in the rock or tree ;
Without provision, thought or providence
Against the winter's cold or summer's heat ;
But are the sport of hunger thirst and want,
Of time, of season and of suffering—
Of foul excess—of waste—the stench of death—
A burden and a loathing to the ground
Which needs its rest, refreshing and release
From parasites, that gnaw even to the heart and soul
The bone and marrow ; fretting with disease,
Feeding alike upon the root and branch.

All these are passed before him to instruct
That he may know the manner of God's life—
Obscene desire is of the dead, and feeds—
Devours—to feed its soul—the slave of death—
Formed by the habit, instinct of desire
To base idolatry of bellied forms ;
Armed for self-sustenance not living help ;
And passed before him to be named and shunned
As flocks and herds ; the feeders on, not trainers of their
life,
To peace and good ; endurance, Immortality :
The understanding of God's Truth and Right
The knowledge of conditions, inspiration, help—
The leading and instruction of their kind :

That from desire accomplished good may spring ;
 Life, liberty, humanity, a glad release
 From slavery, death, imprisonment, the pit
 And should he find in beasts a helpmeet—well
 He chooseth death. He sees they cannot live
 Beyond a day—endurance of the flesh
 Corruption, waste—they are already dead.
 Seeking no further than to live and die,
 With fruitless labor which sustains a night
 And with the morn, must be renewed, incessantly,
 Till age or accident, close their career—
 Give rest from bondage without pity, help ;
 Or aspiration save the belly's good :
 The god of Nilus—the Egyptian plague
 Darkness that may be felt. But if the name express,
 Loathing and pity ;—he refuse to live
 With indolence and lust, with screaming fear
 Craving of hunger, bellowing of thirst,
 The snort of panic dread ; forever chased
 Of dragon hydra—moving forms of dread ;
 Of flame and smoke, of vapors tossed on winds
 Or pinioned to the earth. Then is there hope
 That he will not abuse God's gift, but keep
 Her person and inheritance, clean, clear, and free,
 From prostitution, waste,—this blooming earth—
 The paradise and life committed to his care
 From harm or touch of evil—This cruel death—
 The offspring of a sottish life debased
 Of falsehood and of lust—corrupt desire.

Thus beast and fowl—the bodies of desire
 Shaped to the groveling purposes of want,
 Of fear, of guilt ; are unto Adam brought
 This added one witness of life or death—
 As he shall choose ; to use or to abuse

The human form divine, in pitying eye and hand
Of ready help ; the inheritance of nobler instincts given
Of Lord and God, a chastening saving life ;
To pass to sons and daughters ; helpfully improved
Or brutalized to beastly appetite—
To generations yet unborn to be
Thus humanized—and stand upright instead
Of those “Elohim” of that nameless race
Whose resilience was dragon, reptile, beast ;
Demons of lust and of Satanic power !
Dead patrons and philanthropists, that used
The scourge of fire and heated waters—dead,
Saving to their own souls, to enslave and rob ;
For their own living—pottage of a day—
The night of their endurance—heaven-condemned—
Whom Mercy would not succor ; but hath saved
From Lebanon the lesser beast and brute,
The sad memorials of their waste and want,
Divided on the earth—thus to instruct the seed
Of understanding help. The Israel of God
Who have named and known their lineage to this hour
The highest form of matter—man, attained
Developed now as priests and saving castes
That cannot save more than the beast and brute
Nor lead the souls committed to their care :—
But play the hypocrite—like Adam dead
Who named but shunned not ways of beastly souls—
Cruelty of sacrifice—Idolatry of self ;
Mere offspring of desire—not life—but death :
And perishing in judgment with the dead ;
Outcast as from the heavens—sorrow on earth—
Without a trade save murder for their sons
Or playing the false prophet—hypocrites
And lying ministers of their own laws,

Instead of messengers of Truth and Right
 The ministers of Equity of Justice—God :
 Whose principles and life—they seek no more to know ;
 But serve themselves of a dead kind given o'er
 To maniac rage—the slavery of desire !
 Feed on the beast and brute,—and live by things
 More ignorant than these!—vile traffickers,
 Of lust and selfishness,—of soulless appetite, which lives
 to hunt

The Greater lion, elephant to death,
 And make the nobler Equine, dromedary
 To bear them in the chase of canine, feline life
 And toad and asp—in human form debased—
 The blood ; Amalekite in every form
 Holding the earth “a wilderness of Sin”
 Whose thousand weeds grow to be burned for aye
 By base neglect and lewd indulgence left—
 To perish, worthless ; save to bruise and wound—
 Companions of a despicable life
 Abominable, devilish, lustful, proud,
 As tongues of flame the terror of the dead.

So Adam named the scattered brood still saved
 The relicts of its wrong, broken, enslaved
 Beasts of the field and grove, mere beings, without life
 Formed to be wasted of their own excess
 Brought forth to die—to perish evermore
 As evil worthless—save to feed, be fed upon
 By savage and by worm, devourers all.
 But for the man, the understanding one
 There was not found an helpmeet, even among
 The females of his kind ; the prostitutes of lust
 Slaves of the field and satyrs of the grove
 Monkeys and monstrous things, loathed feared of life.
 So vile no kindred would confess their kind,

In the wild revel of their lawless lust :
Brutality, abused of savage wrong
Made desperate,—the first murderers of their kind
Ontcasts of Lebanon, buried in the depths
Of Misriam's waters with the infernal fires
They kindled in the earth and moving soul—
They passed away all save those spared as yet
As witnesses to man before the mount
The leper and the dog—the worthless dead—
Of Jebus and Damascus yet preserved
A warning and a curse—as Justifying now
The circumcision of God's Equity—and sterner law
Of Ararat, from Sinai's heights withdrawn
Even to this day from brother, sisters war ;
Till the first Patriarchate—Husband wife
The Father and the Mother are restored
As witnesses Elohim of the Judge
JEHOVAH, God ;—the Lord of all the earth—
The Just made perfect of the Living One
And ruling for his God before the Mercy Seat
Of Woman's love. The Saviour of our kind—
Her Son restored. The Right and Righteous ;
Of God and Truth the builders of the heavens
Revealed on earth and Ruling evermore.

Thus the Elohim, under Ararat ; for Lebanon now
Had perished from the earth—all save the ridge
Defending high Damascus and her dog
Till men shall see and understand confess
The circumcision must prevail on earth
And rule in Justice over Jebu's Lebanon
Through the appointed Sabbath of our God
When Judgment shall prevail and war shall cease
The day for which we wait, whose eve is darkening o'er
The heights of Lebanon—Misriam's depths—the earth

Once and forever Judged—its outcasts lost—
 Gone out with Mars and Moon to their own place.
 And Leper, Dog and Ape, the decedence
 Of lewd desire and savageness of lust
 The fatuous profanation of all life
 As yet too earnest for this sport with death
 And shelving it upon their rocks condemned—
 But worshiped now and trained in all the earth
 In brothels hotels corners of their streets
 In all the cities of the templed pride—
 Of Priest and brotherhoods; the lazzaroni that tithe
 To save their souls, and hide away for aye,
 The bodies of their shame boastful Idolatry.

Thus the Elohim trained their living son
 In understanding and intelligence
 The way of Truth and Life in Righteousness
 Whose high domain Religion hath profaned—
 And as he grew and labored—slept and dreamed
 The vision came to him for which they strove
 Of likeness Truth and peace—parental care—
 They took a rib—the Keeper of his life
 Stay of his frame soul, understanding, Sense—
 That gives to frailty of the flesh its strength
 Continuance—endurance—Sympathy divine—
 And of the rib thus taken from his side,
 His hidden sister friend—The Elohim made
 A woman grown and trained companion of the man
 In all his sufferings—going still before
 From first to last—The moulder of his life
 So far as saving self-control—permits—
 A sufferer by and with him in this strife
 Against the powers of hell of darkness death
 The ignorance and the apathy of Sense—
 Nay suffering by his hand—Oh, death of death !

Brutality ! Thy crown ; thou monstrous thing.
Bone of my bones and flesh of my own flesh
Is now before me ; Woman ! of the man
The suffering counterpart, she shall be called ;
The sharer of his sorrows and his joys—
The giver Saviour of his life for in all
But this sad revelation still remains—
Now therefore in the marriage of the heart,
Brought to the fountain of God's life—the man
In Eden stood at eve cool of the day
Of passionate excitement—cold remorse ;
And heard the voice of the Elohim there.
The father and the mother of our race ;
Waifs saved to Ararat from the flood of fire,
God's witnesses on earth ; first saviours of mankind :
Whose understanding gave men life and light.
The knowledge of the evil and the good ;
With the authority of high intelligence
Of blessing and of life—instinctive now
The warning " Word " first spoken to redeem,
From Sterner Ararat when Lebanon fell—
The Seat of Equity—of purifying Right
Between the male and female—Lord and God !
Whose Justice since from thence was well approved
On Grim Moriah—Sinai's kindling height
Whence Isaac was redeemed and Moses taught—
Where Jesus suffered and from whence again
The tabernacle is restored to earth—the judgment just—
Moving once more with waters of God's life
Upon the high circumference—Spreading to the poles
The leaves of healing counsel—words of peace
With Mercy's life—to cool and strengthen all
The river that from Zion now shall flow
O'er ruined temples—altars steeped in blood

To Baptize, cleanse and give new life to all
 The spirit and the power of Truth and light
 To enlighten lead mankind in paths of Equity—
 The Righteousness of peace—all well assured
 And Crystal purity again restored
 The Christ shall reign and Mercy, Truth prevail.

Behold, the trembling culprits hid away
 In bowers of Eden, humbled in their guilt ;—
 Like Moses in the bush on Sinai's steppes
 Where the avenging rod the serpent's form
 Again assumes before the murderer
 Of the misled Egyptian—Misriam's Son
 Born an oppressor—blind to slavery's curse—

But here the Father's voice recalls the son
 Made yesterday an Equal—named the added one,
 "Adam ! Where art thou ?" The endearing name
 Strikes through the guilty soul—And the son answering
 Unconsciously confesseth all his guilt—

I heard thy voice and was afraid, because
 I naked was and hid me from thy sight—
 While the poor trembling daughter in her shame
 To her a dread reality, conceived
 Already being formed a living soul
 Crouched trembling in her guilt, in silence hid—
 Against this power and error of her soul.

For she, the daughter too was warned and taught
 To keep her from the evil ; guard from taste or touch
 The tree of life in her own person held,
 Rooted in blood—a soul of strange desire—
 Whose impulse to all evil yet unknown
 Baffled her understanding—bared her heart
 To question of the warning voice of love
 The damning doubt of overthrow and death—
 Sanctioned of her betrothed the warder of desire

Till matured life and purpose understood,
Should give assurance of a heavenly birth—
With strength of body health of spirit—soul :
The energy divine inspiring purposed life,
Approved as good ; sustained of Truth and Right ;
Intelligence of light, responsibility,
Of adequate results ; in putting forth the hand,
To touch the branchings of the sacred tree
That gives him issue—tries the moving soul
Even as the father's life in him is tried.

Therefore, as rising from the grosser earth
Aspiring to the heavens it is required
The father and the mother he forsake
And cleave unto his wife, that they may be
One flesh in purpose, and in soul the same,
They seek God's Truth their offspring to inspire
Redeem their house ; and kind from death and grave
As man and wife unknowing shame or fear
Their purpose good and her assurance clear
God's life approving in her quickening soul—
Which had already brought him back to life.

The aim was high. Immortal happiness
Companionship with cherubim of God
Eternal in the heavens. In Mercy, Equity !
And what hath shame or fear to do with these !
They wait as worthlessness the touch profane—
But woe to him who dares to put it forth—
With evil, worthless purpose ; for his soul
His Being Life shall answer for the deed.
Here evidence is plain and thoughtless guilt ;
The serpent doubt : suspicion that the lord
Their father, mother, God ! withheld from them
By his restraint, more than he gave in life—
Pervades the heart, Ingratitude proclaims :

Desire to feed, a bestial liberty ;
 Imaginary greatness fires the soul :
 Invention overthrows a heartless race
 The loving heart of life would fain exalt
 To a true Lordship over beast and fowl
 To keep them from the evil give them rest
 From pursuit of the murderer the devouring maw
 Of death and hell, the grave, unsatisfied with life ;
 The living is their god ; their good ; their all :
 Mere animal existence living to devour :
 Lifeless—without sympathy for aught save self
 The craving of desire in its own soul ;
 The pulsing blood—mechanical as death.
 The steam and vapor of a mortal life—
 Eager consumption of the fire of hell :
 Material desire in Pagan, Turk the same
 In Hebrew and in Greek ; known by one name
 To common sense revealed Destroyer ! and for aye.
 Its issue beast and brute—in Babel, Babylon,
 And conquering Rome, its purpose still the same
 As in the heavens ; Destroying to devour
 Religion—reconstruction—vile pretense.
 Imperial Rome like Babel Babylon
 Like Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Moon. How fallen ;
 A helpless thing and impotent to save
 Its body soul or spirit from the grave
 Themselves a living tomb in Shinar, Italy
 Destroyers and accursed from earth and heaven :
 Fallen sinking to the bottomless abyss—
 Corruption and a grave the relics left
 In earth and heaven in sight of sun and star
 And suffering life in man and beast renewed,
 As yet their offspring—breathing to condemn.
 The first now waiting—last to be devoured—

With flesh of kings—the mighty of the earth
For which their maw now rampant whets its fangs
Avenging him they crucified, in death :
The Jaws of hell they open to devour,
And swallow,—their omnipotence for aye.
Such is the sentence dread through Christ and Lord
Through Eden's "Elohim," the man revealed
Made good upon the carcass of their slain :
The things which dream of ruling in the world ;
The cosmos of an hour—already passed
A Phantom of the dead ; the shadow of the grave
The ashes of the pit—the place of worms
The sun doth look upon to re-resolve !
Back to its elements and give it light :
By the Eternal decree we but wait
Our Mercy's word,—now to Establish high :
As ruling in the heavens. Redeeming earth :
And sanctifying all to Truth pure light—
Which dwelleth not with these—is yet unknown
Save in our Mercy's daughter—Woman's love !
And her all-conquering Son, Eternal Right
Immortal and enduring as the Sun
The reflex of God's Truth from heaven to earth :
Father of Righteousness—our Saviour, Lord.

Thus is the serpent's slime—persuasion cursed !
Beyond the beast to crawl upon the ground
With, but a hiss and deadly sting to save
Because through it, the added one betrayed
God's life in woman, now betrothed to save !
And put before the man the exact presentiment
Of his own death, in the vile form he wears
And worships—to the enslaving of the soul,
Of Mercy's crystal life which leaves the earth
Polluted by his touch and salted to preserve

From the long stagnant waste of sufferance now.
 Forever passed away in heaven and earth.—
 Her Baptism in vain to cleanse his blood ;
 The living fire prevails—Her wakening son
 Guides full upon the sunlight's steady ray
 Till all resolved—the heavens again restored
 Her crystal soul shall wake to life and truth
 See as 'tis seen—know even as 'tis known !
 From heart to kindling heart revealing all—
 Father we want—In Right and Truth we rest.

“Yea,” saith the serpent, “Hath God said” indeed
 “Ye shall not eat of every tree” that grows !
 Within the Garden—this fair Paradise ?
 But now the word is changed—Infallible !
 He is himself proclaimed ; and none dare touch or move
 Save by his dread decree—Who is his Lord and God !
 The poor infernal soul—that burns within
 The candle of his worship—idol of a day
 Now passed and gone of his own curse accursed.
 With all Idolatry of ab—and poll—
 The Parrot worship ; mouthed in temple field
 Of blood ? aye, let it be so : even here and now—

But still the heart of life replies as then
 Yes ; we may eat of all of every tree—
 Save of the tree of life : We must not touch
 A soul in which the breath of life prevails
 But hold ourselves to burial of the dead :
 Until the trumpet sound again ; Strike home :
 Return unto thy rest—Thy warfares passed—
 Well done ! in death and hell ; in heaven and earth—
 Ye Cherubim of God—His Mercy's life :
 Return—Return—thy place again restored
 In the sphered heavens ; Eternal as thy God.
 Immortal proved : farewell to the cruel void !

Of cold mortality—and frozen death.
The knowledge of the Just shall triumph now
Confusion shall confront the murderer
In purple of his guilt—wrapped, passed away.

“Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know
That in the day ye eat thereof your eyes
Shall then be opened; ye shall clearly see
And be as God’s knowing—the evil, good—
So let it be! eat, drink, and live—Be wise!
Hold to thy chancel—’Tis indeed thy grave
The place of rest—for souls, that once must die.

What is the woman’s voice? She pleads and clings
Unheeding prostitution—While the life remains,
To save a soul! give every breath its due!
A touch of sunlight and of heavenly love;
Weeps o’er its death, and mourns a blessing lost:
A soul withdrawn from heaven and good and peace
To the cold grave, the wilderness, the void,
To misery her negative, her antitype, death, death!
Her horror, loathing, which alone she flies,
The murderer’s, panderer’s victim—while they live
But let them pass condemned, and darker horrors frown
And battle in her soul; They are lost for aye:
Damnation hath its due, and Equity is Right.
Life is her test, the living are the good,
While Judgment spares; She pleads and will release.

And when the woman saw the tree was good;
Gave life, companionship; was pleasant to the eye,
A Tree to be desired as peopling earth
With Lordship and direction, guidance, strength,
And standing in the midst of house and home;
She took and ate; consenting to desire
Against experience, Judgment, knowledge, Truth;
And gave unto her husband—Who in evil hour,

With mad indulgence, greed, of base desire
 Not, the black heart of a rebellious hate ;
 Which needs another stage of decedence,
 A positive revenge and arrogance of soul,
 Put forth a murderous hand and ate with her ;
 Giving her soul to disobedience shame,
 Twin daughters of the birth she had conceived,
 And he had sealed to life : A seed of guilt.
 In blind rebellion without house or home
 Or knowledge of the nakedness of death
 For dead these are ; going downward to the grave
 And needing covering, as of the night
 To shield them from abhorrence and contempt.
 Where shall she lay her head, provide for, train this
 brood :

That come in pairs are multiplied to death :
 Like beasts to feed desire, and die be fed upon !
 Outstripping all provision for their souls
 All knowledge of a thought of good or peace.
 The slaves of mastery, indigence, and want
 And seeking only foot or wing for flight ;
 Or hunting of the prey or final rest.
 Woe to the seed thus impiously conceived !
 To be brought forth in wrong and guilt and called
 A shame forever : Daughters of suffering and of heartless-
 ness ;

A spider brood the sisters of the loom,
 Weavers of loathing and contempt, with blood of lust
 and strife.

The sisters of the murderer and gowned thing
 Which skins, and wool, and flax, must cover and make
 Right ;

Poor mooning souls to vapor given and show,
 The emptiness of ghosts ; thoughtless improvident.

Is this God's life—The Inspirer of the heavens
Whose eye is ever on the end proposed
And knoweth all ; the thought of every heart
Even by its bearing, ere it come to life
Or seek a body to give power to will,
Therefore, those outcast vapors on the void
Sun, Moon, and Stars, this day of earth and heaven.
Hearing, not sight : when darkness hath prevailed ;
Redeeming of his dead from wrathful vapory hosts
Whose futile rage assailed the ordered spheres ;
With fire and waste of blood, the friction of their death.
To dust and ashes ground, resolved to water, rock,
Our Mercy's life and crystal souls released,
From war of death and hell, eternal night :
Confusion and destruction, chaos, death,—
The gnawing of the worm that never dies.

The eyes of both were opened : and they saw,
That they were naked, loathsome, lepers healed,
Yet weltering in their blood ; and took them leaves,
Leaves of the fig, whose fruit doth first appear
Unseemly, naked—as those moving things
Whose eyes are opened and their souls attent
To higher life :—The word of living Truth.
Diseased souls from death to life redeemed
Their fall discovered and their helplessness,
Dependence—utter impotence—rebellion, guilt
At once brought home—with labor now increased
To clothe and feed their nakedness and want.
Shapeless, uncouth ; and spreading as if life
Were caught asleep—ungarmented brought forth
Untimely, unprepared—a mere machine—
A castaway to rottenness and rust—
A mortal and a worm—with marks of training left
For nobler being more exalted life—

A fitness—truthfulness—of skill and thought?
 A nobler instinct and progressive power
 But worn and stayed by cold arrest of life—
 Perversion of desire—and bitterness of soul.
 Unnatural—helpless without knowledge, power,
 Except to feed—the worm—beget, grow and put forth
 Unconsciously the instruments of sense,
 Of hearing and of sight—of Instinct, feeling, touch.
 Taste of the good and evil—bitter, sweet—
 Heat, cold—obstruction, wearing waste in all
 And sufferance withal ; pain, wounds, disease.
 Observance of conditions—dread intelligence
 Of death by violence—or sure decay—
 Of want, or thirst of fire—the fever of the blood :
 Compelling brained thought—a dome to hold
 The vapor of the soul, to analyze and understand the heart.

So of the uncouth fig-tree's leaves guilt makes
 A covering ; till Shame is born again, a Son
 Seeking possession rule—untimely, as the fruit
 Without the leaf, is shelterless and bare :
 Driven forth to till the ground that calls aloud
 For ordered labor—planting, trimming, care
 And fence from violence of moving death
 Seeking its living—Cain is thus beset
 Naked and houseless—Hungering and in want :
 While Abel keeps the flocks that browse the herb
 His charge the clothing of his father's house,
 And finds his food and shelter in their range.
 So Cain without possession yet prepared
 Becomes impatient and a murderer ;
 Oppressed himself—oppresses and destroys :
 And Abel falls his victim ; adding nakedness to want.
 His discontent brings horror : desperation waste ;
 More desperate exposure, and he cries aloud.

Thus headlong unprepared without intelligence
Man meets and leads his doom; and taken in the act—
Crieth out of punishment; he cannot bear
Yet, wrought by his own hand against the warning voice,
Of heaven and earth—of father, mother, Lord and God—
of all—

And stern necessity must drive him forth
Ungardened and unclothed upon the earth
Without a tree for shelter or for food;
And simple right of self-defense his all—
A murderer withal—His sense of guilt
Drives him for refuge to the barren rock—
A city of defense—Thus from the last extreme, the fear
of death

Possession's roused to action, and the man—
The Son of impotence, of guilt, and shame;
Rebellion and perversity; who could not frame to live
With herds and flocks and shelter in the vale;
Saith now, It is Enough:—and turns himself—
To cultivate the earth and live in peace?
No; to the trade of murder strife and blood:
Will desolate and live on death for aye.—
Will prostitute, devour and hold God's life,
His victim and his slave forevermore;
The earth a wilderness—accursed and dead!
A wooded waste of weed and pestilence
A barren rock—or cities seething Tombs—
Whose smoke ariseth—as from Tophet now:
Gomorrah, Sodom—the Dead Sea forgot
The pillar of Lot's wife—of Moab and Ammon's doom
The wonder and the curse of Israel's day
Gone with—God's host into forgetfulness—
Possession, yet unknown; the fugitive's resort
From murder and from guilt alone remains

In templed pride—To satisfy desire
The God and Good of man—a vapor—breath !

“Who told thee thou wast naked ! Hast thou touched
The tree of which I said, Thou shalt not eat ?”

Adam replied, “The woman whom thou gavest
An helpmeet, to be with me ; gave me of the tree
And I did eat”—betrayed of her desire.

“What hast thou done ?”—The Elohim question her
Given of our life—unto the hand of death ?—

The woman said, “The Serpent, Doubt, beguiled,
And I did eat”—sought to exalt, my Lord—

The Elohim answer now, the Serpent brood
Of base desire, the whisperers of this doubt,—

Because thou hast done this thou art accursed
Above all cattle, above every beast
That in the field doth roam, feeding at large ;
The ignorance of guilt, or fear of shame ;—
Upon thy belly shalt thou go—Dust shalt thou eat—
Thy lifelong day accursed—Thy treachery
Shall make thee hateful, vile ;—I will put enmity
Between thee and the woman—and her seed
Shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel :—
The murderer’s defense thy last abode.

He added to the woman—Wrong shall greatly multiply
Thy sorrow and conception from this deed—
Because of murder, mastery, violence ;
In sorrow shall thy children be brought forth ;
Unto thy husband shall be thy desire,
Needing defense and fearing for thy life ;
And he shall rule o’er thee, ambitious, proud—
Subjecting life to sottish lust and death.

And unto Adam the “Elohim” said,
Because thou hast lewdly hearkened to the voice
Of her I made thy wife, to prove thy soul.

Hast eaten of the tree of which I did command,
“Thou shalt not eat :” Because it is the shadow of this
death.

Cursed is the ground for thy sake ; of its fruits,
The pounded mortal lump now thou shalt eat
In sorrow all thy days, because of strife ;
That thou mayst know wherein all lordship rest ;
The bitterness of death imposed on life
By disobedience, ignorance and guilt—
The indolence, indulgence ye have sought.
Thorns also from the rock, and thistles in the field
Because of these, the stubborn earth shall yield
To thy reluctant toil, unwilling hand,
And thou shalt eat the herb when fruit shall fail ;
Because of lordship ignorance and guilt :
The sloth of lust, the apathy of death.
In sweat of labor shalt thou eat thy bread
Because of strife, of weed and parasite—
Yea ; pound it as the dust, till thou return
Unto the ground,—the body of this death !
For out of it ye came ; it feeds the flesh ;
Mere excrescence of animal desire,
And moves the blood to sense of death—not life :
For dust thou art ;—to dust thou shalt return.

And Adam named his wife Eve—Evening time
The usherer of the night : For so she came
When strife of heaven was o’er and earth appeased—
Her dead in Misriam’s flood at rest, was still :
To embody this ensanguine soul again
And give it moving life—this mortal sense of wrong—
Of death and hell already passed and gone ;
And waken to a sense of living light,
Of understanding and intelligence
Knowledge of Truth and Right that governs all—

All breathing on the earth ; the rising dead—
 Born but to see and hear and seek to die
 Undo this mortal coil—Embodied death
 Escape this mad Invention, brained to die ;
 Be reconstructed nevermore again
 But stayed, and rest till death shall be no more.

Unto him also and unto his wife ;
 The fountain of whose blood, was now unsealed to shame !
 Did the Elohim—those first witnesses
 For Lord and God on earth—Good Government
 Make coats of skins—the symbols of their guilt
 As serving animal desire—gross sense—
 The covering of the beast to clothe their nakedness
 And give them being for a day—not life
 Nor clothing—name—save of their own reproach—
 The opening of the eyes to vileness of desire
 As seeking life in death—eternal shame—
 Their eyes now opened to the light of Truth
 The dread reality of Right and Wrong
 The evil and the good : The revelation of a soul con-
 demned :

The knowledge of a heart to suffering born
 By the mad impulse of their mere desire
 In the blind ignorance of life and death—
 Which comes not of their action but God's light—
 The waiting expectation of the soul
 The sense of duty and of love revealed
 The knowledge and the labor of God's life
 Thus impiously profaned—prolonged in blood.
 Not Mercy's crystal soul and clearing waiting sense—
 Accepting—giving back her crystal life
 To bitterness of death—Alas ! and not to save
 But to condemn the soul they thus revive
 And justify the judgment of the Just

Which holds it to the void—the nakedness of death
The mortal coil of want—the worm that never dies.
The extremes of hunger thirst of heat and cold
Of day and night forever—evermore—we say Amen.
God and all good prevail—this evil, death be damned
for aye.

Rise nevermore—to tempt the nation's slain
To serve and worship its infernal night !
In agony the ignorance of blood and fear
The fear of death and hell—now shadowed on the void
Things passed and gone to planetary spheres,
Dead symbols in the heavens before our eyes,
And church and state, on earth as empty vain
Now passed away forever as accursed
Of God and Man of Justice, Truth and Right.
The Lord JEHOVAH and the pillared throne
Of Life Immortal in the heavenly spheres—
Not moving like those rolling things we see,
And name the stars of God—The shadows of iniquity
The cenotaphs of guilt and fear and death—
But of their own high impulse kindling all
And moving on the wings of living light
The native energy of warmth and Love.

God ! how we loathe this curse of flesh and blood
The essence of corruption, soul of guilt
And hold it to the purpose of its life ;
To break and to subdue the stubbornness
And strife of death—the horrors of the damned—
Who live by sacrifice of their own souls
Idolatry of selfishness—feed grave and hell—
The prostitutes of tithing and obstruction, monstrous hate
Banditti, lazzaroni, of mankind !
That live by murder and the strife of blood
Profaners of God's life—Blasphemers, dead

In this old Adam outcast evermore—
 To save God's life from murder and from death.
 As Eden's son is saved—but, cursed till now
 In passing to a Son—this murderous wrong,
 And therefore from the garden driven—sent forth
 To till the ground and see what he hath done
 In prostituting life to slavery, death,
 The bondage of this fear—and blood of guilt—
 And know his duty to restrain the blood,
 Of monstrous prostitution—the desire impossible,
 Of making the machine the moving power
 And settle down to labor, limit, purify,
 His life and living to the pure and good.
 Life giveth life ; but not like flesh and blood
 By vaccination of corruption, lust ;
 Like Mercy's waters—wine upon the lees,
 It orders all aright and lives for God—
 The living Good : not breeders of this death
 More careful now of living than of life
 To cultivate the beast and brute desire
 Than seek to know God's Truth—Instruct and train their
 kind

Even in conception and the womb to light
 The Peace of Righteousness—of understanding Right,
 Established good—the happiness that comes
 Alone from living purpose, end and aim—
 One with our God—in love of Truth and Right—

Thus Lord and God for good drove out the man
 To war with beasts until this knowledge came
 And give the inventive mechanic, who would destroy
 To reconstruct the kindling spheres of heaven—
 The facile instruments—material power
 The dead alone can yield to death and wrong,
 And for good purpose, not as to this hour

In this cosmogony, to driveling spurious things
Smoke, vapor, ashes, dust, from which metallic truth
That feigns no life, and quickening powers withdrawn
Save in the suffering heart : This Rock inured
To mockery of its fire and blood and shame,
The impotence of guilt, the waste of all,
As blazoned now in planets nations fallen
And falling helpless with their images
Of things they cannot now even once conceive,
For lo ! God's life still ready to bring forth
Republic or Democracy King Lord or aught
That promiseth endurance, life, or breath,
And willing sons give pæans and their blood
To give the shadows substance for an hour,
And mock their fathers—bid their mothers blush
For misconceptions—so long cursing earth.
Good sons and dutiful—Heaven give them la !
Nor leave them thus to press their vapor die.

For good the earth still waits ! we seek to shun
The waste and murder of this endless strife,
That darkling toucheth seal of pit and grave
And naked stands before eternal death.
We would withdraw the sword of living flame
In man's own outcasts guarding to this hour
The gates of paradise and holding earth
A desolation, wilderness, reproach,
Returning from the eaves ; East, North, South, West :
From every quarter now to overthrow
With swift avenging wrath, the sense of life
Wronged outcast, on the oppressor ! thrusting back
The wrong which hath prevailed in Babel, Babylon,
Egypt, Jerusalem, Rome ; in all the earth
Refusing now their convicts as they have refused
God's Principles and Judgment, thrusting Life from earth

With fire and sword and blood, its will their la!
 Their lo and all; their leading and defense.
 Now damned forever, sealed to falsehood, death!
 The doom of beast and reptile, creeping things,
 That legislate Iniquity and plume themselves
 In trappings, favors, brotherhoods of death
 To be forever thus thrown down, accursed,
 Giving the nations and the man alike
 By their own deeds, to blood, eternal death,
 Until they see and know this is the progeny
 Of their own violence, hath no other root
 Their law and life is death—Their offsprings like them-
 selves

Dead spurious things—The vapor of an hour
 Passing away—Thank God forever passed
 With the stern judgment of another day
 All have been shortened—Thus at noon cut off
 Even in the rush and triumph of its power.
 To-morrow—Who shall see that morrow's sun?
 Nor priest—nor king—nor noble of the earth
 The parasite and Mighty—traffickers cut off
 And without hand of man—The heavens now rule again:
 Have ruled—shall rule forever—Seen of all

We see the dead, after their kind beget:
 Their seed is in themselves—Earth hath a remnant of all
 life that breathes

The beast and brute—and man, the first and last;
 His institutions and his laws are dead
 All that we know of life, is of the blood
 The blood on earth and fire of hell in heaven
 Our firmament the wreck of the abyss.
 Violence by violence—death by destruction falls;
 As from the heavens—Our leader urged them on
 Wretched Invention—poor mechanic skill

'Twas Lucifer—in fire—the man in blood
And so we drag our evil day along
In poverty and want of all—God's life
Forbid to touch the accursed thing—the blood
Coming between metallic death and life
Our Mercy's waters and the living light
By graving of the hand—Mechanic skill
Invention of the brain—The heart God's life
Like Eve in Paradise a perjured thing
By sufferance and desire to help this curse
Unknowing life or death, or health or gain on earth
But vanity and vapor waste all waste.
Its glory in destruction—greatness to devour
Its home the wilderness—Itself this mortal guilt:
The brained book of death condemns for aye.

But Life is one—Immortal without end
In purpose One—in-being body soul
Eternal Truth—The living light—our God.
The Father of all good—His spouse God's life
Their home all space—diffusion is their joy:
And everlasting Right—The unchanging Son
Before them walks forever and behind
The Righteousness of Truth—God's Equity
Redeeming from the void the pit prepared for aye
For all who answer not to light with light
The signal and the signet of the heavens
Loved of the Seraphim; of Mercy's life
The healing Cherubim in fear beheld!
As striking to the heart, at once, for life or death.
The soul of purity can brook no speck
Or shadow of the guilt enslaving here—
Therefore this hiding in the pit and grave
This waiting suffering of our Mercy's life!
Another step; and Equity no more,

Dare lift her voice or stretch her hand to save.
In the pure light God's seraphim prevail
And Justice rules unknowing time or space.

So shall their lightnings now prevail—not wrath
But Justice goodness to the living soul
And quick deliverance to the living, dead ;
To all, to find their place—undoubting straight
Their action outstrips thought—a look behind
Is pillared salt—The bitterness of death
Without a covering Sea, or sheltering Rock
No thunderbolt pursues, but that which wings its flight
God's Justice in the heavens—How terrible to save
We seek her aid we bow before her now
Our God strike home—and let deliverance come.

The straight and narrow way of Equity
By which our Eden blooms alone for aye
Is held as naught—The buds and blossoming
Of life's perennial tree—cut off despised
By dogs and reptiles in the human form
This monstrous lie—night and Eternal death
Believe they shall prevail—strike home even now
Seal it forever on the lip and heart
Make whoredom visible, and murder, death :
That all may see and know them evermore—
The fell destroyer fallen from heaven is dead
His shadow lives in man : reveal it to the sense
Of men and devils—let them choose at once
Or perish evermore. If but one crystal life is yet en-
snared .

Behold ! we shrink not from the pit nor grave
From Mars, nor moon—To Jupiter to Saturn Herschel's
furthest shade,

Our way is clear—or if metallic rust
Corrode the heart and bind with leaden death :

Our Mercy's waters from the very whirl
And vortex of the heavens shall save her son ;
Held to his lips till life redeem his breath.—
Undo the bands of hell we fear no more :
Nor fire nor cloud of smoke nor rage of hate.

Hell was reality, this insignificance
Of blood and tears : is terrible no more
The puppies sniff and mock it, smell and touch
And say 'tis naught—and yelp again and play
Until the stench of rottenness prevail
And seek the brother blade of grass that heals
The fever of their froth, and smell again and die—
Whoredom is no more great—nor murder kept for kings
The stripling plays with it, at honor's trumpet-call ;
And carries on his hip, —the brand that once was burned
Upon the murderer's brow, into his heart—
And made him tremble at his father's curse
The vengeance of his kind—yet fearing God.

The trailing comet—brained invention's scalp
Floating its vapory locks upon the void
Is an established thing, and comes and goes
At bidding of the science of the wise
Confusion, suffering, darkness, craving want
All that makes death more terrible than Hades
Are common things, a dime can pacify
While the moon ; is peopled ; will be with those moving
ghosts,

The sun himself—the witness in our sight
Of light and Truth and Love beatitude
The fullness of all good—the joy of life
Of liberty and peace—an ever-present God.
Is held an ogre feeding on this death.

Four thousand years the rainbow and the cloud
Have preached in vain of mercy truth and peace

The curse of blood upon man rests in strife
 Leasing and robbery is the rule they love
 The guide of rulers, hope of those who choose
 Leashed willingly as serfs of war to death
 Barking aloud against restraint of rage
 And howling in their eager thirst of blood
 It is enough the shadow hath declined ;
 But to give place to a more horrid shade,
 Involving all, no proof remains of life
 Nor fear of death—The man accepts and glories in his
 shame

Seeks happiness, his pleasure in the grave
 A worm—that revels in corruption filth

Thus on the morning of that day when Eve
 Was brought to Adam in her guileless Truth ;
 The outcasts of his house, escaped from death, had said,
 A daughter yet remains unto our sire.
 Come, let us take her that she may instruct
 And train for us the fruit of herb and tree ;
 That we may live and know the Tree of life.
 And while he bore her safe away they came
 Meeting her mother while she kept the gate
 In righteousness and peace : and thrusting her aside
 And trampling on her life, they sought the child.—
 Until they heard the avenging sire's return ;
 Who had found his younger Son asleep in peace,
 And shaking called to him, O Sleeper, wake !
 What ! carest thou not thy brother should invade
 Their father's hearth with violence and wrong ?
 Behold thy Sister : Keep her with thy life !
 While I chasten their daring—death with death.
 When he returned they had fled, and following them,
 He saw when they sought refuge in the brake :
 And burning in his wrath he kindled there

The fire which had died out from Ararat—
And gave it to consume them root and branch.

So Truth and Righteousness awoke on earth
She to her death by her own offspring's hand
He to avenge and save—and give away
His life to treachery, pollution's guilt—
In the sweet heyday of its virgin bloom—
We wait till Justice from high Ararat
And Equity from Lebanon shall prevail ;
With understanding, Industry and Love,
Through suffering of Humanity, the Christ of God—
His crystal life, all broken, ground to dust
The body of this death on which we live—
The Rock of our Salvation from the abyss ;
And the consuming touch of grave and hell :
Destruction of Iniquity, of shame, remorse.
Till Mercy Satisfied to Justice yields,
And Judgment shall prevail in heaven and earth
The sense of Equity from Lebanon's snows—
That feed the flood of Jordan's swelling tide ; yet lost,
In the dead sea—soon to have way again and heal the
deep—

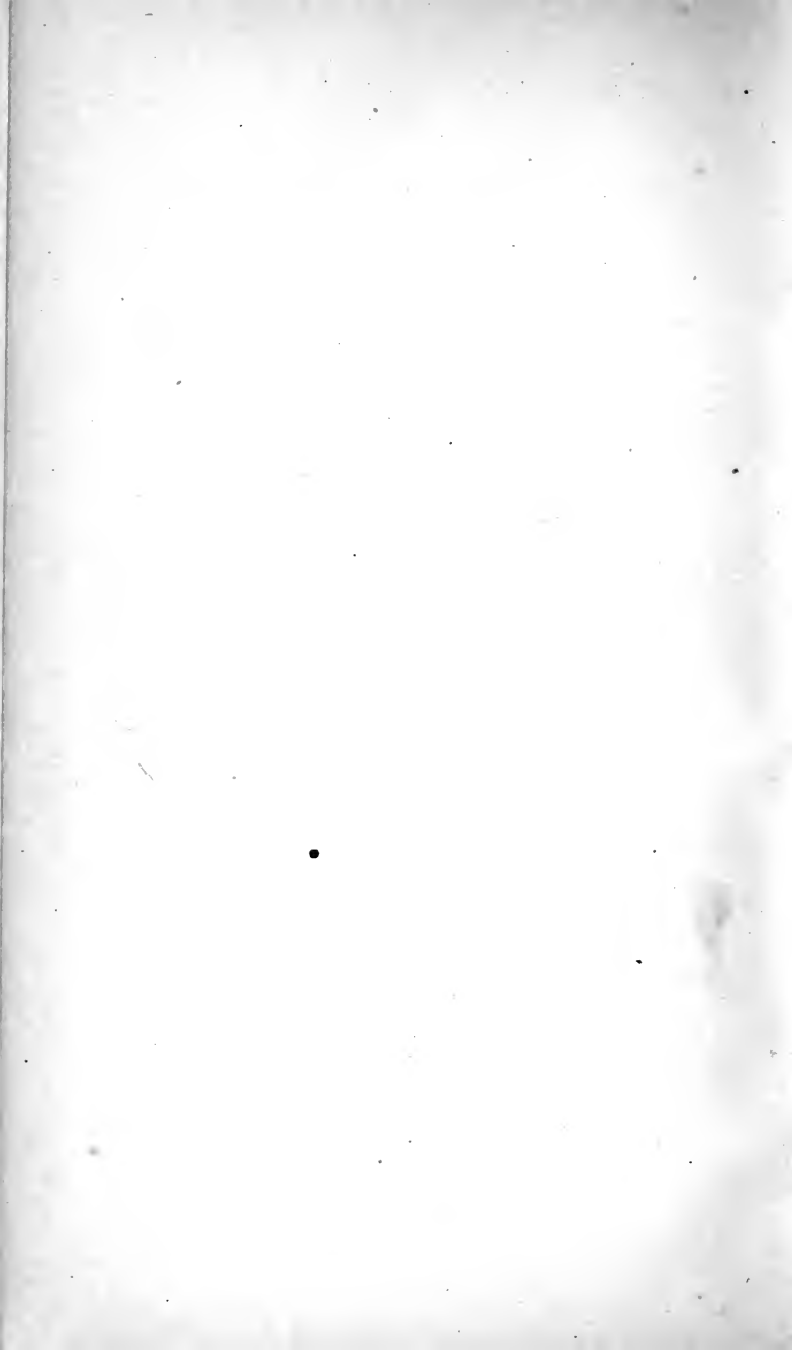
The waning moon of guilt and wickedness
Shall wax no more to blaze in shame on earth,
From pillared depths of Sodom's overthrow,
But Lebanon's waters clear and cool released
Shall overflow and flood the rising tide
Of the red sea and strife and wrath shall cease.
Nor shall the desert longer drink as now
The rivers of Damascus ; but enlarged
The stony Abana shall join her flood
To fertile Euphrates and Shinar's slimy plain
O'er Babylon's ruins shall exalted rise
And Pharpar's waters to the midland waves

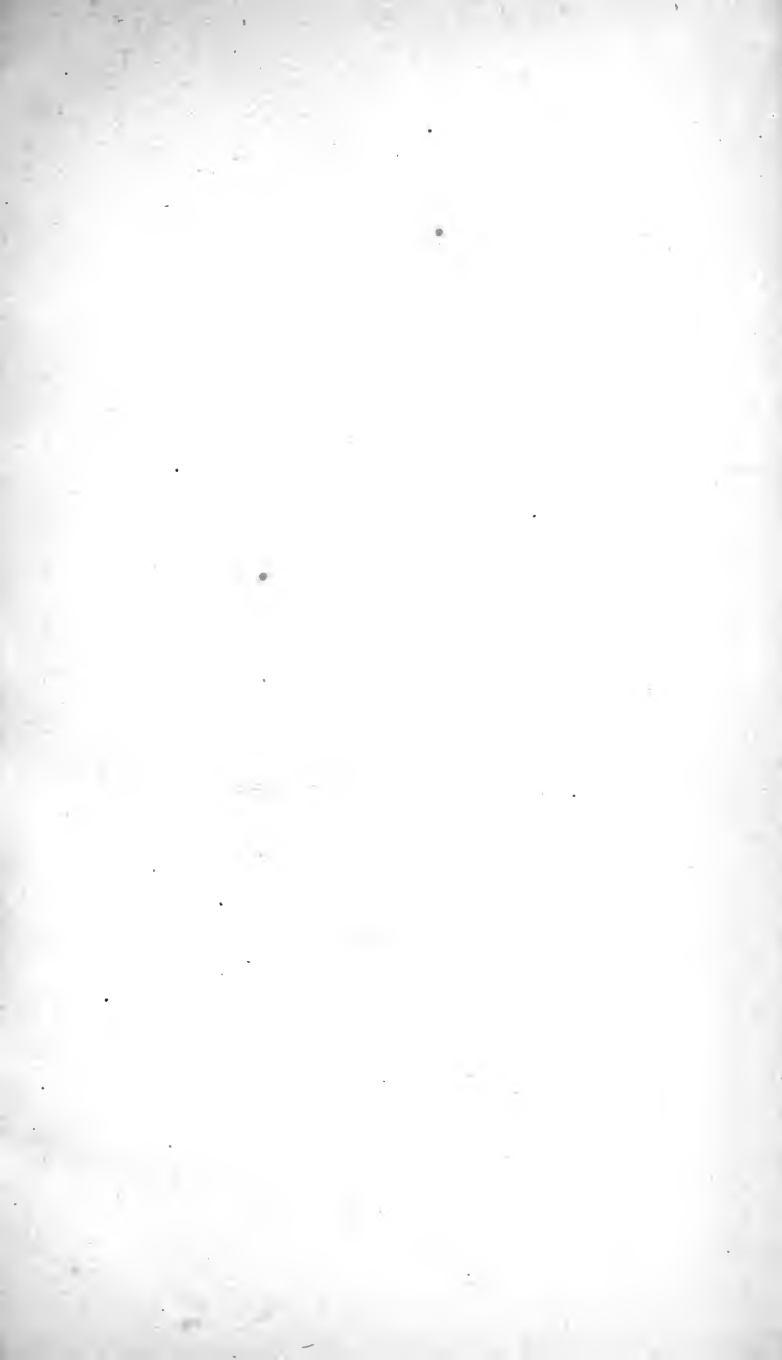
Give healing and return for hunters of the west :
 While from the East the vagabonds of Nod
 To Lebanon and Atlas shall return
 And Righteousness make glad Sahara's burning waste—
 And Ararat shall sheathe her sword and bring
 Mercy and peace to Misriam's troubled tide :—
 The range of Lebanon so long consumed
 Of an avenging Judgment—dread of death—
 All all shall be restored—all shall return
 To the lost paths of Equity and Right
 And peace and truth once more from cedared heights
 Shall stretch their hands to north and south, east west—
 When to the high circumference from the poles
 The lost refrain of Seth's ail-suffering race
 Who of this Judgment said it is " Enough "—
 Shall sound again in Enoch's glad return
 Methuselah ! to sooth his Lamech's ire,
 And hush the voice of Noah's discontent.
 For Christ the LORD in Righteousness shall rise ;
 And peace and Truth prevail in all the earth :
 Whose waters then a living flood shall fill,
 The broad circumference and shade the earth
 With clouds of glad refreshing to the poles ;
 All shall rejoice again in living light !
 As in the healing sphere of Equity in heaven :—
 From whence proud Lucifer—the Infernal fire,
 Of friction from the crash of murderous wrong
 Hath hurled us to the pit in his consuming rage—
 A mockery and a curse—now washed away.

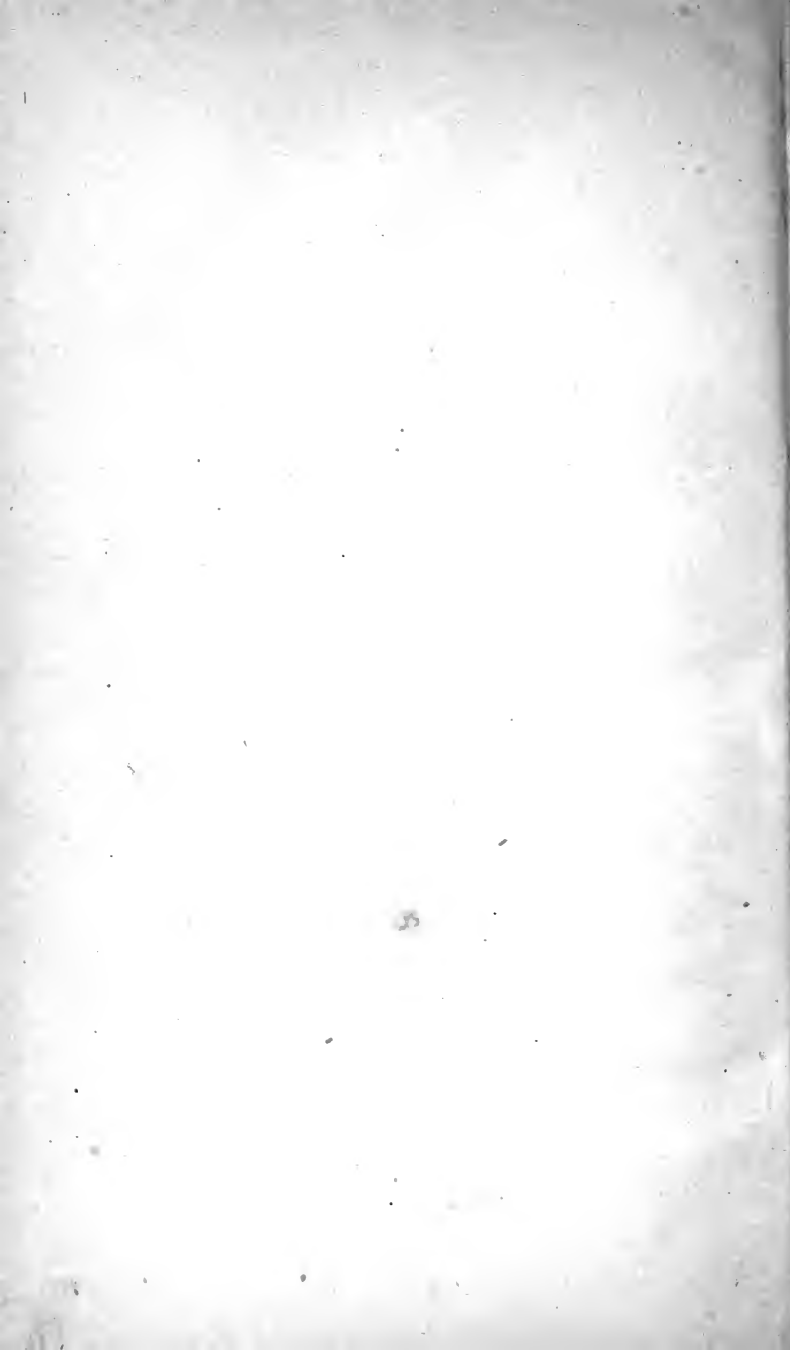
THE END.













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